00126527

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
Class 24

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

126527
P
19
24

PUNCH

VOL XXIII.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1852.

00126527

PREFACE

THERE can no longer be any doubt of it—we must fortify ourselves. Our national defences being—for the best part—our national hearts and bones, and sinews, must be put in the very soundest and strongest condition; and, alive and hungry to the fact, could we fall upon a blither occasion, and, withal, a jollier season, to set about putting ourselves in order, than on the occasion that at the same time gives to rejoicing England another Volume of PUNCH, and another Christmas?

Another Volume of PUNCH may be modestly considered as at least another three-decker and another regiment of cavalry and infantry added—and how economically added!—to the national forces. There are so many elements of moral strength in every Volume of MR. PUNCH that, meekly conscious of what he has bestowed upon his country in this his last contribution—he sits down (in anticipation) to his Christmas beef and pudding with the lightest heart and strongest digestion.

For it is needful—says the QUEEN from her Throne—it is needful, my beloved people, that, without wishing to rumple the peacock feathers of our lively neighbours, we look to our national defences. "They must be settled for ever," says MR. DISRAELI; great statesmen never condescending to legislate for an hour less than eternity.

MR. PUNCH, then, having bestowed his usual Christmas gift—in a new volume for Christmas—in his benign manner exhorts his countrymen, and especially his countrywomen (seeing how near and dear the sympathy is between them!) so to improve the present Christmas, that it shall be to them as at once a grand national review and a patriotic protest. Let the field of the table-cloth be as the field of a sham battle, with the foes we are supposed "to hate, before us."

Glorious Sirloin, as he blushes at the knife, may touch the heart with a thought of "stern delight." As his blood streams into the dish, let us smile with a new pride at one source of our national defences. How the hero bleeds; and how by his very blood does he make new heroes!

But consider the Christmas board; and chew, and swallow, and digest a moral, from all that it creaks and groans under; and all for the strengthening of our national defences!

Consider this GOOSE! How many geese will smoke upon JOHN BULL'S table; all of them, by the contemplative spirit of the season, made types and representatives of the "proud insulting foreigner!" How that army of geese vanishes, hardly leaving a drum-stick, behind! How they are scattered and destroyed, their memory mildly smelling of sage, and it may be "the meed of one melodious tear" granted in onions.

And then the TURKIES—the tremendous force of turkies! How they clamorously gobbled; and how—with all their feathers rigid as though turned to steel (unplucked iron pens!) they stedfastly intended—turkey-like—to fly at the RED! And where are the turkeys now? Thousands and thousands lie on the field of the glorious table-cloth, in manacles of sausages. These, we say, in the sham battle of the Cloth of Diaper, represent the fallen and enslaved; but we are generous enemies; we take them to our breasts (inside, too,) and magnanimously break with our teeth the chains that bind them.

PLUM-PUDDINGS! What has Cherbourg arsenal—what Vincennes of round shot in number and weight, in comparison with the piles (nay, the Great Pyramids) of plum-puddings, all of them to fall, like spent shot, at Christmas?

MINCE-PIES! Think them forts, outworks, bastions thrown up by the invader;—and with spoon and fork, carry them!

SNAP-DRAGON! The hour has arrived; and spirits burn blue! Old and young, the "tender and fair," gather around that cauldron bowl, and with ghastly faces (for ten minutes!) desperately plunge hands—(small white hands and taper fingers, some hallowed with circle of gold, some it may be just thrilling with the notion of it,)—desperately plunge hands into the boiling, blazing fire-water, therefrom extracting many a plum!—The while the blue fire flickers on the ceiling, and in burning "gouts" drops upon the combatants and falls upon the carpet. What is this but mimic war? What Snap-dragon, but type of the horrible, destroying, flame-breathing real Dragon whose breath kills thousands, slaying even women and little children? And even women and little children—should the real Dragon think to come—will take heart and strength to assail and kill him: tearing him to pieces (no bigger than raisins), and as the flames of spirituous old Jamaica and old Cognac are quenched in darkness, so quenching the desolating flames of the real Dragon: not Snap-dragon, but NAP-DRAGON.

PUNCH—exhorting all the folks of England, in this manner and at this season to fortify their national and natural defences—wishes each and all of them

'A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

A "SMALL" GAGGLE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WE welcome a little pamphlet by one "JOHN SMALL, Fetter Lane," in reprobation of the resolution to place the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, as an offshoot from the Brighton Railway. We welcome it: for nothing GREAT ever yet succeeded that was not first hissed at by something very SMALL. We therefore hail the voice of SMALL as a happy omen. We receive his arguments as witches say their prayers—backwards: and therefore count SMALL—"but that's not much"—amongst the Crystal champions, who shout "Hey for Sydenham, by the Brighton Rail!"

Nevertheless, SMALL shall be heard in his own tones. "The public," says SMALL, "has an insuperable dislike to go East." The wise men of the public came *from* that point. "If it [the public] goes to Greenwich, it is but once a year: and a day's fling amongst citizens, coalmen, shop-boys, and domestic servants"—SMALL speaks of such folks as becomes a Fetter Lane aristocrat—"will not do as a commercial reliance for an enterprise which is to stand all the year and every year." SMALL suggests a south-western site: hundreds of thousands, he says, journey to Hampton Court: and wherefore, oh, SMALLEST of the SMALL? Because, at Hampton Court, there are Hampton Gardens. Now, at Sydenham there will be Crystal Palace Gardens! Given the attraction, shall we not inevitably find the visiting hundreds of thousands. Folks—those wretched people, the what-d'ye-call-'em—yes, artisans, and so forth, go in multitudes "once a year" [twice] into Greenwich; and wherefore only twice? Because only twice a year is aught to be seen at all worthy of the holyday. No: the thousands steam on to Rosherville; even as the thousands go to Hampton. Now, take Rosherville, Richmond, and Hampton; multiply all their combined attractions, five hundred or five thousand fold, and place them under that Firmament of Crystal, in that Garden of Eden in which PAXTON shall be the great ADAM,—and with snow on our house-tops, we shall have—yes, even artisans, with their wives and children, swarms of them—think of that, oh SMALL, amid your barbaric gold and pearl of Fetter Lane—swarms of them at Sydenham sauntering through orange-groves, wondering at bread-trees, beholding ginger yet green, oh, SMALL—and breathing Ind and Araby. And this, not to the south-west, but with nostrils south-east of London. We shall not wonder to see SMALL himself, or one of his numerous tribe, gamboling, and after his own way, cracking his jokes on a cocoa-tree.

But SMALL'S aspirations and yearnings lie west; for westward live dukes, and earls, and viscounts, dear to the small pin's-head heart of SMALL. "The public," says SMALL, "cannot feel the same confidence in these men"—such folks, for instance, as one JOSEPH PAXTON, and individuals called FOX and HENDERSON, and OWEN JONES, and men of that sort of name—"cannot hold them," says SMALL, "to be the creators and trustees of a national work, as the Exeter Hall men might have been;" and then SMALL counts off upon his glowing finger-tips the names of dukes, and earls, and viscounts. SMALL is very great on this point. It is acknowledged that in England the nobility do everything—the people nothing. We forget the name of the Duke who engineered the Thames Tunnel; mankind do not remember the Marquis who demonstrated and carried out the Electric Telegraph; nay, so oblivious are we of noble benefactors, that even the name of the Earl who established the Penny Postage, for the moment escapes us. Now, "untitled Directors"—writes a "Brighton Shareholder," making SMALL the very least, indeed—"did actually serve the Palace—did pay money down to rescue it—did raise £500,000 to perpetuate it in all its glory—and did secure the names of PAXTON, FOX, WYATT, and OWEN JONES, to the back of the bill which they have drawn upon public confidence, as a guarantee that the large amount raised shall be well spent, and the national undertaking nobly carried out." And truly, these gentlemen (there is not a Duke among them) bring very decent characters from their last place—their Crystal House in Hyde Park.

But SMALL has, no doubt, a few flower-pots of land on the South-Western line: haply, he may have a few shares. And *that* may be the reason he cannot abide Sydenham; *that* the cause that fills the public with "an insuperable dislike to go East."

But SMALL, very fine by degrees, gets beautifully less as he proceeds in his theme; and at last becomes so diminished, that he is no longer visible to the naked eye. Even as the minutest of insects, engendered in bad vinegar, he must be put under a microscope, ere, like the showman's hippopotamus, we can duly consider him "from the end of the snout to the tip of the tail."

MR. G. F. YOUNG'S WONDERFUL GOOSE.

THE learned birds of MLLE. VANDERMEERSCH are very wonderful—but so is MR. G. F. YOUNG'S goose. That gentleman has instructed the sagacity of a goose to such a point of intelligence, that its performances—hitherto given in private—have met with rapturous commendation. Last week MR. YOUNG'S goose performed before LORD DERBY and party. We will briefly describe the entertainment. The whole alphabet, in barley bread, is laid before the goose: when the sagacious bird, at the given signal, picks out, eating each letter, the letters—"P.R.O.T.E.C.T.I.O.N." The goose is said to be the only creature at present believing in what it swallows.

The Progress of Conversion.

CONVERSION is a word which is continually startling the eyes of those who read the newspapers. A short time ago, Rome was making numerous converts. She has not made so many lately, thanks to the rebuff which his papal HOLINESS has experienced here. Spain is just now more particularly figuring in the conversion way, her government having converted certain bonds and coupons; in other words, the Spanish Debt. Convert, the Spaniards call it, as the wise, according to PISTOL, call it convey. The Apostle of this Spanish conversion is that particularly holy man, S. HIERONYMUS DIDDLER.

THE KINDEST OF MEN.—A Sheriff's officer is a man who never leaves another in Distress!

SEASONABLE INVENTION.

ALL Gentlemen having a "difference" are recommended to provide themselves with the newly invented Patent Safety Caps, manufactured expressly for the use of duellists, and warranted to miss fire, to a *living* certainty, upon all occasions. In affairs of honour they will be found to give universal satisfaction. No principal should be without them.

Caution.—To prevent mistakes, each box is enclosed in an appropriate green wrapper, engraved with a cock pheasant, and labelled very distinctly—"FOOLS' CAPS." N.B. Beware of dangerous counterfeits!

RESIDENT CANDIDATES.

IN default of any other qualifications, we find there are several aspirants to Parliamentary honours in various places, who rest their claims on the fact of their being "Resident Candidates." The whole strength of their addresses consists in the fact that their "address" happens to be in the Borough they are desirous of representing. An individual thus situated seems to think that the fact of his having a "local habitation," dispenses with the necessity for his having "a name" in the place whose suffrages he is soliciting. If he is a "resident," he appears to think there need only be one step from his own house to the House of Commons.

The Monopolists for our Money.

IT appears that the Guild of Fellowship Porters are among the champions of Monopoly. These are the Protectionists for us, because they want to keep all burdens to themselves.

A WISH WORTHY OF ALEXANDER.—"If I were not NEWDEGATE, I should like to be SPOONER!!!"

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER X.

"LADY OSSIAN!" said papa, "and at this hour in the morning" (for we were seated *tête-à-tête*, as usual, at an unusually late breakfast, in town, a few days after the Derby), "what on earth brings her unearthlyship here? Will you see, VIOLET my dear?"

As I was leaving the room, LADY OSSIAN entered. What a handsome Scotchwoman she must have been, in other days, and in the style of BLACK AGNES of Dunbar! The keen dark eyes are still vivid, but the tall thin figure, and severe features, now instil awe rather than admiration into timid people. She has a terrific Scotch pedigree, and I believe her ancestor was the sharp-witted nobleman who, when SIR HENRY DE BOHUN was struck down by ROBERT BRUCE, in the presence of the two armies at Bannockburn, dismounted, under pretence of assisting the king, and subsequently contrived, by mistake, to find himself on the back of the splendid English charger instead of his own rather dubious animal. The family is understood to have persevered in the ancestral practice of helping themselves, but, upon all occasions, piously attributing such help to Providence. LADY OSSIAN is a childless dowager, tolerably weel tochered, and she devotes herself a good deal to the conversion of Hottentots and to the extirpation of Papists. She is certainly a person of very imposing appearance, and her expression is what papa calls *falconesque*. In a drawing-room she looks exceedingly aristocratic; but you would not think her out of place if you saw her perched upon a mountain crag, and glowering upon a harmless flock of innocent pic-nic people below—a proud hawk watching the poor pigeons pecking about. I have my own special reasons for adding that LADY OSSIAN is aunt to SIR FINGAL MERVYN, the Grenadier Guardsman, introduced in my last chapter.

"I want to run away with your little girl, MR. BROMPTON, for a few hours, if you can spare her," said LADY OSSIAN, looking at me so very hawkishly, that I could quite imagine her making a great swoop across the coffee-cups and clutching me.

"She will answer for her own engagements," replied papa, looking at me mischievously. "I never venture to interfere with the young lady." As if he ever gave me a hint of a wish, dear old thing, without my feeling quite grateful to him for showing how I could please him.

"I am going to Exeter Hall," said LADY OSSIAN, "and I should like VIOLET to accompany me. I have reserved tickets, of course; only the sooner we are there, the better."

And we were there very soon. LADY OSSIAN would not enter the Hall at the great front door with the Greek word, meaning, I think, "Brotherly Love," over it, but went in at a side entrance. She dashed fearlessly at the angles and labyrinths of the interior, which is divided into sets of chambers, the abode of Brotherly Love in All its Branches. Until one has read the inscriptions on the ground glass in the doors, it is difficult to imagine how easily the labour of love can be subdivided and split up. One set of subscribers exhausts its spiritual affections upon the Polynesian heathen; another sends love and tracts to the Copts and Nubians; and another, again, expends its philanthropy upon the Juvenile Troglodytes of Moldavia. I did not, as we went along, notice the apartments of any society in aid of English children or of English emigrants; but I suppose these were up-stairs. LADY OSSIAN hurried me on, through various passages, and presently we came into a very low-roofed place, where I could hear the buzz of a great multitude. In a few minutes we were in the front of a little gallery, high in air, where we could see everybody in the Hall, and everybody could see us from head to foot.

Such an assembly! It is a striking sight, let the object be what it may, to see several thousand people, peacefully gathered together, in excitement, perhaps, but in no disorder, and concentrating their attention upon a subject which addresses it by no help of show or splendour. For in Exeter Hall, itself one of the ugliest rooms in the world, there is literally nothing to see, except the crowd that fills it. But this sight quite bewildered me for some moments, for I had never beheld anything like it, and I felt, for the first time, the imposing presence of a multitude.

A large clock just then announced twelve, and, punctual as its own works, there entered upon all parts of the platform a file of gentlemen, some of them carrying blue wands. This was a signal for great applause, other blue wands, planted in different parts of the room, rapping violently. The file speedily took possession of the various chairs, except the central one. A thin, precise-looking gentleman, in an evening dress of black, with a high white cravat, and a look of sanctimonious self-satisfaction, then turned to the meeting, and said in what I thought was an unnecessarily solemn voice (but I hear he is a Member of Parliament, and adopts the same agreeable undertaker's manner, whether discussing the means of Church Reform, or the price of Members' mutton-chops)—

"I move that the HONOURABLE JASPER CROWSFOOT do take the chair."

"JASPER CROWSFOOT!" I thought. "Why, that is the elderly gentleman who makes such a noise at the Opera, and shouts out when he throws a bouquet at CERITO, just as a cricketer cries "Play!" when he delivers a ball. What can he be doing here?"

There was quite a sensation, for it seems that Exeter Hall rather likes an occasional recruit from the Opera stalls (if he have a title of any kind), and pets him very indulgently. "A most gentlemanly man, a perfect gentleman, and brother to an Earl," passed rapidly along our little gallery. And then forth stepped the HONOURABLE JASPER, looking, perhaps, a little worn with forty years on town, but with a beautiful black wig, the whitest of teeth, lemon-coloured gloves, and a geranium flower in his button-hole. He made the meeting two very fine GEORGE THE FOURTH bows, smiled at the ladies in the galleries, dropped into his chair, and put up his glass, all as naturally as if the overture were over, and he were about to listen to GRISI's *aria d'intrata*.

There was some introductory business, and then a frightened-looking gentleman read a long report. I suppose his nerves kept alternating between weakness and sudden strength, for he mumbled and hurried over most part of it; but would sometimes suddenly shout forth a few lines—not at all important ones—in a dreadfully loud voice.

But I had not much opportunity of listening to the speeches; for LADY OSSIAN said that she had brought me there that we might have a little quiet uninterrupted conversation. And, fixing her dark falcon eyes on me, she asked, in a low distinct voice,

"Is it true that you are going to be married, my dear?"

I was naturally a good deal astonished at the question, but I assured her ladyship that nobody had taken the trouble to obtain my consent, at least, to any such arrangement.

"But you are engaged, MISS BROMPTON," she said, with a still more intense glance than before. I felt that I was colouring under her staring eyes; but I answered that nothing of the kind was the case. But I was afraid to ask, in return, whose name she had coupled with mine.

"We are not speaking the mere language of the world," she said, almost severely. "I am to take your word that there is no marriage in view for you."

I tried to pluck up a little spirit, and to say something about endeavouring always to make a sincere answer to a proper question; but it was difficult in that haughty presence, and my sentence was scarcely complete.

"I know," she said, with a petrifying sort of smile, "that young ladies, educated in the world's ways, see no harm in what are profanely called, I believe, white lies, about such matters; but I do not imagine that you would take such a liberty with me as to let me proceed upon a false basis."

Her language was growing so very mysterious, that my curiosity got the better of my indignation, and I waited in silence to hear what her proceeding was going to be.

"What I am about to say to you, Miss Brompton, is strictly confidential between us. That is distinctly understood?"

"I have no secrets from papa, Lady Ossian," I answered; "and I do not suppose that you would advise a daughter to promise any concealments from her father." I know that I put this speech upon the least little stilts; but I did feel rather out of temper with Lady Ossian, for hinting that I might not mind telling stories.

"There is a discretion which does not imply secrecy, exactly," returned Lady Ossian—but not quite so severely as before—"and I rely upon yours. Now, you inform me that your hand is free. A member of my family has authorised me to make proposals for it."

"I am sure I am very much honoured," I said, hardly knowing whether I ought to laugh at this regal way of management.

"That is a mere phrase of compliment," said Lady Ossian; "but not altogether untrue. Of course we are all equal, in a certain sense, being all of us wretched, unworthy, miserable creatures, and crawling worms; but the Ossian and Mervyn families have two Dukes, and four Marquises, in collateral branches, and a direct, unbroken pedigree of a thousand years. Your father is—in worldly language, I mean—an excellent man; but I believe his remotest ancestor was a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard."

"At a time when I suppose his contemporaries, the Ossians and Mervyns, were little qualified to make use of his wares," I replied, quite pertly; for who is going to have her ancestors insulted? I do believe Lady Ossian was rather pleased with me for striking a blow for them.

"Very well, little girl," she said, almost graciously, "only quite wrong, as Lady Mervyn may hereafter find out in her husband's family history."

"Lady Mervyn!" I repeated. "I did not know"——

"I am speaking of yourself," she said. "My nephew, Sir Fingal Mervyn, with whom you are well acquainted, proposes to confer that title on you."

The little British Grenadier had actually sent his aunt to make a declaration for him. I thought of him as he appeared on the Derby Day, with his hat full of the spoils of the knock-em-downs; and I could not help laughing at his employing an ambassadress to me.

"Sir Fingal," I said, "has never given me the slightest idea that I was to be so honoured."

"Had he done so," replied Lady Ossian, "any expectations he may entertain from my favour would have been at an end. Members of our family are not in the habit of what is called Courtship. But after your reply, you will receive all due attentions from Sir Fingal Mervyn."

"Does your ladyship wish for that reply on the instant?" I asked with much composure. "It would, perhaps, appear more respectful if some delay——"

Lady Ossian glanced very keenly at me; but I suppose she could not conceive the possibility of any answer but one being given; and she begged that I would communicate with her at my own time. I wonder what she would have said if she had known that, during her stately sentence, I could not help thinking that I ought to return to her the wooden lemon Sir Fingal had given me at Epsom. She pressed my hand with a very firm grip, and dropped the subject. And at this moment the great meeting burst into the loudest laughter, the oratorial undertaker having made a most successful joke about the Pope's Eye on a leg of Protestant mutton. Lady Ossian took advantage of the renewed applause (led by the Honourable Mr. Crowsfoot, who actually cried "Bravo!") to leave the hall. She took me home, and I suppose I need not say more about the answer papa wrote her that afternoon, than that it did not justify the British Grenadier in hoping that Violet Brompton would ever sign herself Violet Mervyn.

A MUDDY MATINÉE.

OUR friend, the gallant proprietor of the Hippodrome, instead of idly lamenting the incessant showers, jauntily places the words "Continued Overflows," at the head of his advertisements. The other day we attended a performance in which rain was decidedly the prevailing element; but, nevertheless, the whole of the entertainments were gone through with as much good will and energy as if the sun had been shining with all his might, instead of Aquarius letting fly with all his main upon the sopped equestrians. The "Trojan youths" smiled through the mud kicked up into their faces by their "Thessalian steeds," and the "jockeys" contended as eagerly as ever for the temporary possession of the property pasteboard-cup, notwithstanding the accumulation of a thorough poultice of good "loamy soil" on the cheeks of one or two of them. Though the ascent of an "intrepid aëronaut" had been announced, the weather might have been a sufficient excuse for keeping him on *terra firma*—we cannot say dry land—but Mr. Batty, with his usual eagerness to keep faith with the public, had made all the arrangements for doing so.

Accordingly, there was a large, partially-inflated balloon, lying in soak in the centre of the ground, and gradually—to the surprise of every one—assuming an appearance of swelling out, as if it was anxious to give the public, in due time, full satisfaction. Great was our astonishment when we saw the attendants proceeding to affix the car, and the "intrepid aëronaut" skipped as lightly as he could through the mud, which, trodden as it had just been by the Roman steeds, was, to our classical minds, suggestive of the Pontine Marshes. The balloon, after showing an eccentric disposition to stand upon its *head*, to *lie* down on its side, and roll over on its own axis, was at length suffered to go, and ascended majestically into the air, serving as a convenient umbrella for the "intrepid," who continued fluttering a flag in the cold damp air as long as he was visible. We sincerely trust that the week gone by is the last of that succession of moist evenings, which have given terrible reality to Mr. Batty's boast of "Continued Overflows."

ON A VOTE.

(*Suggested by* Rogers's "*Lines on a Tear.*")

Oh! that the printer's noble art
Could stereotype this precious treasure,
At any place where I might start,
I'd register the Vote with pleasure.

The little offering gently fell
Into the hand that wish'd to buy,
From one who understood the sell,
Of incorruptibility.

Sweet Vote! of either black or white—
Just as the sun may chance to shine;
Now, clearly dim—now, darkly bright—
Yesterday, his: to-morrow, mine;

Benign exalter of the poll,
Coming in time to bring relief;
Such Votes the election will control,
Helping to make the contest brief.

The purist's and the briber's theme,
Who use thee war against thee wage;
Thou figurest in Coppock's dream,
And Blue Book's soporific page.

Metallic Metamorphose.

"Our City Correspondent" states, we find, that—

"In consequence of the Australian importations, gold has now become a perfect drug in the market."

We have often heard of the transmutation of metals, but surely this is rather an extraordinary instance of it.

NO LOVE LOST.

It seems very clear that, between the present Ministry and the people there is very little love lost, but what little there is, we must do Lord Derby the justice to say that not the smallest particle of it can be called "Cupboard Love."

Convincing.—To show how thoroughly he considers the newspapers his servants, Louis Napoleon has just been giving several of them "warning."

"BOLTED!"

NEW MODE OF ADDRESSING THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS.

MR. PUNCH, desirous of promoting the cause of out-spoken honesty all over the country, begs to submit a Model Address, which he takes leave to say will be found to suit many a candidate. It will be seen that it is composed on a new principle. The new principle is a simple one; it amounts to a simple out-pouring of the candidate's heart, and to an entire candour of communication on his part with his enlightened constituency *in futuro*. It is supposed to be written by a young gentleman who proposes to support LORD DERBY through 'thick and thin"—the "thick" predominating in the upper regions.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I beg to offer myself as a candidate for the representation of your city in Parliament. I mean to go through the bore of what is called 'canvassing' you at an early period. The weather is confoundedly disagreeable for that kind of thing just now, but I suppose one must go through with it. JONES, our lawyer, I hope, will put things in train for me, so that I shan't have more actual contact with your enlightened persons than I can help. I know it will be just a repetition of the same thing over and over again; and that I shall, perhaps, have to take a good deal of bad sherry at the Drawlington Arms before the dreary business is over.

"The honour [by Jove!] which I am soliciting has been frequently conferred on my family, and a pretty nuisance I dare say they found it. We have interchanged offices of friendship with you for generations. We get what we require from your shops, and so on; we live a good many weeks of autumn and winter in your neighbourhood; we subscribe to your civic institutions; and, in fact, we always have your happiness at heart—do you understand that? Your welfare is a dear object to us—which is the regular good old phrase.

"My opinions are well known to you; so my governor says, at all events. I am a strict supporter of the administration of LORD DERBY. In fact, who the deuce else can I support? We have always been at daggers drawn with the Whigs; and, by-the-bye, we have not forgotten, my fine fellows, how you threw us overboard after the Reform Bill, when you brought in a violent dog from somewhere near Smithfield, whose name had never been heard in the county. I say I support LORD DERBY, for I suppose he and his people must be Conservative at heart, if anybody is. Though, I give you my honour, I don't see at this moment what he 'd do that the RUSSELL people would not. What they mean by the way in which they talk about Protection I really can't understand. They 're going to do something for us, I suppose. I imagine they 'll *try* something, at all events. And, of course, they won't neglect their supporters—the fellows who go the whole hog in their cause at this crisis.

"I am a stern supporter of the British Constitution, whatever that sublime abstraction may be, and a faithful son of the Church of England, in which my two younger brothers have seven livings between them. The prosperity of all classes is a fine comfortable sentence, and I go in for that likewise. I don't want the Malt Tax abolished, particularly, myself; but I shall support the measure, of course, if everybody makes such a row about it that DERBY and BEN think it right to take it off. I think extending the suffrage great humbug; but I will make no opposition to it on class grounds—if, you know, affairs take such a turn that we must do it, or go out. I shall always be found at my post—particularly if I get a lordship in the Treasury—and I will faithfully attend to your interests, for they are sure to send up to the Club if they want me particularly for a division.

"Not hoping to meet you, personally, for a little while, as I mean to run over to Paris for a day or two,

"I am, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient Servant,

"*Drawlington House.* "DRAWLEY DRAWLINGTON."

In a State of Speechless Astonishment.

WE think our present Ministers have been rather harshly blamed for not speaking out more than they have done. The reason of their silence is obvious enough. The outcry against Protection has been so tremendous from all parts of the country, that it has had the effect of completely *dumbfounding* them.

POLITICAL NOTE AND QUERY.

NOTE.—The NAPOLEON colour is Violet.

THE QUERY is—and one which MASTER LOUIS NAPOLEON would find it rather difficult to answer—whether the NAPOLEON oath is also kept *in-violet*.

"A DISSOLVING VIEW."

GOLDEN DREAMS.

SOME minds, perhaps, the golden legends which constitute the news from Australia may be interesting; but it is probable that the discovery of the precious metal at the Antipodes will lead to a diminution of interest. Indeed, it is to be apprehended that gold will cease to be precious in quality, and be precious only in quantity, to such an extent that a number of sovereigns will no longer be capable of being considered tantamount to so much tin. It will be necessary to make jewels the media of exchange; and then we shall be sending for change for a diamond, which will be given in emeralds and rubies. A metallic substitute for gold might be found in platinum, which is scarce; the only objection to it is that the word has no legitimate rhyme, and would be unsuited for the use of poets, or rather for their abuse: for most of them decry and vilify gold, although, like other people, they are glad to get as much of it as they can.

"OUR CRITIC" AMONG THE PICTURES.

SOMETHING ABOUT SOME PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES.

WITH your permission, dear reader, we will leave these interiors, with their *bric-à-brac*" draperies, and lay-figures in silk velvet and brocade, and these acres of stark staring portraiture. How oppressive they are, these portraits! It is hard to say whether the West-End or the East-End contributions are the most wearisome. One feels as tired of the eternal wishy-washy flood of dainty ladies, and large-eyed languishing misses, and stalwart life-guardsmen, and serious statesmen, as of the awful outbreak of municipal and civic dignitaries, who this year appear more red in face, more determined in attitudes, rounder as to leg, more splendid in regard to red curtains, and more massive in point of maces and inkstands, than I ever remember them before.

And yet flat, stale, and unprofitable as these huge portrait-canvasses are, they profess to represent men and women. But I don't know how it is, there is something in the face of BLOGG of STOKE POGIS which I cannot find in this gorgeous full-length of him, to be presented, as I learn from the catalogue, "by his grateful fellow-townsmen," in honour of his exertions in procuring for the town that valuable pump, which the artist would have done well to represent in the background, instead of that wild landscape, in the midst of which BLOGG would be bored to extinction, as he would certainly catch his death of cold through that sashless aperture at the back of the vast apartment in which he is standing.

M'GILP, who is annoyed at the way I talk about the Exhibition generally, points out to me that this is an idealised portrait, and that BLOGG has just as much right to be idealised as BYRON or BEETHOVEN, whenever he becomes a subject for the artist. I quite admit it. But I respectfully contend that this is not the right sort of idealising treatment to submit our BLOGGS to. Idealising is not sticking a vulgar likeness of the man, in his most vulgar aspect, into the midst of circumstances and accessories in no way appropriate to him. If the painter will catch me that in BLOGG's face, which makes him BLOGG rather than SLOGG or MOGG—if he will give me the character of the man in his features, as BLOGG himself unconsciously does, even when he flatters himself he is most unlike the BLOGG of every day—then he has given me the *idea* of BLOGG—he has given me something which, though at no single moment I may see it in BLOGG's face, is yet the impression which the habitual contemplation of BLOGG's face (which I am doomed to see much oftener than I like) leaves behind it. I cannot admit of any idealising of BLOGG beyond this. If by idealising him M'GILP means that the painter ought to make him more noble, less coarse, less evidently a money-grubbing, hard-headed, rough-spoken, not over-scrupulous, but on the whole kindly-disposed and shrewd burgess and chief-magistrate of Stoke-Pogis, then I object to idealisation in this sense altogether. It is the striving after idealisation of this fashion which begets vulgarity. And it is to the idealising painter of this kidney, much more than to the honest citizens his sitters, that we owe the intense snobbishness of most portraits of this class.

Whoever saw a Dutch Burgher of REMBRANDT's whom he could set down for a snob? And yet, his originals were not a bit more ideal beings than the BLOGGS of our own day. As to costume, they owe nothing to that in general. The dignity, impressiveness, truth, and force of these heads, is due to the painter; and a portrait-painter, with the qualities of a REMBRANDT, would find Burgomaster Sixes enough in our own time, and under our common-place broadcloth.

Everything that I have said of the gentlemen is true of the ladies, as I hope to show hereafter. But I have not time to dwell longer on portraits just now. I would merely say, *en passant*, that I could have found examples in the present Exhibition, of the rules to be followed in this branch of the art, as of the faults to be avoided.

MR. KNIGHT's portrait of an old academy servant, *Mr. Vaughan*—WATSON GORDON's honest and straightforward presentment of that determined Scotchman, sitting, hat in hand, over MR. VAUGHAN's head—BOXALL's portraits, almost without an exception—WESTCOTT's *Rector Campbell*—S. LAWRENCE's head of *Henry Taylor*—and WATTS's marvellous chalk drawing of *Lord John Russell*—are noble works, in which the character of the sitter is given, to the exclusion of all that is idle, or inappropriate, or distracting, or vulgarly genteel, or snobbishly fine, or conventionally picturesque.

But let me pass from portraits into the open air. Oh, nature, that cannot be dressed up in the velvets of the LOUIS QUATORZE time, or the brocades of GEORGE THE SECOND! Landscape painters at least should be true, and unconventional: and yet, it is strange to see how almost every man of them will insist on putting nature into *his* livery. Infinite as her aspects are, from the pearly cool of early morning, through all the gradations of hot noon, and limpid eventide, to the solemn twilight, when the gaunt trees stand up blackly against the clear horizon—wide as the range would seem to be, from the spring childhood of the year to its winter old age—vast as the accessible world has grown in these days of railways and steam-boats—how we see each single artist contenting himself with his own little batch of effects, applied year after year in his own little corner of the world.

Why is it that to MR. LINNELL, master as he is of his own scale of subjects and colours, the earth will be always marly gravel, the horizon clouds always cumulous? Does he look on the world through a pair of coloured spectacles, which invest all objects with unvarying hues, or have all his labour and love availed to give him a mastery only over one of the many millions of nature's secrets?

So, why—whether it be a Norfolk mill, overlooking the wintry broad, or a Highland loch, rippling under the white moon, or a twilight road through a quiet village—why, in texture and in tone, is the face of MR. CRESWICK's out-of-door nature ever one and the same?

I go into the woods and fields, and I see a world—like a fair and ingenuous visage capable of all expressions—whose aspect varies with every smile or frown of the sky, every flaw of wind, every blink of sun or gloom of shadow—which passes with every passing hour, from one look to another, which reflects every mood of mind, and is by turns attuned to every key of sentiment. I walk into the Exhibition, and I see, year after year, the same subjects, painted by the same men, unvarying, bearing no impress of any feeling in particular, and answering to no mood of mind. Am I to conclude that painters' skill, even the highest, is unequal to the understanding and reproducing of more than one of these fleeting passages of calm and storm, of beauty and awfulness, of joy and sadness, of love and wrath? Or is it that the painter having acquired one of the many harmonies that are ever resounding in the visible world, keeps, for very love or laziness harping on the same string till the end of his painting days?

Whatever the cause may be, it seems to me that our landscape-painters go on repeating themselves, and not improving in the repetition. Else, why is it that Highland lochs, and Highland hills, and Devonshire moors, and Devonshire lanes, and Devonshire ferries, have become so stale, flat, and unprofitable in the hands of MR. LEE? Is it that he paints them more feebly, or that we are sick of the repetition? Or is it that he has fallen into the trick of it, and gives us no longer a sharp, clear, proof impression of the first taking off, but a cloudy, ragged, and indistinct engraving from a worn-out old plate?

In short, of all the hundreds of landscapes here, there are few that have power to catch the eye and arrest it; still fewer that will repay close and careful examination. Of pictures, as of other things, it is often true that

> "You must love them—'ere to you
> They will seem worthy of your love."

But there are few of these landscapes that can beget the preliminary love which is indispensable to found a reason for itself. For me, in fact, there are three landscapes in the Exhibition this year: and they are MR. REDGRAVE's *Woodland Mirror;* MR. ANTHONY's *Ferns and Beech-trees;* and the back-ground of MR. HUNT's *Hireling Shepherd.*

I will leave you to meditate upon the list till next week.

REGISTERED PRO-VISIONALLY.

CAPITAL UNLIMITED.

OR THE RUFFIAN'S PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION.

DIRECTORS.

(*To be selected from Distinguished Names on Police Books.*)

Standing Counsel—ORSON BLACKISWHITE, Esq., *Old Bailey.*

Secretary—TARQUIN BRUIN, *Late of the House of Correction.*

IN the present age, when the philosophical and no less beneficent principles of Assurance are brought to bear upon almost every social interest, it has long been a matter of silent regret that individuals either destined by constitutional vivacity, or betrayed by unforeseen accident into the commission of Personal Assault, should not surround themselves with the Protective Influence of Association.

Almost every other casualty is provided with pecuniary remedy; or, at least, pecuniary consolation. Your house is burned, and the Phœnix crows—claps his wings—and the house again becomes bran new from the ashes. Your ribs are broken on the railway; what then? You have previously dropped your twopence or fourpence, as prudence or purse may have admonished, and your ribs are paid for.

A man insures his life, or limb—why not his temper? He may anticipate a remedy for having, we will say, his own nose smashed; why not, then, a guarantee, if hastily betrayed to smash the nose of his neighbour?

The attentive reader of the Police Reports, must have been frequently impressed with magisterial sentences on individuals convicted of assault. "Being unable to pay the fine—[40*s.*, or £5, as the injury dealt may be]—the prisoner was conveyed to prison in the police van."

Being, we trust, conscientious advocates of order; vivaciously alive to the importance of money as a standard of morals and feelings in this, our peculiarly commercial country, we—the Projectors of EVERY MAN HIS OWN BRUTE, &c.—call the attention of the humbler classes of society, and especially claim the consideration of Husbands addicted to the Personal Chastisement of Wives, to the principles of the above Association, whose object it is to guarantee every insurer—at the least possible scale of payment—from the inconvenience and the ignominy of incarceration—enabling him to *pay the fine;* and thus, assaults being a matter of money, to be permitted the enjoyment of his ferocity of will, whether exercised upon his wife or his neighbour.

But one example is worth a hundred assumptions. At once we take a case, decided lately at Worship Street. A man named FREDERICK LABORDE is charged, in the strong language of the reporter, with "a murderous attack upon his wife, and also with having violently assaulted a married woman, named Wood." MR. LABORDE had previously given the wife of his bosom "a violent blow on the eye:" after which—

"He then caught up a ponderous wooden mallet, which he was in the habit of using in his trade, and brandishing it over his head, brought it down with all his force upon her nose, which caused the blood to gush down over her dress, and felled her to the floor."

The lodgers interfered, when MR. LABORDE attacked them all indiscriminately, beating one, however, "unmercifully." Well, the Magistrate—understand, the Magistrate, can only dispense the law—

"MR. HAMMILL ordered the prisoner to pay a penalty of £5, *or to be committed* for two months to the House of Correction, for assaulting his wife; in addition to which he must pay a second fine of £5 for the other assault, or undergo a further term of two months' imprisonment."

MR. LABORDE, not having the £5, was committed. Had he been a man of means, he might have broken his wife's nose, or the nose of any other woman at his pleasure, paying for the enjoyment; but the poor fellow had not the money, when the relentless law consigned him to the discomfort of a gaol.

Now, it is here, where the agency of our Association—that of EVERY MAN HIS OWN BRUTE—proposes to assert itself. Why, we ask, assault being a matter of money—bruises, contusions, smashed noses, scattered teeth, being purchaseable—why should not the poor man be enabled to pay for them; why should he be sent to prison, *not for the assault*—let that always be borne in mind—but for not being able *to pay* for the assault?

The law may change, but so long as the law permits a man to well-nigh murder his wife—to fell her with a mallet to the earth, as a butcher knocks down a bullock—so long does the poor ruffian, the indigent rascal, the penniless brute and coward suffer injustice; for he is punished *not* for what he does, but for being too poor to *pay* for what he does. For instance, is it not clear, that could MR. FREDERICK LABORDE have laid down the £5 for the work of his mallet upon his wife's nose, he might by this time have had another £5 worth of mischief upon some other member of her person? Now this distinction bears with unjust severity upon the poor, who cannot afford to be ruffians.

Therefore the projectors of the above Association, made confident by the very nicest calculations, are enabled, at a very trifling outlay, to insure the commission of brutality in every variety.

At about twopence a week, a man may insure himself for ten pounds' worth of assaults per annum. For only twopence a week, and any ruffian may smash his wife's nose twice in a year; or otherwise beat, and ill-treat her, spreading two principal assaults over six or eight little ones. He gives his wife one or two black eyes. He is fined 10*s.* THE RUFFIAN'S PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION lays down the money; and the discharged and triumphant ruffian having, like an honest man, paid for the mischief, spotless as an ermine, leaves the Court.

Further particulars will be duly announced. In the meanwhile, prospectuses are to be had at every Police Office.

TARQUIN BRUIN, *Sec.*

POPULAR PLAYHOURS.

Who thinks that it would be advisable that the National Gallery and British Museum should be of some benefit to the labouring classes, instead of doing no more for them than to attract them together, in close, uncomfortable, unpleasant crowds, for two days, twice a year, at Easter and Whitsuntide?

Who is of opnion that the health, comfort, minds, dispositions, communications, of those same classes, would be improved by a better acquaintance with green fields, or good authors, or melody and harmony, or any of those liberal arts and sciences, whose study, as the poet says in the Latin Grammar, softens the manners, and does not suffer them to be brutal?

Who would wish artisans and mechanics to enjoy the advantages of the Crystal Palace, when it shall have been transferred to Sydenham?

Who believes it would be well to provide with recreation, by day, those who, for want of it, are apt to rush into dissipation at night?

Who, not wanting to coop the people up in cities by a Sunday bill, is yet desirous to give them an opportunity for a pleasure trip in the week, to the abatement of Sabbatical railway trains, cabs, omnibusses, steam-boats, tea and shrimps, half-and-half, gin, pipes, and skittles?

Who is aware, and considers, that reasonable relaxation causes work to be done more cheerfully, zealously, and thoroughly?

If any, let him use his potentialities, influence, voice, and pen, to induce employers to arrange their business in such a sort, as to give the employed a half holiday once a week.

A Musical Treat.—Living next door to a pianoforte maker.

WHAT IS AN ENGAGEMENT?

The Irish *prima donna* has also broken her engagement. A new definition of the word engagement is sadly wanted to suit the Vocalists' books. We will not say it is like piecrust, or a boy's drum, or a young lady's heart, only made to be broken, but we will define it simply, thus:—

"An Engagement is like a general invitation—given very freely, but with the full understanding that it is never meant to be kept. Such engagements, like elopements, are only runaway engagements. 'Come and sing,' is about synonymous with 'Come and see me any day, I shall be happy to see you.' The singer is no more expected to sing, than the foolish fellow who has been so liberally invited is expected to call upon you. It's only a form—just as putting your name to a bill is 'only a form'—and a form which 'any one who takes his stand upon it is sure to have to pay for the breaking of it."

OUR OPERA BOX.

We have somewhat neglected our Opera going this year; but the fact is, that the interest of the season has been transferred from Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden to the Court of Chancery. We have been told that Wagner is a great singer when before the public, but she has certainly had to sing very small indeed before the judges in Equity. Perhaps she would have appeared to more advantage without her father's base accompaniment, and she has hardly had a fair trial in the poor concerted piece, which has been turned into a disconcerted piece by the decisions of the Vice and the Lord Chancellor. It is a remarkable fact that an insignificant cause can produce a serious effect, as we have seen in the instance of the unheard Johannah, who has done more mischief by doing nothing, than she would in all probability have done good, if she had faithfully kept to her engagement.

> "There's not a charm the world can give
> Like that it takes away,"

says the poet, and there *is* certainly not a house a *prima donna* can bring like those she keeps away, when she enters into a contract which sets the town on the *qui vive*, and then abstains from fulfilling her agreement. The "fair deceiver" has injured the season at both establishments, when she *might* have made the fortune of one without ruining the other. But as it is—

> Lumley and Gye were fighting for the town,
> When up jumps Johannah, and knocks them both down.

There is, however, plenty of attraction at both houses, if the public would only get out of their heads that Wagner affair which has caused a sort of singing in their ears, to confound but not to gratify their senses. Seeing Jenny Lind has come to town, she has now an opportunity of doing a really graceful act, by retrieving the fortunes of an establishment where her own fortune was most deservedly realised.

STREET PERFORMERS AND "CRUSHERS."

Yesterday a deputation of tumblers, jugglers, and gymnastic performers, accustomed to exhibit their tricks and feats of strength and agility in the public thoroughfares, waited upon *Mr. Punch* at his official residence in Fleet Street, to express the alarm and apprehension in regard to the liberties of the subject, created in their minds by the recent Proclamation prohibiting Romish monks and other ecclesiastics from wearing the costumes of their respective orders, displaying their symbols, and celebrating their rites and ceremonies, in the streets. The deputation was headed by Signor Smitherini and Professor Morris, and it having been informally introduced to *Mr. Punch* by the official boy,

Professor Morris said he begged *Mr. Punch's* pardon, and hoped he'd excuse him for having taken the liberty of troublin of him to ax him the question whether that there Proclamation agin the papish monks and friars was anyways liable to interfere with that respectable interest as he had the honour to represent? He was afeard it would. Stop one sort of show in the streets, and why not stop another? Say black gowns ain't to be wore there, and it may as well be said, you shan't wear spangled frocks neither. It was a dangerous principle to hinder anybody from dressing according to his fancy. To be sure he didn't cut sich a figure as the papishes. He wasn't so likely to frighten the horses. [The Professor was attired in tight fleshings and white buskins, with a blue fillet round his head.] He hoped he was not quite sich a object as them Romanish Guys.

Mr. Punch said the Professor's costume was more like that of the ancient Greeks than that of the modern Romans.

The Professor did not know much about that. Speakin of them Roman-candlestick priests, people said sich mountebanks ought to be put down, and it was this talk about puttin down mountebanks as made him uncomfortable.

Mr. Punch said that such anxiety on the Professor's part was natural, but that he (Professor Morris) might make himself tolerably easy. The Proclamation—which, by the way, he could not help somewhat suspecting to have been advised by Ministers with electioneering views—affected only one class of mountebanks. As long as the Professor and his order abstained from constituting themselves a nuisance, by performing in fashionable or crowded streets, obtruding themselves on notice where they gave offence, collecting a mob, or acting any foolery calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, they would, doubtless, be free to vault, tumble, dance, stand on their heads,

or each other's shoulders, without much molestation. They did not go about masquerading in the interest of a Foreign Power. They had only one objectionable point in common with the Oratorians and Passionists—a slight tendency to squalor, easily to be corrected by occasional recourse to soap and water. He (*Mr. Punch*) should nevertheless think it might be well for them to keep out of the way of their black friends, lest such company should attract the attention of the police.

SIGNOR SMITHERINI stated that his performances, as Illusionist and Wizard, were sometimes accompanied by cymbals, which he understood was forbid in the Proclamation; was that true?

Mr. Punch explained the difference between the musical instruments alluded to by the SIGNOR, and the prohibited symbols. The SIGNOR'S vocation was in small jeopardy. Though the parties aimed at in the Proclamation were famous for their illusions, they could not properly be termed conjurors. He (*Mr. Punch*) perhaps, however, might recommend SIGNOR SMITHERINI to call himself, in plain English, MR. SMITHERS. SIGNOR was a foreign title, and might suggest that the bearer of it was a Jesuit in disguise. This would be unlikely; and probably MR. SMITHERS might repair to Court—or Alley—without getting himself into any serious scrape, although he should put on his most remarkable Wizard's dress, and announce himself as not only SIGNOR, but MONSIGNORE.

The deputation then withdrew, followed by the boy, and a number of other boys.

Policeman. "NOW THEN, YOU MUST GO AWAY FROM HERE; OR ELSE ——"

British Mountebank "BOTHER THEM FOREIGNERS! TO GO BRINGING THE PEELERS DOWN JUST AS WE WAS DOING SICH GOOD BUSINESS!"

RELIGION FOR THE HIGHER CIRCLES.

AN advertisement in the *Times* apprises us of the fact that there is a society established, having for its excessively genteel purpose, the conversion of the higher circles. An article has been prepared by a tract society, which is strongly recommended for fashionable use; and which, of course, is not intended for the mere vulgar votaries of Christianity. We have not met with any of the publications in question, our office being possibly too far east for the elegant efforts of the religious exquisites, whose labours are no doubt bounded on the east by Pall Mall, on the south by Spring Gardens, on the north by Grosvenor Square, and on the west by the limits of Belgravia.

We always had an idea that religion knew no distinction of ranks; we know that Christianity repudiates anything like class divisions among its own followers, as far as religion is concerned; but there appears to be a fashionable sect which, refusing to hear of pious *parvenus*, looks upon "elect" and "select" as synonymous. We shall not be surprised at any affectation or absurdity in the much abused name of religion after this, nor should we be astonished at finding announcements of a *Thé évangélique*, or a *soirée sérieuse*, or a devotional dinner-party among the "fashionable arrangements," and "further arrangements" of our JENKINSONIAN contemporaries.

Of all the cant to which the fashionable affectation of "seriousness" has given rise, we know of none more offensive than that which professes to prepare a religion expressly for the use of the "higher circles" and those frequenting places of "fashionable resort." We suppose religion—of this kind—will be expected to leave town for some "fashionable watering-place" at the ordinary period, and must by no means be seen in London when the season is over. We shall be having a monthly publication of the *Modes Réligieuses*, or Pious Fashions, in which we may expect the revival of the Bishop's sleeves, and for those who are fond of wearing something religious, as a cloak, the restoration of the Cardinal.

SENILE ACUTENESS.—An old gentleman hearing his youthful nephew, a little boy who is versed in geology, talking about the "Earth's crust," inquired whether he was speaking of the outside of a dirt-pie?

JUST THE TERM FOR IT.

THE French do not take an oath, they only lend it. Their term is, "*prêter serment.*" This practice of lending is extremely convenient. The oath is "lent" for a certain period, and then when the person is tired of the loan, he calls for it back again. It was never given, and, accordingly, is still the property of the person who "lent" it, for him to do with it whatever he likes. Or else it shares the fate of all things that are lent, and nothing is ever seen or heard of it afterwards. It is as good as lost. This has been the fate of all oaths in France, through its various eras of monarchy, republicanism, empire, and provisional governments; and we do not mind making a wager, anywhere but at a betting-office, that it will be the fate again of all the oaths that have been "lent" to LOUIS NAPOLEON. It would not be a bad sign for him to write over the door of the despotic pawnshop, which he has opened on the plan of his Uncle: "OATHS LENT."

A Flaw in the Indictment.

THE House of Commons may fairly be complained of for not assembling in sufficient numbers to proceed with business, on some recent occasions. In drawing an indictment against the Members, one of the principal counts would be—the Count-out.

MALMESBURY'S NEW POLICEMAN.

ADVICE TO "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."—Tell the truth, and shame the—PRESIDENT.

A GRAIN THE PROTECTIONIST FARMER IS DREADFULLY IN WANT OF.—A Grain of Sense.

"FRENCH PATIENCE."—LOUIS NAPOLEON waiting for the Empire.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, June 25th, 1852.

THE GIN PALACE, OR THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SUNDAY?

A PROSE CANTICLE.

MOST certainly, the proper mode of spending the Sunday for inhabitants of towns, except those who keep carriages and can be driven into the country by their own servants, attending divine service by the way, with their coachman and footmen waiting for them outside, is to go to church three times a day, and occupy the intervals in reading sermons strictly orthodox, or perhaps devoting an hour or so to a very slow walk through the streets. But as there are unfortunately multitudes who will not even go to church, yet who will go somewhere, is it not much better that they should pass their time at the public-house than at such a place as the Crystal Palace?

Those who might resort to the public-house would drink gin and beer; beverages not unwholesome in moderation, but they that should visit the Crystal Palace or the British Museum—were it open on Sundays—would imbibe the poison of secular knowledge unqualified by theological opinion.

Excess in gin and beer—nay, even in Port wine—will make a man drunk: no doubt drunkenness is a sin: but when it is caused by alcohol and malt liquor, and particularly when it results from a mixture of both, it is pretty sure to be followed by repentance the next morning, or at least by a headache calculated to teach the sufferer the hollowness of worldly things.

But the elevation produced by contemplating the works of nature and art, is succeeded by no salutary depression; on the contrary, the amusement of the day so spent is generally felt to bear the morrow's reflection, and thus begets a soul-destroying complacency, instead of the wholesome conviction of being a miserable sinner.

And then the man who gets drunk contributes to the Excise, and his transgression tends to increase the revenue, and thus to place, at the disposal of the Government, funds which a pious Ministry might apply to the improvement of bishops' palaces. Whereas the mere mental intoxication caused by the sublime and beautiful, does not conduce to the enrichment of the State or the Church, by one halfpenny.

Any attraction likely to draw town's-people into the country on Sundays is objectionable. In the sunshine, beneath the blue vault of heaven, amid green fields and sweet flowers, singing-birds, humming bees, silver brooks, corrupt human nature is apt to forget itself, and mistake this wicked world for a paradise. Now, those who are obliged to remain in cities are surrounded by circumstances all forcibly impressing them with a sense of their misery and mortality. The sewers and gutters in their paths—emblems of depravity—exhale a moral with a stench, and teach the heart a lesson through the nose. From crowded churchyards the fact of death is brought home to them in the very air they breathe and the water they drink—if they can drink such water: truth, humiliating, but salutary, if not wholesome truth, lies at the bottom of all the adjacent wells. The knell accords with the reek of the intramural graveyard; the one corroborates the other; they tell the same story. The incense of the flowers contradicts the knell. The rural influences go altogether to inspire affections and hopes just contrary to the proper dejection, the becoming despondency, the consciousness of walking in a vale of tears, in the valley of the Shadow of Death; the mournful and melancholy state of mind, which, when it does not quite amount to despair and insanity, may be described as a sanctified seriousness.

At least, if the Crystal Palace is not to be closed on the Sabbath, publicans and brewers ought to be compensated for the loss of business which they will sustain; and if compensation is allowed them, it must be granted to the clergy; as the seduction will affect the Church equally with the pothouse. It is likely to affect the Church in a very peculiar manner.

There are in cities numbers of persons, who, impressed a little too strongly by the perception of human wretchedness—there may be too much of a good thing—come not to be quite so sure as they ought of the benevolence, justice, and wisdom, presiding over the universe. It is the business of the clergy to convince and persuade them of the truths they cannot very well see in the things about them. The priesthood have a vested interest in their doubts. But the Crystal Palace—like the British Museum—will contain wonders of creation, demonstrating those grand fundamentals which a preacher can only argue. People will, in effect, be going there to church: and who knows but that some heterodox wretch might even propose to have services, in the spirit of the Bridgewater treatises, actually celebrated in the building, amidst objects which would certainly afford the strongest evidences of the principles asserted in those volumes?

The Gin Palace, then, rather than the Crystal Palace for the people on a Sunday!

"CHILDREN MUST BE PAID FOR."

SWEET is the sound of infant voice;
Young innocence is full of charms:
There 's not a pleasure half so choice,
As tossing up a child in arms.
Babyhood is a blessed state,
Felicity expressly made for;
But still, on earth it is our fate,
That even "Children must be paid for."

If in an omnibus we ride,
It is a beauteous sight to see,
When full the vehicle inside,
Age taking childhood on its knee.
But in the dog-days' scorching heat,
When a slight breath of air is pray'd for,
Half suffocated in our seat,
We feel that "Children must be paid for."

There is about the sports of youth
A charm that reaches every heart,
Marbles or tops are games of truth,
The bat plays no deceiver's part.
But if we hear a sudden crash,
No explanation need be stay'd for,
We know there 's something gone to smash;
We feel that "Children must be paid for."

How exquisite the infant's grace,
When, clambering upon the knee,
The cherub, smiling, takes his place
Upon his mother's lap at tea;
Perchance the beverage flows o'er,
And leaves a stain there is no aid for,
On carpet, dress, or chair. Once more
We feel that "Children must be paid for."

Presiding at the festive board,
With many faces laughing round,
Dull melancholy is ignored
While mirth and jollity abound:
We see our table amply spread
With knives and forks a dozen laid for;
Then pause to think:—"How are they fed?"
Yes, children must indeed be paid for!"

"STILL HE GOES UP, UP, UP."

THE last ascent but six of the "Veteran GREEN" has been advertised. He is taking his "farewell of the air" in a round of his favourite balloons, which will embrace the "Great Nassau" and other popular aerial conveyances. We suppose when the veteran finally retires from the air he will feel somewhat out of his element; but we have no doubt that after living so long upon air he has got together something more substantial to enable him to enjoy the remainder of his existence. It seems that he has made no less than five hundred ascents, so that he has been continually rising in the world, but has never been puffed up, nor allowed himself to be inflated by the circumstances that have surrounded him. There is no doubt that he will go down to posterity in a balloon, if he ever makes that sort of descent, which is so much desired by all candidates for popular favour.

A Scorpion Wanted.

AN eloquent Irishman—quoted in the Irish news of the *Times*—says, in reference to RUSSELL'S DURHAM Letter, and DERBY'S Anti-Procession Proclamation,—"Out goes the scorpion RUSSELL; in comes the double scorpion DERBY." Hence, for the necessities of Irish vituperation, a treble scorpion is wanted, and may hear of something to its advantage in Dublin. Yes: Wanted a scorpion with three tails!

NO LOCUS STANDI.—The man who visits the low Betting offices must indeed have lost all standing in society since he betakes himself to the worst of all legs.

THE PASSIONIST YOUTH'S COMPLAINT.

H! What a shame!
They won't let us play;
They 've taken our game
Of Ringing away:
They say that we make
So stunning a noise,
The neighbours' heads ache
Along of us boys.

De Held's peal they 've stopp'd,
Because of the din;
To Belgium he 's hopp'd,
For law costs let in.
Unless some one shells
The requisite out,
That Soltau those bells
Will sell up, no doubt.

They won't let us wear
Our cloaks and our sandals,
Because they declare
It gives rise to scandals:
And then they prohibit
Displays in the streets;
We mustn't exhibit
Our tapers and sheets.

In stole and in cope
We can't go about;
But those "Bands of Hope"
May halloo and shout:
Of Guy Fawkes they grant
The *auto-da-fé*,
But say that we shan't
Have likewise our way.

Have you, as you tell us,
A free Constitution,
Inflicting on fellows
All this persecution?
Are we to be done—
Because you love quiet—
Thus out of our fun,
For fear of a riot?

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER XI.

If ever anybody had no right to make an offer to another person, that was the position of Mr. Verdigris, the antiquary, as regarded me. For I always liked him, and derived a great deal of instruction from his conversation; and to add to his ingratitude, I may mention that it was entirely owing to my cutting out an advertisement, and enclosing it to papa, that the latter bought a little cabinet of coins of the Lower Empire, and presented it to Mr. Verdigris on his fiftieth birthday. And then his dear old sister, Virty Verdigris, had become fonder of me than of any body in the world, except of her brother, and we were going on so pleasantly, till it occurred to him to alter our positions. I cannot think what put such nonsense into his head. I had about as much expectation of a proposal from his statue of Phocion.

He lives at Brighton, and while we were staying there we used to go to his house a good deal. Whenever he got a new old coin, or relic of any kind, he always sent Virty round to invite me to come and see it, and the dear old creature, who knew nothing whatever about anything except making everybody comfortable, invariably brought the strangest messages. One day she was particularly anxious for me to come, because Stacey—that is to say Eustace—had just received some Wooden Halfpence made by Dean Swift the Draper, and another time I was to go and see a piece of a bonnet dug up at Flodden, though, as dear Virty said, what part of a bonnet a round bit of gold could be, she could not guess. But she was just as pleased to see Stacey happy in showing his collection, as if she could have called over all the Cæsars as accurately as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who tells us in his life of poor Lord George Betting-book that the most solemn event in the history of Christianity took place in the reign of Augustus. Mr. Verdigris is a delicate-looking person, with exceedingly long white fingers, and nails which might easily be cut into pens. He is very small, and pale, and mild, and nearly bald, having only a thin fringe of grey hair round the centre of his head, which flushes up to the very crown upon the least excitement. And he always wears a long frock coat, buttoned up to the chin, where it meets a white cravat. I suppose that he has plenty of money, for he is always buying curiosities, and giving away charity, for he is one of the kindest-hearted creatures in the world.

Mr. Verdigris had been re-arranging his collection, and sent Virty to fetch me to see it in its new order. The work had occupied him for some days, and he had obstinately repulsed all his sister's offers of assistance. "My dear," she said, "while he was gone for a walk, I stuck more of his coins and medals into those little holes than he had done in two days; but when he came in he burst out laughing, and turned all my work out, saying that I had introduced King Herod to an Innocent Pope, and there would be another massacre like that of Bartholomew Fair." When I arrived, Mr. Verdigris himself did the honours in a much more learned way, and begged me to accompany him all round his little gallery, and see that he had put everything into chronological order—from Young Memnon to Louis Napoleon. Poor Virty followed us, and kept up a gentle fire of notes upon the antiquary's text. Of course, I do not pretend to remember a millionth part of what I was told, especially as laughing with Virty interrupted my attention sadly. When her brother was shewing me the Roman As, she ventured to suggest that the Roman must have been one for giving such a name to a piece of money, but she supposed an ass was coined for small bets, just as we say a poney for larger ones. And among some ancient curiosities was a relic supposed to having been used in making a philter, and this excited Virty's great contempt, as she could not at all see how the water was to be passed through it. And she really made a sort of joke over a brass mirror, declaring that from all she had heard of the Roman ladies such a looking-glass must have reflected them very faithfully. The dreadful faces she made when her brother was describing the Roman practice of bringing live mullet to table, that they might die upon the plates of the epicures, were wonderful; but his mention that offending slaves were thrown into the lamprey pond elicited a delightful piece of English history from her.

"Ah!" she said, "that 's like what I read in Hume's history many years ago, about one of our kings, who was killed by lampreys, because, it says, they did not agree with the Constitution. I forget which king it was, Stephen I think, but the moral is the same."

"In that case, Henry the First will do, Virtue dear!" said Mr. Verdigris quietly.

"I dare say that was the man," answered Virty. "To be sure it couldn't be Stephen, for he was stoned. I have seen the picture of it in that church in Walbrook that went into Chancery with the Lord Mayor, and got dilapidated."

"They teach young ladies better now than they did in your time, my dear old Virty," said Mr. Verdigris. "Here is Miss Violet Brompton could tell you the names, dates, and characters of every one of the sovereigns of Europe, from Charlemagne's time.

"Indeed, you must give me credit for nothing of the kind," I said, "but I think if I were to study your collection of coins often, I might be much better informed. They are the best helps to memory I can imagine."

To my surprise, as I said this, the face and head of Mr. Verdigris flushed up into a uniform crimson. He looked at his sister with an odd sort of smile, and said,

"Virtue."

"Stacey," she answered, with an equally significant look.

"Shall I say it," he asked in quite a flutter.

"*I* should, Stacey," replied Mrs. Virty.

He turned to me, and his redness, which had slightly toned down, took a new and more glowing tint as he did so. I could not conceive what was the matter. He kept on smiling in a kindly, but an uncomfortable way, fidgetted with his hands, and even began to scratch with his long nails on the glass of one of the medal cases.

"You would like," he stammered out, "to study these things very often?"

"Under your direction," I said, "and in their proper order here, I think it would be very pleasant." Now, I said this because it flashed across my mind that he might perhaps be thinking of spoiling his collection for the sake of making me a present, and this I would not have let him do. But my answer was the most unfortunate one I could have made.

"Here, and under my direction, Virty," he repeated, looking at her with a face beaming with pleasure. "There could not be better encouragement. That study you might undertake at all times you pleased, Miss Brompton," he said, earnestly and respectfully. "I am not a man of many words, and indeed I feel my deficiency, painfully, when I wish to say what I would say now—but—you—you are above affectation and coquetry—you have known me a long time, and Virty loves you very much. Will you—will you accept all that you see here, and, with it, its owner?"

I never said I was a heroine, and if I had, everybody would have found me out long ago. But, supposing I had asserted the slightest pretensions to heroineship, they would all have been crushed for ever

when I came to this passage in my history. I looked at him for a moment to be quite sure I understood him, and then I looked at VIRTY, and saw in her dear old face such a mixture of pleasure and anxiety that—there is no use in pretending that I did not—I began to cry.

I am not skilful at analysing my sensations, but here was a good, kind, learned, gentlemanly man, whom I both respected and liked, and who had suddenly placed me in a position from which there was no escaping without giving him pain. The situation was simple enough, and perhaps I was simple enough for crying over it, but I did cry, and there is the truth. He looked very much distressed, and VIRTY came up to me and took my hand. But I struggled for self-command, for I would not leave these kind creatures in a moment's doubt, and self-command came.

"Dear MR. VERDIGRIS," I said, but not at all steadily, "pray forget what you have said. You do me very great honour in thinking me worthy of such a thing, and I do assure you I am very grateful to you. But our ages are so different—I am quite a child, and you know I know your birthday,"—and I tried to smile, and pointed to the silver plate on the cabinet we had given him—"and altogether it is quite impossible. But do take my hands, and say you will not be angry with me, and will go on giving me instruction." For I could not bear to think of quarrelling with him.

He looked at me very steadily for a minute or so, and then he said, quietly, and almost sadly—

"Yes. There are thirty years between us, and they ought to have taught me to know myself better; they *have* taught me how to value you, or I should not have said what you have heard. Forget it; if I remember it, you shall never see that I do. We will always be friends—you and I, and VIRTY"—and he took a hand of each; "and—and—will you come to see me to-morrow, and we will go through the Emperors—I have very good coins of the Emperors." And pressing our hands, he walked quickly out of the room.

"You spoke quite right, dear," said MRS. VIRTY, very kindly, and wiping her eyes; for she, it seems, had followed my wise example. "And that's the last word you'll ever hear about it, if you come here, as I hope you will, a thousand times. And STACEY must keep to his Roman asses, and his rows of nobles, and his pieces of bonnets, and his Johnny groats, and all the rest of his tattermedallions."

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE DIGGINGS.

AIR—"*Hush-a-by Baby.*"

ROCK away, Cradle, at the pit top,
When the stream flows the cradle must rock:
When the gold fails the digging's a bore,
And away go the diggers to look for some more.

AIR—"*Sing a Song of Sixpence.*"

Sing a Song of Sixpence, a pocket full of gold,
In four-and-twenty hours you've a fortune there I'm told:
When you've stayed a fortnight you're rich as any king,
Isn't that to contemplate a very pleasant thing?

The Youngest Member in the House.

A LADY declares that if MR. ANSTEY were to remain in the House of Commons all his life, he would still be the youngest member in it; "for it is perfectly clear," she says, alluding to his accustomed habit of counting out the House, "that so long as he retains the faculty of speech, he will never be able to reach forty."

TAPPING A BEER BARREL FOR THE TRUTH.

MR. PEPPER has been lecturing at the Polytechnic upon the qualities of the different beers of ALLSOPP, BASS, and SALT. It strikes us as being a curious way of proving that these beers are not adulterated, when we actually have before us the admission that both PEPPER and SALT are mixed up largely in their composition.

Corn Measure.

WE don't know what measure MESSRS. DERBY and DISRAELI may have in store for the next Parliament, but if it is to touch upon Corn, no measure short of Free Trade, we can tell them, will suit the people. In fact we think we may give the ministry the following plain bit of advice:

"THE PEOPLE WILL NOT HAVE THEIR CORN MEASURED BY ANY PROTECTIONIST BUSHEL."

THE HEIGHT OF SIMPLICITY has been variously defined, but we think it may now be know as—Going to a Betting Office, with the moral certainty of being "taken—in."

SABBATARIAN TIT FOR TAT.

OW zealous some folks are for the souls of their fellow creatures! The folks particularly alluded to in this remark are great people: the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the BISHOPS OF LONDON and WINCHESTER, the EARL OF HARROWBY, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, and several gentlemen, "too tedious to mention." Is it not written in the *Times* newspaper how they, having formed themselves into a deputation, "waited on the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF DERBY at his official residence at Downing Street, at 2 o'clock, in order to urge upon his lordship the expediency of adopting measures to prevent the Crystal Palace or its grounds being opened to the public on Sundays?" What condescending solicitude on the part of peers and prelates for the spiritual welfare of vulgar cockneys, snips, snobs, mechanics, shopmen, and their womankind: creatures that not only consume tea and shrimps, periwinkles, and ginger-beer, but also smoke pipes and penny Pickwicks. The people must feel flattered that they are thus sympathised with by the superior classes; only perhaps they would rather the sympathy were shown somehow otherwise than by excluding them from pure air and enjoyment—in great tenderness for their immortal part, but with small consideration for their perishable lungs.

Not to be ungrateful, however, let us, the million, the rabble, the populace, get up a deputation of our own, and wait on LORD DERBY at Downing Street, in order to urge upon his lordship the expediency of adopting some measures to prevent, as far as possible, bishops' palaces, and the nobility's mansions, parks, and grounds, from being open to themselves on a Sunday. In this way we shall return the sanctifying obligation to keep the Sabbath miserably. There will yet, however, remain six days of amusement for them; so that we shall still but imperfectly repay their kindness in proposing to debar us from our recreation on the only day when we have time for it.

On this pious and grateful errand then, let us go to the EARL OF DERBY, in our Sunday's best, and wearing patent Sunday faces, with our eyes turned up, and the corners of our mouths turned down—and our tongues in our cheeks.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED PROPHET.

WE have been told—but we hope it is not true—that MR. GYE intends to put in the *Era*, *Sunday Times*, and all the Sunday sporting papers, the following advertisement, which we think highly absurd and perfectly unnecessary:—

THE ONLY ORIGINAL "*PROPHÈTE*" is MARIO, and no mistake! His address is, as usual, the Royal Italian Opera House, where he will always be happy to see his friends, with the tip in their hands. Due notice will be given of the *Prophète's* next appearance. In the meantime his "Huguenot" Draw (price only 7*s* 6*d*.) is the best of the season. Three cheers, boys, for MARIO, the oldest established and first and best and only Original *Prophète*, who snaps his fingers at vulgar competition!

Recollections of the Latin Grammar.

A COUNTRY Gentleman, writing to the Directors of one of the Railways about the bad management of their line, and more especially about the lights having been removed from the carriages, condensed his indignation at the conclusion into the following fulminating line:—

"Horrendum, informe, *Engines*, cui lumen ademptum."

NEW READING OF THE CELEBRATED WAGNER SAYING.

(*Adapted to the Pockets of St. Albans, Ipswich, and others.*)

"AN Election is only to be valued for the sake of its money."

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.

THE Act for the Enfranchisement for Copyholds, is—the LORD CHANCELLOR having thought better of it—passing through the House of Lords. This measure will prevent litigation; but perhaps it will not settle the question whether a dramatic translation is a Freehold or a Copyhold.

A DUEL IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

We are happy to find that a naval officer has lately set the example of seeking the "satisfaction of a gentleman" in Westminster Hall; turning an affair of honour into an affair of law, and substituting the sword of justice for the less effective weapon of the duellist. There can be no doubt cast upon the courage of any man who substitutes Battle by Trial for Trial by Battle; and it is impossible to suspect any officer of being afraid to go into action, when he has voluntarily thrown himself into an action at law.

The ordinary practice of duelling involved very little sacrifice, for the sake of honour; but he who goes into Westminster Hall for the vindication of his character, shews that he considers it worth that costliest kind of powder and shot which can only be met with in the tremendous charges of the great guns of the legal profession.

We trust that all "affairs," which cannot be otherwise arranged, will henceforth come off in the Courts of Law; and we are already requested to state, on the part of Mr. Briefless, that he is prepared to have any amount of "honour" placed in his hands. The only hostile meetings will take place before the judges; and the County Courts will, of course, have jurisdiction over all characters worth less than fifty pounds—a limitation which would certainly apply to the large majority of duellists.

OYSTERS IN JUNE—DELICIOUS!

"Now, my Little Man—Here's your Fine Natives! Only 'A Penny a Lot!'"

When Wag meets Wag!

The *Morning Herald* tries a joke upon the *Observer!* The *Herald* says the *Tagus* steam-ship has arrived with a freight of *dates:* and hence the cruel wit advises the *Observer* "to institute a strict search into this part of the cargo; he may thus probably discover *the* date of the forthcoming dissolution of parliament." There, now! After this we may expect "*Jokes by Two Mutes at a Funeral!*"

Little Boy has a Penn'orth.

Alarming Result!

WHO'D BE A SHERIFF?

Everybody seems to shirk the Shrievalty of London. Those whom the citizens do the honour to elect, appear to prefer the pleasure of paying five hundred pounds' forfeit rather than accept the dignity. We scarcely wonder at the fact, when we recollect that the chief duties of a Sheriff are to hang malefactors, and pursue debtors—by deputy, it is true, as long as a deputy is to be found; and the sole privilege of a Sheriff is to pay for the dinners at the Old Bailey, to stand half the expenses of Lord Mayor's Day, and sit in a gold chain every week at some charity sermon in the city, where a tremendous Shrieval subscription is expected. No wonder that the office goes a-begging in these days, when men are beginning to estimate things by what they are worth, and to object to pay very extravagantly for even the most elaborately ornamented whistle.

A VOICE FROM RIMINI.

"My Dear Punch,

"Whatever may be the merits of Achilli *v.* Newman, as between plaintiff and defendant, I wish John Henry had let Giovanni Giacinto alone, and never stirred the business: the more he has done so, the more he has produced unpleasant consequences.

"Suppose all his charges against Achilli had been proved—of course all the heretics would have instantly exclaimed, 'Here is a precious system for you; here is a pretty priesthood; here are fine fruits of your Confessional: here, see what manner of scoundrels you are liable to have for your spiritual directors!'

"Supposing those accusations false—then the Protestant cry will naturally be: 'These are the brave works of Popery—conspiracy, subornation of perjury, to blast the character of an innocent man.'

"Save me from my friends! For, take the case how you will, it tells fearfully against your humble servant, "The Winking Picture."

"*Rimini, June* 25, 1852."

WHAT IS "GAMMON?"

We earnestly put this simple question to Mr. Levy, who has expended much Hebraic eloquence against the future Crystal Palace at Sydenham—(a Palace that, on the 1st of May, 1853, will reveal itself in thousandfold glory, for Paxton, and Fox and Henderson, and Owen Jones have promised it)—we ask of Levy, who seems to be an authority—what *is* gammon?

Mr. Laing spoke as to the independent election of future directors; whereupon—

"Mr. Levy said, that was what he called *gammon!*"

Surely, Mr. Levy, gammon has a larger, a more comprehensive significance. What then, in all its bearings, is gammon?

We believe that gammon is the very choicest bit of cured hog's flesh, vulgarly known as bacon; but such, of course, is not Mr. Levy's gammon.

Is Sibthorp gammon, or any part of gammon? We think so; for Mr. Laing, in a capital speech on the high, refining purposes of the Crystal Palace, said there were, among its objectors, a "Sibthorpian class;" for the gallant and hirsute Colonel (Member for Thistles, could thistles return a Member)—

"Represented a great many persons out of doors, who were vastly uneasy lest this should prove to be an idea connected with the spirit of the age, with progress, and with the elevation of the mass of the community; and those being things which they did not like at all, they objected to the proposed plan."

Nevertheless, "gammon," so pithily touched upon by Levy, has another and a broader application. What can it be in its widest and at its fullest? Oh, here it is!

Earls and Bishops have waited upon the Earl of Derby—who received them with overpowering condescension—praying him to adopt measures to prevent the opening of the new Crystal Palace for the People *to the People* on Sundays!

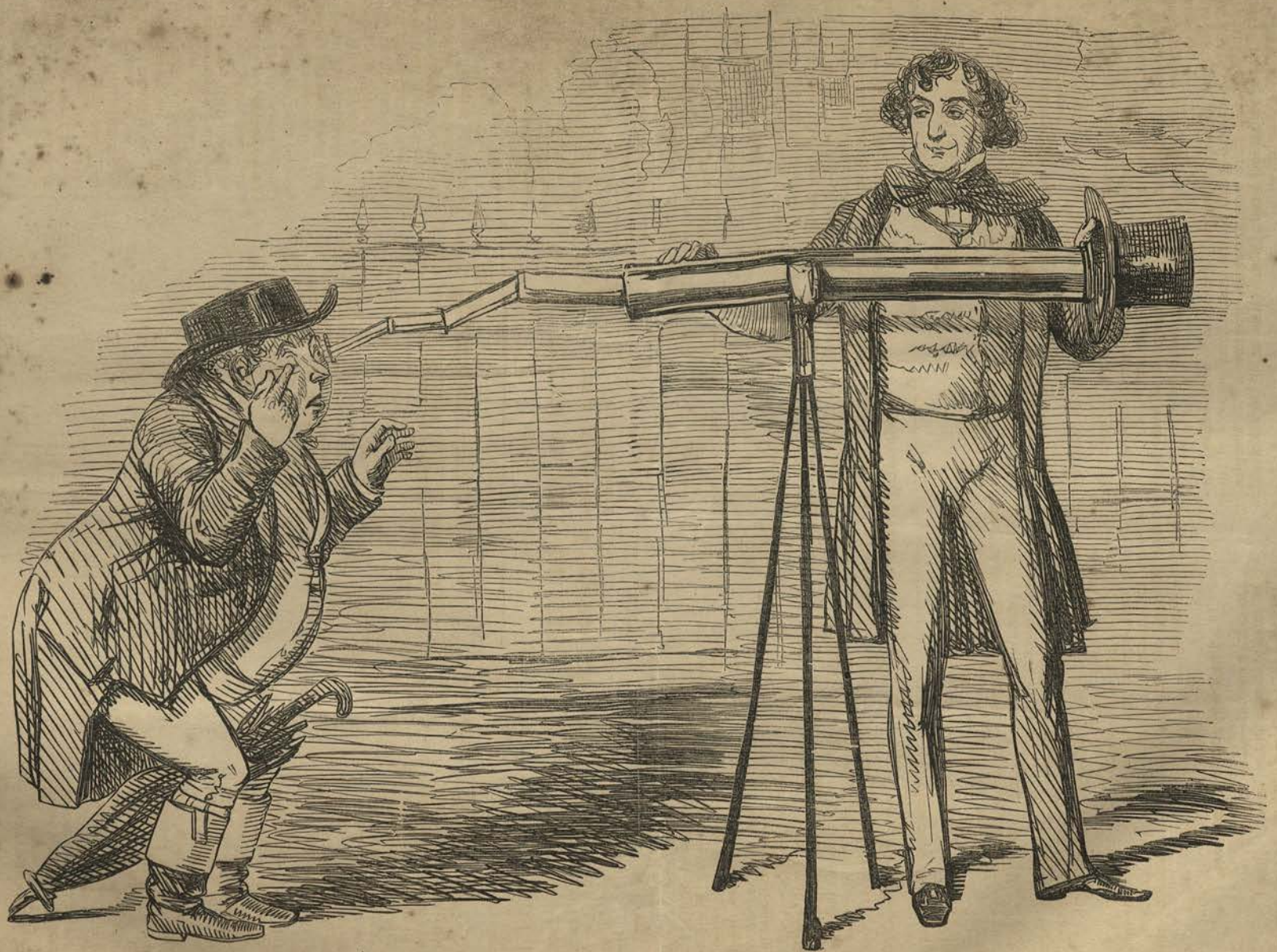
So that, after the people have been to their devotions, they may not walk in the Eden prepared for them by Paxton? After they have said their prayers, they may not contemplate God's goodness in his world of trees, and plants, and flowers?

Surely this is it: yes, in this visit of Lords and Bishops for such a narrow, ignorant, bigoted purpose,—in this we have in its intensest significance, the meaning of "Gammon!" Yes: gammon, gammon: though perhaps, not exactly Mr. Levy's gammon—nevertheless, nothing but gammon!

The Disappointed Farmers.

Disraeli's comfort—all as he can do—
Is 'zummut loomun in the Vutur'. Pooh!
Yaa—drat the Loom!—o' that we 've had enow:
We put un where 'a be to mind the Plough!

"Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear," as Jones said, when Brown ran off, and left Jones to pay his bill.



SOMETHING "LOOMS IN THE FUTURE;"

Or, The Chancellor of the Exchequer Making it quite Clear to Mr. Bull.

July 3, 1852.

ELECTION ANACREONTIC.

OR young VERDANT chaplets twine,
Standing lunches, standing wine;
Pelt the rosy hours that pass,
(VERDANT pays for broken glass);
Lightly be your footsteps seen
On the velvet bowling-green.

Primrose-coloured is the ale;
Like the primrose, it must fail!
And the brandy, brown or pale,
Die like violets in the vale.
Drink the bowl, then, while you may,
In the glory of to-day;
Soon its memory dies away,
Save the bill that V. must pay.

"OUR CRITIC" AMONG THE PICTURES.

IN my visits to the Academy Exhibition Room, I often catch myself asking this question, sometimes of myself, sometimes of MR. GILP, the eminent painter, sometimes of SQUENCH, the distinguished critic—"what is a Painter." One can understand what the painter *was*, in the early schools, when religion demanded his chief service, when his employers were priors, and cardinals, and Popes, or pious laymen anxious to propitiate a saint, or record a mercy, or honour an ancestor, in the family chapel. Painting in those times was a thriving and honourable *trade*—the studio was called *a shop*—the master employed apprentices, who ground his colours, cleaned his palette, swept the painting room, and carried on, under the master's eye, all the elaborate processes, with earths, and minerals, and oils, which the SIR EDWINS, or MR LESLIES, of that day, performed for themselves, WINSORS and NEWTONS and ROBERSONS being unknown.

Well, in those days, there was no mistake about the painter. He was a workman, just as much as the carpenter or mason. In fact, any distinction of artist and workman was altogether unknown at that time. The same hand that squared the beam, designed and carved the intricate tracery or delicate foliage of boss and finial; the chisel that dressed the stone of the arch, sculptured the angels who hold up the corbeil from which it springs. It would seem, after all—though MR. GILP protests vehemently against being put on the same footing as a house-painter—that the world gained more from this arrangement than the artist lost. It was to this that we owe the basilica and the cathedrals, the Hotel de Ville and Rath-Haus, the palaces of Venice, and all the marvellous blacksmiths' work, and carpenters' work, and masons' work, and armourers' work, and goldsmiths' work, of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, in all the civilised countries of Europe. Most of us have travelled and seen more or less of the wonders of those times. For those who have not, are there not Wardour Street, and the old curiosity shops?

All this came of Art treated as a handicraft.

I suppose most of the painters of those times went merrily and contentedly about their business, without much notion of their own dignity, or the æsthetics of their calling. They would be men of all dispositions and kidneys—the clever jolly dogs, facile and heedless, who only thought of getting over the ground, and touching the ducats of the prince, or prior, or abbot, who was their employer for the time being—the slow and conscientious hands—the feeble imitators—the original thinkers—in short, the usual variety one might look for on the rolls of any craft. We may be sure the great geniuses were about as rare then as now; and that few of the number who worked were impressed in any particular way by the sublimity or beauty of the religious subjects which the habits of the time confined them to. Still, when there *did* come a painter with a nature which could rise to the height of his common themes, he had his Heaven to soar in, or his Hell to sink to. There was room for all the sweetness of motherly love that a RAPHAEL or a GHIRLANDAIO could dream on to his canvas, for all the grand horror wherewith an ORCAGNA or a MICHAEL ANGELO could fill the dwellings of the damned, or for all the brooding faith of a FRA BEATO, in the work that these men had to do. There were no Art-Unions in those days—no Royal Commissions of the Fine Arts—no Academy dinners or Annual Exhibitions; in fact, no R.A.'s, incredible as it may appear—no distinguished patrons to pay for picture-galleries, nor disinterested picture-dealers to fill them with undoubted originals. The artist, as we have said, was a workman—and his work was called for in churches and chapels, and Campo-Santos, and baptisteries, and town-halls, and in the council chambers of rulers, and, more rarely, in the arcades of great men's houses. But a picture hanging against a wall, as a moveable ornament of a room, was unknown to those times. What pictures there were, then, in private houses, were on the foot-boards of beds, or on the outside of trunks and cupboards, or on the cases of musical instruments, or in similar undignified places, put there, I suppose, to heighten the value of what was in itself valuable, and to lend a grace and charm to objects of household use.

Now-a-days we have changed all this. The painter, now, is an artist, and would be very angry to be called or thought a workman. Meanwhile, the workman has ceased to be an artist. We have separated the domains of the useful and the ornamental. Freestone owns no kin with marble. House-painter, in fustian, takes off his brown paper cap humbly to Historical-painter, with R.A. after his name, dining with dukes, and figuring in the *Morning Post* among the distinguished guests at Buckingham Palace. Painting is not in demand for churches or chapels. Establishment taboos her, and Dissent looks upon her as diabolical. Only poor half-and-half Puseyism ventures to coquet with her, and now and then breaks out into an altar-piece, or a chancel arch decoration, amidst much dread of sturdy Protestant church-wardens, and disapproving Bishop. She is as much a stranger to palaces as to churches. National council-halls have as yet been closed to her in this country, though their doors are ajar at last. She has been reduced to the dimensions of drawing-rooms, and confined within three-foot frames, and parcelled out in ten-pound infinitesimal doses to Art-Union prize-holders.

And thus it has come about at last, that the devout and stately muse of mediæval Italy, amongst us, is fain, with a painted face and dwarfed body, to hustle her way painfully into the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy. She must eat, poor creature, and is glad to suit herself for Baker Street dining rooms, and May Fair boudoirs, and Belgravian drawing rooms; or, in her highest flight, for Bridgewater and Grosvenor galleries. She no longer prompts our devotion, nor inspires our recollection of the past, nor beautifies the passages of our common life; but she makes our respectable dining rooms still more respectable, by perpetuating our host and hostess and their charming family, and divides attention in our drawing rooms with the elegant furniture, and splendid window-curtains, and gorgeous carpets—in short, she makes a very comfortable livelihood, in the way of room-furnishing to a considerable extent.

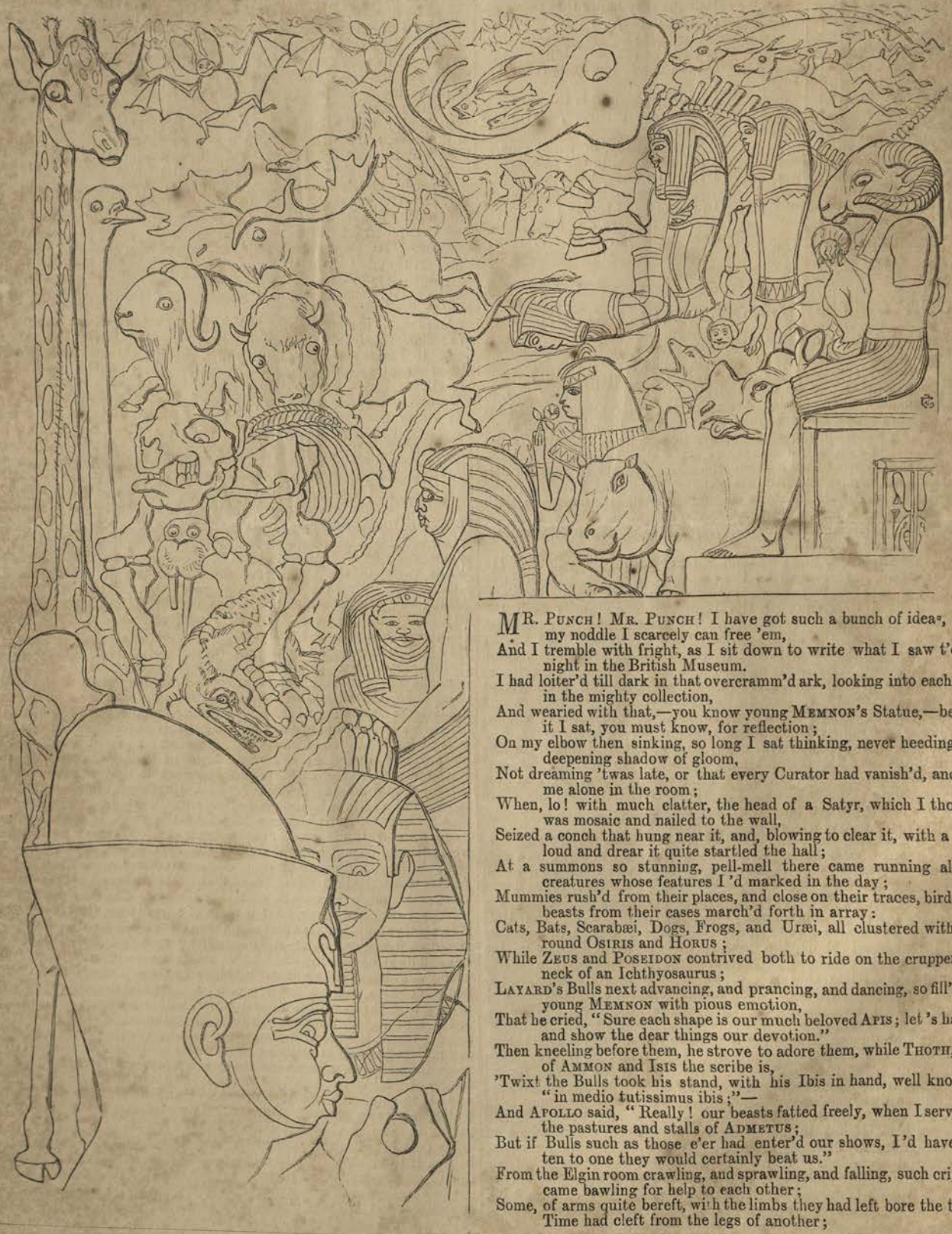
Our artists, in fact, have ceased to be workmen, if you will, but it is by becoming upholsterers—ticklers of the eyes of the rich, ministerers to the vanity of the vulgar, contributors to the gratification of the ostentatious. They elbow one another for room on the walls of the Exhibition; and, like impudent ladies in other places, strive to attract attention by the thickness of their rouge, and the brilliancy of their colours—*Non musa sed meretrix.*

In this sad struggle for the poor function of pleasing JOHN BULL'S eye, no wonder that painting has almost forgotten to ask itself whether it might not yet, perchance, speak to his imagination, and stir his mind. In the upholsterer's work the painter has acquired the upholsterer's taste for fine fabrics and gay colours. He has looked at life with a decorator's eye, till he has got to value nothing but what he calls *picturesque*. The men and women round about him are unfit for his purposes, except as the originals of portraits—for portraits pay. But, for all else, he asks, helplessly, what *is* to be done with our present unpicturesque costume? And, thereupon, finding that the tailoring of the time is unfriendly, he turns away in disgust from the time altogether, and plunges wildly into the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND, and LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, and WILLIAM and MARY, where he can disport himself delightedly among brocades and velvets, and gold lace, and peach-blossom coats, and blush-coloured stockings. And all this while he flatters himself that Art is honoured, because R.A.'s sit at great men's tables, and entertain Dukes at Academy dinners.

No, my dear MR. GILP. Art is more of a trade now, than it was when RAPHAEL'S studio had no other name than *bottega*—in English, shop; and moreover, it is an emasculate and man-milliner sort of a trade, instead of one demanding strong brains, and a brave and believing heart. It is a trade mainly conversant with miserable things and petty aims—with vanity, and ostentation, and vulgarity, and sensuality, and frivolity—no longer dealing with themes of prayer and praise, with the glories of beatitude, or the horror of damnation, with the perpetuation of family dignities and devotions, the recording of great events, the dignifying of public and national, or the beautifying of private and individual life. It is a trade in ornament, and its Academy is a shop, and its Exhibition a display of rival wares, in which the best hope and the sole aim of the many is to catch the eye of a customer; and he who "colours most highly, is sure to please." MR. GILP interrupts me here, with indignation, to ask if I think that this is the artist's fault?

My dear MR. GILP, I have never said it is. I do not think it is. I believe it to be all our faults—the critics', the buyers', the people's, the Government's. Oh! there are enough of us to bear the blame, and we really need not quarrel about the distribution of it. Let us rather think if there is any way to better matters. Suppose we venture a hint or two next week.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION OF PUBLIC FEELING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



MR. PUNCH! MR. PUNCH! I have got such a bunch of ideas, from my noddle I scarcely can free 'em,
And I tremble with fright, as I sit down to write what I saw t'other night in the British Museum.
I had loiter'd till dark in that overcramm'd ark, looking into each case in the mighty collection,
And wearied with that,—you know young MEMNON's Statue,—behind it I sat, you must know, for reflection;
On my elbow then sinking, so long I sat thinking, never heeding the deepening shadow of gloom,
Not dreaming 'twas late, or that every Curator had vanish'd, and left me alone in the room;
When, lo! with much clatter, the head of a Satyr, which I thought was mosaic and nailed to the wall,
Seized a conch that hung near it, and, blowing to clear it, with a blast loud and drear it quite startled the hall;
At a summons so stunning, pell-mell there came running all the creatures whose features I 'd marked in the day;
Mummies rush'd from their places, and close on their traces, birds and beasts from their cases march'd forth in array:
Cats, Bats, Scarabæi, Dogs, Frogs, and Uræi, all clustered with glee round OSIRIS and HORUS;
While ZEUS and POSEIDON contrived both to ride on the crupper and neck of an Ichthyosaurus;
LAYARD's Bulls next advancing, and prancing, and dancing, so fill'd the young MEMNON with pious emotion,
That he cried, "Sure each shape is our much beloved APIS; let 's hasten and show the dear things our devotion."
Then kneeling before them, he strove to adore them, while THOTH, who of AMMON and ISIS the scribe is,
'Twixt the Bulls took his stand, with his Ibis in hand, well knowing "in medio tutissimus ibis;"—
And APOLLO said, "Really! our beasts fatted freely, when I served in the pastures and stalls of ADMETUS;
But if Bulls such as those e'er had enter'd our shows, I'd have laid ten to one they would certainly beat us."
From the Elgin room crawling, and sprawling, and falling, such cripples came bawling for help to each other;
Some, of arms quite bereft, with the limbs they had left bore the trunk Time had cleft from the legs of another;

And next, to surprise us, came young DIONYSUS, like ST. DENIS, his namesake, without any head;
While a THESEUS, deprived of his two feet, contrived on his stumps to hop, WIDRINGTON fashion, instead.
Thighs look'd after their calves; of a Torso the halves from opposite corners sought vainly to meet;
While a Head, in a funk, cried, "Oh! where is my trunk? Where can it have slunk to without any feet?"
But at length, with much patching, and sorting, and matching, they were all of 'em join'd, save a Lap of LATONA,
Which all helplessly lay, as advertisements say, of no use to any excepting the owner.
From the upper rooms rushing, the larger beasts crushing, came, most with a very disconsolate air,
Because the Mastodon their great toes had trod on, as they jostled and push'd in the crowd on the stair;
And the poor Hippopotamus murmur'd "'Od rot 'em," as he walk'd by the side of the large Polar Bear:
"They 've christen'd me Z-koe—that's Cape Dutch for Sea Cow!" and the great Irish Elk added, looking quite grave,
"It 's a shame thus to serve us; they 've labell'd me Cervus, and all the world knows that 's the Latin for slave!"
As I pass'd through the Hall, I could hear one and all making bitter complaints of the places assign'd them.
The Colossi all swore they must break through the floor of the room in which Fate and the Trustees confined them;
Here DIANA complain'd that all day she was chained, *vis-à-vis* with that fellow, ACTÆON; while VENUS
Said, "PARIS stands near me, sweet youth! but, oh dear me! they 've planted that frump, EPICURUS, between us,
And my own little CUPID behind that great stupid Sarcophagus stands, looking mopish and dreary;
Quite hidden, poor fellow! much like that puella, in VIRGIL, quæ se cupit ante videri."
"Your griefs, I opine, ma'am, are nothing to mine," said a Bison, who near to her chanced to be standing:
"Oh! I pine and I sigh for the days long gone by, when I lived by myself in a case on the landing;
I had room then, I ween, both to see and be seen; but they 've packed us so close in *this* classification,
That the Yac from Thibet will do nothing but fret, and the Brahminee Bull is consumed with vexation;
While the Buffalo Cow her fear scarcely knows how to conceal, lest the Aurochs, who 's stationed between us,
Should insert his fierce tusk in the sides of the Musk, or commence an assault on the whole of his genus."
As the Bison thus spoke, on a sudden there broke from the head of RAMESES, just over the door,
(Though it 's not got a chest) a strong *voce di testa*, such as opera critics ne'er dream'd of before;
And it said, "My fine fellers! the things in the cellars are soon to be brought up the stairs to this floor;
There's an end to our glory, for soon, on each story, there 'll be just room enough for our worthy Curators
To take care lest a Trustee find us damp or dusty; but there 'll not be an inch of space left for *spectators!*"
As he ceased, such a loud wailing rang through the crowd, that I started; and, lo! by the sun's ruddy gleam,
Through the windows, I knew I had dream'd, but yet you will allow that it wasn't *entirely* a dream.

Queen's Bench.—Achilli v. Newman.

THIS trial being concluded, it was found necessary for public health to fumigate the Court. The taint of friar's balsam, and smell of Roman candles, were most dreadful. All the walls were whitewashed, pounded camphor strewn upon the floor, chloride of lime sluiced in abundance, and every means adopted to render the place as clean as possible, after the abominations brought into Court by DOCTOR NEWMAN. We regret to hear that more than one juryman, of delicate constitution, is at present suffering severely from the moral miasma arising from the examination.

EPIGRAM ON AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL ACT.

THEIR Constitution whilst the French bemoan,
JOHN BULL believes he has preserved his own:
Oh, great mistake!—but not found out, until
They closed the gates on Constitution Hill.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER REPRESENTED!

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY said, in the Commons—"I represent the agricultural labourer!" *Punch* has received several letters from agricultural labourers protesting against any such misrepresentation.

NEW HANDBOOK FOR ITALY.

By the EARL OF MARMALADE.—*Downing Street.*

OCCASIONALLY *Punch* throws himself into the critical chair: and this is such a timely work, and its distinguished author has of late—whether fortunately or not for himself we will not pause to inquire—challenged so much of public attention, that his book has become almost a national work. Let Mr. MURRAY look to his scarlet covers; for the noble EARL OF MARMALADE has here produced a work that demands a place in every traveller's portmanteau.

The noble Earl has a very original notion of the relative importance of Englishmen—or rather their relative nothingness — to the country, especially if the country be Italy, in which they may travel or reside. Always conform to custom, is, evidently, the philosophy of the noble writer. When in Greenland, eat walrus and drink whale-oil—in fact, do as Greenland does. The Earl, however, particularly advises young Englishmen to take anything that an Austrian officer may provide them, whether it be the flat of the sword or the edge, with the most perfect stoicism. "Let us suppose," says the noble Earl, addressing the young British traveller, "that you are hustled, or even kicked off the trottoir into the middle of the road by any soldier, native or mercenary to the place; well, it is the worst of ill-breeding to put yourself in a boxing-attitude, like any low coalheaver, or anything of that sort, as though about to knock the soldier down: because soldiers are men of the highest and nicest honour; especially Austrian soldiers: in Italy, the flies are not even permitted to settle on them. No, my advice is to the young Englishman to slack his temper, or quicken his pace."

(To "slack a temper" is, assuredly, an odd phrase; but it is evident that the noble Earl — the instances abound in his book—is above common expression, making a language entirely for himself.)

The noble Earl continues. "If, however, the Englishman's blood *will* rise when hustled, shoved, or kicked; and if, in an unguarded moment, he begins to double his fists, and commences to square his elbows," (original style again) "and has his skull cut through by the officer's sword, that is not, according to regimental orders, to be insulted; why then, the young Englishman is to be open to an apology, and any amount of money that his ambassador in the place, or his Secretary for Foreign Affairs in England may think sufficient for him. I am assuming," writes the noble Earl, "that the young Englishman is of a commercial character of mind, when money will be all that is necessary. But I cannot hide it from my conviction that I have known Englishmen, and am open to confess I should like to know them again —for such noble spirits save a great deal of trouble to a Foreign Secretary—who, upon being cut down by an Austrian lieutenant would, when able to leave the hospital, send the lieutenant a challenge, and so, making the quarrel a matter of honour, blow the lieutenant's brains out; or, should the lieutenant be the better shot, take the penalty of the lieutenant's bullet. This was according to the good old plan of thirty years ago. A man's honour is always safest in his own hands: that is, much safer than in the hands of a Foreign Secretary. I know it is not Christianlike to try to shoot a man; and yet, I don't know that gentlemen in Tuscany—at least they were not thirty years ago—should be bound by fastidious notions of Christianity. This, however, I will say: I advise no young Englishmen to sojourn—especially in Tuscany, and more especially in Florence, without hair-triggers."

We have now, we hope, culled sufficiently from the book to do justice to the full-blown reputation of the EARL OF MARMALADE. The work is dedicated in German to LIEUTENANT FORSTHUBER, of the Austrian army, quartered at Florence. In conclusion we must observe, that no traveller's portmanteau will be complete without the book *and*—duelling pistols.

Quiddam Honorarium.

ONE of those troublesome fellows, commonly called "Wags," who sometimes unconsciously hit the right nail on the head, was heard to observe the other day, that the new practice of referring affairs of honour to the lawyers is very suggestive of the old notion of "honour among thieves."

CABINET NEWS.—"Ministers are to eat their white-bait dinner next week."—*Daily News.* They have already eaten their words.—*Punch.*

CUT HIM DOWN BEHIND!

POLITICAL COURTSHIP.

THE *New York Tribune* has lately been publishing an account of the proceedings of a Convention of Women, of which society the object is to assert feminine rights: among others the right of exercising the elective franchise.

If, among the free and independent constituencies of these dominions, were included the wives and daughters of England, we should now, on this present eve of a general election, of course have the candidates for parliamentary honours paying their political addresses to the ladies; courting them for their plumpers; somewhat, perhaps, in the manner following:

"*To the Beautiful and Accomplished Electresses of Blankshire.*

"LADIES,—Emboldened by a reception in your drawing-rooms of the most flattering character, may I beg to solicit your suffrages at the impending election?

"I trust that my figure and personal appearance are not such as to render me at all objectionable.

"My bitterest opponents will not venture to deny that I am rather above the middling height, and I may safely declare that I have no disposition to *embonpoint*. I bear an unblemished front, and have never been accused of the slightest irregularity of feature. I am happy in the possession of a fine set of teeth. It would be impossible for me to form one of a GREY Administration. My hair is dark chestnut; my moustachios are rather lighter.

"In discharging the duties of my position in the waltz or the polka, I trust I have given general satisfaction, and I have endeavoured, not, I hope, without success, to render myself agreeable at pic-nics and fêtes. I flatter myself I am qualified to take a part in a duet.

"Should I be so fortunate as to become the man of your choice, I shall devote my most earnest attention to all legislation having for its object the improvement of county balls, and the establishment of agreeable arrangements at races.

"I shall, as your representative, contend zealously for the abolition of all duties on foreign silks, lace, gloves, and all other articles of dress or ornament. As a substitute for the Income Tax, which has operated so injuriously in regard to housekeeping money, it is my intention to propose an equivalent increase of the present inadequate duty on those nasty horrible things, cigars, and all manner of tobacco. To this—combining a fiscal with a domestic object—I would add a tax upon latch-keys.

"My best exertions should be always made to support a policy tending to the maintenance of peace, whilst at the same time I should decidedly oppose any measure that would diminish the number and variety of handsome uniforms, and deprive society of any of those agreeable officers whom you do the honour to consider its principal ornaments.

"The party with which I have the honour to be associated is the Evening Party, and I promise to be ever faithful to its colours as displayed in silk, satin, and muslin. In all that relates to that branch of expenditure, my views are liberal.

"Should you confer on me the supreme felicity of being your representative in Parliament, I shall never cease to pay that attention to costume which I hope will secure me a continuance of your esteem and regard, and ever render me an interesting object viewed from the Ladies' Gallery. My first Parliamentary effort will be made for the removal of the kind of lattice-work in front of that gallery which at present intervenes between the admiration of the British Senate and the smiles of Beauty.

"My person and sentiments, being such as I have described them, embolden me to hope for the favourable opinion and support of ladies of all shades of complexion. In choosing me, I will only add, you will send a perfectly unfettered representative to Parliament, as, owing to the difficulty of deciding between so many conflicting claims to my homage, I have, hitherto, reserved my liberty as a bachelor.

"I have the honour to be, Ladies,

"Your most Devoted and Obedient Servant,

"FIPPS DE BOUQUET."

"*United Service Club, June* 30, 1852."

TO SONG-BIRDS ON A SUNDAY.

SILENCE, all! ye winged choir;
Let not yon right reverend sire
Hear your happy symphony;
'Tis too good for such as he.

On the day of rest divine,
He poor townsfolk would confine
In their crowded streets and lanes,
Where they cannot hear your strains.

All the week they drudge away,
Having but one holiday;
No more time for you, than that—
Unlike bishops, rich and fat.

Utter not your cheerful sounds,
Therefore, in the bishop's grounds;
Make him melody no more,
Who denies you to the poor.

Linnet, hist! and blackbird, hush!
Throstle, be a songless thrush;
Nightingale and lark, be mute;
Never sing to such a brute.

Robin, at the twilight dim,
Never let thine evening hymn,
Bird of red and ruthful breast,
Lend the bishop's Port a zest.

Soothe not, birds, his lonesome hours,
Keeping us from fields and flowers
Who to pen us tries, instead,
'Mong the intramural dead.

Only let the raven croak
At him from the rotten oak;
Let the magpie and the jay
Chatter at him on his way.

And when he to rest has laid him,
Let his ears the screech-owl harry;
And the nightjar serenade him
With a proper charivari.

AN AUSTRIAN APOLOGY.

"THE Commander-in-Chief," says the EARL OF MALMESBURY,

"Proposed to send LIEUTENANT FORSTHUBER, with another officer who spoke English, to MR. MATHER, and *if he said he had meant no offence*, the officer was ready to make an apology."

Cleave a man's skull, and then ask him if he had meant no offence! Once upon a time, a lady's lap-dog—a pampered, savage little brute—bit a piece out of a man's leg. "Dear, sweet little thing," said the lady owner of the dog, "I hope it won't make it sick." That dog's name ought, by anticipation, to have been FORSTHUBER.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

A COCKNEY Tradesman, when he was shown the Niagara Falls, exclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm — "What a magnificent Shower Bath!"

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at the Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, July 3rd, 1852.

THOUGHTS ABOUT MONEY.

BY ONE WHO RARELY HAS ANY ; AND THEN, VERY LITTLE OF IT.

THERE is no art which requires so much delicacy to practise, as the art of Borrowing Money.

The only time, I think, when a man loses all consciousness of money, is when he is up in a balloon; and that's about the only place, also, I believe, where he can really live without it.

Death is made bitter to many men from the pang they feel at leaving their gold behind them. If they could only take it with them to Heaven, they would die supremely happy!

I always thought there might be a much greater simplicity of language, and a far less hypocrisy of laudation, on our tombstones, if, instead of the human qualities that are generally heaped upon a man after he is in his grave, one were simply to express the amount of wealth he died possessed of. For instance, as plainly as this:—"Here lies JOHN JONES, aged 41, who at his death was worth £100,000!!!" Could worldly praise possibly soar higher? How ridiculously faint "universally beloved by all who knew him," would read by the side of an epitaph like the above!

I am assured by the poetess that "there is a silver lining to every cloud." As I do not live in the clouds, I cannot say; but I only wish there was a silver lining to every purse.

I have come to this impertinent conclusion—"The Englishman abroad is only tolerated for his Money."

The greatest consolation many men have when they have lost their money, is that at all events they "lost it like a gentleman."

I once knew a great philosopher, who pretended to have a great contempt for the value of money, until he was fined five shillings at a Police Office. He altered his opinion directly after he had been imprisoned six weeks, because he couldn't pay the fine.

Of all expensive luxuries, man pays the dearest, perhaps, for that of Law. When once he has entered a Court of Justice, he cannot take a step, nor speak, nor write a single word, nor swear, nor look at the Judge, without its costing him so much for each separate action. I am sure the scales which THEMIS balances in her hands, must be to hold the money which Plaintiff and Defendant are expected to drop into them before she will trouble herself to weigh the evidence. It's the heaviest purse that wins.

The men who inveigh the strongest against money and its corruption, and call it all sorts of hard names, such as "dirty dross," "yellow dirt," "filthy lucre," &c., &c., I have generally found to be the hardest men to deal with, and the most rapaciously exacting in all their pecuniary transactions; men, in short, who would sacrifice a principle any day, sooner than lose a sixpence!

The fact of a man losing his fortune, I can imagine to be not half so painful as the comments of his friends upon it.

To make money to enjoy it, I can understand easily enough; but to make money merely to shut it up in your drawers, surpasses my comprehension of financial enjoyment. Yet the miser devotes his whole life to no other pursuit. He makes money as the Master of the Mint *makes* it, to let others have the enjoyment of it. His existence is but a living exemplification of the torment of SISYPHUS, only instead of a big stone, he is continually rolling up and down a tremendous bag of gold.

The Portico of Life has no inscription upon it. I recommend the following:—"Pay Here;" for, on my word, it is nothing but a system of paying from beginning to end.

The only man who managed, to my knowledge, to live without money, was ROBINSON CRUSOE.

A man may owe as much money as he pleases, and be thought none the worse for it; but if he leaves a single debt of honour unpaid, he immediately forfeits all pretensions to the title of a gentleman.

Nothing so pitiful as a Lord without money in the society of City gents., (the most gentish form of Gentism is, I believe, the Gentism of money), unless it is a City gent. with plenty of money, in the society of Lords.

There are two classes of poor—the rich Poor, and the poor Poor. The rich Poor are those who, like myself, are poor, and care nothing about it. The poor Poor are those who not only are poor, but are ashamed of being poor. Such men are the very poorest of all poor people, and by the side of one of them, I jingle the keys in my pocket and imagine they are sovereigns.

Literature was scarcely considered respectable, until SIR WALTER SCOTT made so much money by it.

If a man is economical, or penurious, or extravagant at home, it is entirely owing to his wife; for no man understands the art of saving or spending money, half so well as a woman. Depend upon it, if women had had the management of the National Debt, instead of a lot of "stupid old fogies" of men, that popular burden would have been paid off long ago—or else doubled.

(*More Thoughts when I get some more Money*).

A DISPLAY OF SCOLLARDSHIP.

IT is unhappily the fact that inability to read and write prevails to a great extent among our rural population. Subjoined, however, is a gratifying proof that the rudiments of learning are not altogether unknown to the British peasantry. The original document was a manuscript, on a piece of letter paper, of which the back, bedaubed with glue, suggested that it had served as an *affiche* to some barn-door:

"Arkengarthdale Feast Sports
Will commence on Munday May .31 1852

"A Hors Raice For a Bridel
A Fut Raice For a Hat
A Cettel To Shut For
A Belt to Restel for
A Cock To Be Catched
A Wheel Barro Raice
A Sack Raice A Bell Raice
Coite Plaing Diveing For Copper
A Donke Raice For a Bridel
A Gounpeace For Woman To Run for
Tow Dog Trails Ribbens To Dance for
And a Menney other sports To Tedious
To Mentian At Present"

There is something peculiarly interesting about this announcement. Being a work of penmanship, it reminds us of those good old times that preceded the invention of printing—an art and mystery which perhaps has not even yet been revealed to the Arcadians of Arkengarth Dale. Then its orthography also very closely resembles that of our ancestors, and may, to borrow a term from architecture, be described as a fine specimen of early English. Among its merits—perspicuity, or, indeed, perfect intelligibility cannot be enumerated; what the "Cettel" which is "To Shut For," may be, is more than we can tell; and we can only conjecture that it is a settle or seat of some kind, or peradventure a scuttle, which is to be the prize of marksmanship. The "Tow Dog Trails Ribbens To Dance for," are things of which, except that they are in the dual number, and ribbons of some sort, we can form no idea. That very comprehensive item that concludes the programme, "Menney other sports To Tedious To Mentian At Present," whilst indicating the difficulty with which it was drawn up, and which is further attested by a very irregular round hand, implies a hope on the part of the writer that at some future time, possibly, he may be enabled to use his pen with greater facility. Let us trust that he will, by the kind permission of certain persons. Why is it that he spells horse, hors; and foot, fut; and can write donkey no better than he probably can his own name? and why is there the same large room for improvement in the scholarship of thousands such as himself? Because contending zealots cannot agree with what theological mysteries they shall leaven the common information which the schoolmaster is to impart to the country bumpkin.

"HERE TO-DAY, AND GONE TO-MORROW."—To prove the veracity of this old saying, the reader need but invest a sovereign or two at any "respectable" Betting Office.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CIRCLE.

BY the *Court Circular's* report of the late baptism of the Indian Princess, we are informed that

"After the christening, the distinguished circle were conducted to the Dinner-room, where luncheon was served."

A circle is so very distinct a thing that one can hardly form a conception of it as a noun of multitude; and there is somewhat painful in the statement that a circle *were* conducted. If the wording had been, *was* conducted, its grammar would have been less queer, but its sense not much more intelligible: for who can understand how a circle, however distinguished, can be conducted into a room? Did the royal party lock themselves together in a ring by their heads and heels, and have themselves trundled into the dinner-room in the shape of a living hoop, after the manner in which Messieurs Clown and Pantaloon roll off the stage?

We must say that great, if not unwarrantable partiality is shown to the circle by the Court Newsman. He is always writing about a distinguished circle; why should he not as well say—distinguished square, distinguished triangle, distinguished polygon, rhomboid, or trapezium?

THE FARE *versus* THE CABMAN.

IF there are any words unutterable with any degree of propriety by the female voice, they are the exclamations "Hoy!" "Hallo!" "Now then, I say!" and "Hold hard!" It is true that SYDNEY SMITH called woman an interjectional animal; but ladies' interjections, however numerous, should not, in point of strength, exceed the expressions "Oh!" or "My!" The harsh and stern ejaculations of warning and command are unsuitable to the gentle sex, and that they should ever be obliged to employ such means to attract attention, is very disgraceful to those who reduce them to that necessity. These remarks are provoked by the fact, that cabmen, in addition to other villanies, very generally neglect to connect themselves with their check-strings: the consequence of which omission is, that a lady having the misfortune to be alone in one of their vehicles, when she wants to stop, is forced to poke her head out of the window, and shout and scream in the unbecoming terms above-mentioned. Even to a man, not being a costermonger or a hawker of mackarel, it is a great nuisance to have to roar and bawl for a purpose which might be so much more easily accomplished by pulling a string. There is, we think, a penalty incurred by cabmen for the negligence in question, and it is suggested that those who cannot be stopped by their check-strings, should be otherwise pulled up.

THE RACING PROPHET'S MOST PROFITABLE PICK.—The Pick of the Pocket.

"OUR CRITIC" AMONG THE PICTURES.

MR. MEGILP is furious with me, on account of that last paper. "Do you mean to say," he asks me, "that painters are to cease working for the people who buy their pictures? There's my *Discovery of the Body of* ——"

"I know"—I interrupted.

"Well. There it is still in my studio, fourteen feet by nine, just as it came back from Westminster Hall. Who'll buy that work, I should like to know? There's SIR JOHN CINNABAR admires it excessively—indeed he insists it's the best thing I've done, but, as he says 'where *is* one to hang an acre of canvas?' No—no. Don't talk to me of what painters *were*, and what pictures *used* to be. If we are to paint pictures now-a-days, they must be pictures that will go into such houses as people live in now-a-days. If they won't do that, where the deuce *are* they to go?"

MR. MEGILP reasons logically enough from his point of view. If there be indeed no employer for the painter but the connoisseur who buys his picture to fill a space on his walls, and no destination for his work but the private gallery, I do not see how we are to escape MR. MEGILP's conclusion, which, indeed, is the one generally acquiesced in. To it we owe our present modes, notions, and results in Art.

But is there no hope beyond this? I cannot help thinking there is one, a possibility of which (as MR. DISRAELI expresses it), already "looms in the future."

The days of the Popes and the Doges, of the D'ESTES, and GONZAGAS, and MEDICIS, of the merchant princes of Florence and Genoa, of the monks of Assisi, and the friars of the Certosa are passed away. There is no mistake about patrons of this class. Church and State have done their best for Art, and will do no more; at least in this country.

Small German Princes, with no troublesome Parliaments to control the supplies, may, indeed, make so many German Athenses of their little capitals. Munich and Dresden, and even Berlin, still find work for the CORNELIUSES, and KAULBACHS, and BENDEMANNS. Schools of historic Art have been fostered in these places into as much life as schools of Art can have where there is no life of a nation to transfuse into them. And by the side of this historic Art has grown up, thanks to the same royal patronage, a religious Art also, of the dead-alive kind, which, in default of a real live religious Art is worthy of respect, perhaps. Nay, the same struggles and aspirations which found theologic vent in Oxford tracts, and incarnate themselves in a J. H. NEWMAN, and other eminent perverts, have had their counterpart in Art, also, even in this country. Our HERBERTS and PUGINS are quite worthy to sit by the side of the OVERBECKS and HESSES. But the artist, thus inspired, finds as little acceptance in the heart of England as the theologian. It is a *dilettante* business after all, to which MR. JOHN BULL rests a stranger, or, if he feel at all, rather dislikes upon the whole.

I cannot help thinking, in spite of the vehement protest of MR. MEGILP, that if Art in England is ever to be raised into a grand and fruitful life, it must ally itself to the things that make England what she is. As SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON would say, the Ideal must wed the Real in these islands, in order to beget the Beautiful.

There is our public life, waiting to be enshrined in the new Houses of Parliament. Here is suggestion, and inspiration, and subject-matter for the artist, and no lack of room and verge for him to disport in. Surely our MACLISES, and LANDSEERS, and HERBERTS, and COPES, and DYCES, our WARDS, and FRITHS, and EGGS, our WATTSES, and ARMITAGES, and TENNIELS, could nowhere be more worthily employed than inside those walls, working for the People of England, paid by the People of England, to illustrate the glorious progress of that People's growth, from the times when it toddled in its primitive infancy of woad and sheepskin, up to these days of beaver and broadcloth.

MR. JOHN BULL, though by no means a heroic figure, outwardly, in this nineteenth century, is a gentleman whose birth, parentage and education present very remarkable passages. In recording these, there would be employment for more than all the thought and skill, all the various capacities, and tastes, and tendencies, of our best painters. MR. MEGILP might even here find a market for his *Discovery of the Body of*—we all know who. We might here work off all our accumulated stores of curious lore in costume and *bric-à-brac*, and find into the bargain noble lay figures to hang the velvet and brocade upon.

It is true that Parliament stands between JOHN BULL and his historical painters, guarding the portal of MR. BULL'S future picture gallery. MACQUEEDY, the Political Economist, and MACGREEDY, the

Financial Reformer, cannot see what business Ministers have to be spending MR. BULL'S money on statues and pictures, and such trash. But if once MR. BULL can be brought to understand that the work of Art is not mere upholstery and room-decoration, but may be the stately and fair commemoration of his most cherished memories—the recording of the most decisive transactions of his past life, from the date when, a naked little savage, he gave that warm reception to JULIUS CÆSAR, we cannot but think that MR. BULL would make short work of the grumblings of MACQUEEDY and MACGREEDY. But there is more than the public life of MR. JOHN BULL to be recorded. In this, I am thankful to say, ground *has* been broken already. The scaffoldings are already up in Westminster, and the walls of the New Houses of Parliament even now glow with the enduring colours of fresco. HAMPDEN and FAULKLAND and CLARENDON already stand in marble, to remind all who enter JOHN BULL'S Great Hall of Council, of those who have best spoken and written and fought for his right to occupy those premises. But as to the other aspects of MR. BULL'S life, he has not yet so much as thought, apparently, how Art could be employed about *them*.

Manchester could build its Free Trade Hall, and Liverpool is justly proud of that stately edifice which bears the name of MR. BULL'S patron saint. But those walls are naked. Why should not the history of mechanic industry, and the marvellous annals of commerce be set up in colour and in marble, there, in the scene of their grandest triumphs? Here were work indeed worthy of Art, and worthy of England. And it is not in these great towns alone that such work might be done. The whole of these islands is printed over with the footsteps of great men, and the traces of great actions. What Art-record of SHAKSPEARE adorns Stratford-on-Avon? Runnymede is innocent of all commemoration of Magna Charta. What material trace of BACON is to be found in Gray's Inn? What light do the encaustics of HERR SANG throw on the history of trade and commerce in the city of London? Oh—if MR. JOHN BULL would only call upon his artists to write his life, and distribute the chapters all over England, where the heroes of each moved, and breathed, and worked, and invented, and spoke, and sung!

THE WARDEN OF MERTON'S GLEE.

(In case he loses his Election for Oxford.)

BLOW, WARDEN, blow the mournful horn,
And the black flag hoist on high;
For the Papists have fought by GLADSTONE'S hand,
And have won the victory!

The WARDEN heaved a desponding sigh,
And said, "I plainly see,
That I have been beat by a half-cross knight,
The cat's-paw of Popery."

Sadly the WARDEN blew his horn,
And the black flag reared on high;
And the mass was sung by Oxford young,
And the fish eat merrily!

MINISTERIAL AFTER-WHITE-BAIT-DINNER JOKES.

MR. WALPOLE suggested that "the brave soldiers belonging to the Standing Army of Astley's—and who had been through more campaigns than any army in the world—should each be allowed to have a vote."

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, "couldn't help observing that it was extremely lucky the Vessel of the State had never been in a Government Dockyard, or else it must have fallen all to pieces, or have gone to the bottom long ago."

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON was "rather pleased than otherwise, that it was so extremely difficult to hear in the present House of Commons, as it saved one the unpleasantness of answering many a troublesome question. In fact, he for one should like the House all the better, if one couldn't hear at all."

THE EARL OF MALMESBURY had "been informed upon very good authority, that the EMPEROR SOULOUQUE was fully prepared to ask explanations of the French President as to his intentions of assuming the title of Emperor, as he was determined to resist any such attempt on the part of LOUIS NAPOLEON to cast ridicule upon his Imperial rank and title."

One of the Lords of the Treasury gave notice, that "he should apply for a public grant of money to put in repair the House of Brunswick. It was a disgrace to the nation to talk so much about the 'House of Brunswick,' and to leave it in such a tottering state of ruin, as it was now in at the Nine Elms, near Vauxhall Bridge."

THE HEAVIEST PAPER-WEIGHT—The Duty upon paper.

MR. TIBBS *having hurried from the City to meet* J'MIMA *in the Park, is disagreeably reminded that he has forgotten to post the Office letters.*

IRISH REVOLUTION.

THE Irish make a fuss about their nationality; but they are losing it. In proof of this fact, take the following story, related by the *Glasgow Constitutional*, but without that obvious comment which it will be our duty to make.

"AN IRISH CAPITALIST.—A gentleman in Newcastle was applied to some time ago by an Irishman in his employment, to see if he could assist him in the investment of a hundred pounds. "A hundred pounds!" said he: "where have you picked up such a sum?" "It's all my wages since I came to work for you, your honour." "But how have you lived in the meantime?' "My wife keeps the house, and we save what I earn." "And what does you wife work at?" "Why, the truth is, your honour, she goes out every day with the children, and cadges."

"Cadges"—*begs*, that is, my ladies, may it please your graces and innocences. But think of the change which the above anecdote—together with many other similar indications—shows to be taking place in the Irish character. Our Glasgow contemporary, of all journalists, might have noticed it. The Irishman is now assuming that disposition to providence and frugality which was heretofore supposed to be the distinctive genius of Scotchmen. Great political results may arise from this transformation of the Irish mind; order, perhaps, and obedience to the laws—accompanied by industrious enterprise, usual ablution, and habitual veracity. At present we will only commend it to the attention of dramatists, advertising them that they must quite remodel the stage son of Erin, who must no longer be the light-hearted Irishman, but the canny Celt, and must entirely cease to talk about "paltry" money, and to invoke the foul fiend to "fly away with the dirty shillings," but instead of uttering those extravagant sentiments, will have to chuckle, and rub his hands, and smack his lips at the idea of cash.

Great Metropolitan (and General) Improvement.

To the Editor of the Builder.

MY dear Sir—Can you give me any information about the key-stones of the Court of Arches? Because I should like to know whether there would be much difficulty in removing them: for, doubtless you will agree with me, their removal would effect a great improvement, as it would occasion the downfall of that whole fabric of abuse, extortion, and humbug.

Your affectionate contemporary,
PUNCH.

A Prophecy all but Fulfilled.

MR. DISRAELI'S celebrated prophecy of "The day will come, gentlemen, when you shall hear me," wants but one thing now to make it complete. It only wants a House of Commons in which MR. DISRAELI can be heard.

A JOLLY CAMPAIGN.

OVEMENTS OF THE ARMY:—"The 40th or Somersetshire Regiment will embark from Cork to Australia in steam transports." The transports of these gallant fellows, we should think, will be something more than vaporous, as we further learn that:

"On their arrival they are to march up to the 'diggins.' Each officer is to have ten shillings a day extra pay, and each private three shillings, irrespective of rank, with one-and-a-half per cent. on all the gold they escort. Leave will be granted to small detachments of the corps, for a certain period, to work in the 'diggins,' and a similar indulgence will be granted to others on their rejoining."

"Thus far into the bowels of the land" to be permitted to march on "without impediment," must be extremely agreeable to the feelings of the British, or any other soldier. If there are any trenches in which one would like to see service, they would be those constituting the auriferous "diggins'." Such mining as that which the 40th are to be employed in is the duty for your Sappers and Miners.

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER XII.

(MISS VIOLET'S *Papa to an old legal friend.*

"MY DEAR ZACHARY,

"You are an excellent conveyancer, and your pupil, MR. ALBANY SWELLINGTON, is a very earnest and honourable young man. But you can only speak according to your respective lights, which, at this present writing, are as false lights as ever Cornishman hung out to sea-captain. Your pupil has proposed to my VIOLET, and has been rejected, but whatever he may think, or you may say, ALBANY will not betake himself to the bed of the Thames, or even to a cradle on the banks of an Australian Pactolus.

"You old spinner of nets to catch remainder-men, and reversioners, and inheritors to the third and fourth generation, are *you* coming out with a heart? You pretending to mind the interests of anybody who is already born? You, whose protective care, for the last forty years (ever since you betook yourself to Lincoln's Inn upon pretty MISS ESTHER GARGLE refusing your arm, and going with Volunteer JOPPS to see the Allied Sovereigns in the Park), has been devoted to the prospective babies who are to 'take,' in future ages, under your reticulated entails. And you write to me in all sincerity, to plead a love cause for your pupil, who will do something, you are well assured, to be rid of a hateful life. Is that all you know about Assurance on Life, my old ZACHARY? The Assurance Society that gave you three hundred guineas to make tight work of their title to the Claretcup estates (comprising the townships of Swaggerty, Farrago, and Killbayliffe, Connaught), must have been slightly cheated in you. ZACHARY, you are not half informed upon the matter; and I tell you so point-blank, because, to the conveyancing intellect, I know that intimation cometh as a dead stopper, or estoppel, as you musically call it.

"So he has been reading in your chambers for six months in the most exemplary manner—copying your precedents with a steam-power of scribble; never sending out your hired clerk for beer in the day-time, as is the manner of other pupils; never drawing Ceritoes and Rosatis on your draft paper, and leaving them about for the inspection of the evangelical attorneys who come to see you; never fencing or wrestling with his friends in your front parlour while consultations were going on in the back room; and never discomfiting your clients, in your absence, by volunteer opinions that their claims are all moonshine, and that they had better abandon them, and not make fools of themselves. You speak as a worthy, orderly man, whose soul has been vexed by youths with animal spirits and inconsiderate minds. I am glad that ALBANY has come at last to comfort you, and it speaks well for your nature that you are trying to elicit some comfort for him. But I have lived, and loved, and so forth, and if you had kicked Volunteer JOPPS and married ESTHER, as you ought to have done, you would have known enough to agree with me in thinking that MASTER ALBANY has already found some crumbs of comfort for himself. You never put the language of a testator to the rack to wrench out the meaning you wanted, as he has twisted, and turned, and tortured every word spoken at our interview at Brighton here on Sunday evening. I know the process. The word 'lace,' in the *Tale of a Tub*, was discovered by LORD PETER (who wished to wear the prohibited finery) to mean, in the original, a 'broomstick,' which, therefore, he dutifully abstained from affixing to his coat. That is a mild marginal reading compared to what a young gentleman or lady, with sympathies, will make out of a few kindly words of parent or guardian. And I gave MASTER ALBANY a good many, but I rejected his proposals.

"Do you spy any comfort for him in those last four words, ZACHARY of the Entails? I say, *I* rejected him. For my VIOLET *had* made up her mind to marry him, and, between ourselves, though I employ the past tense, I do not imply that her mood is altered. My private impression is that she *will* marry him, but she is the best little girl in the whole world,* as well as the prettiest (what are you laughing at, ZACHARY KINGSILVER?), and she will take care that, theatrically speaking, the words, 'Who giveth this VIOLET to be married to this ALBANY,' shall be the cue for, 'I do—her father.' Meantime, do you think your bemoaning pupil has not said to himself at least a billion of times—'I am certain she loves me, and it was only the old man after all, and I shall be Lord Chancellor one of these days, and LORD ELDON ran away with ——' *He* go over the bridge—*he* go over to Australasia!

"I have nothing to say against him in the matter. He had managed to secure VIOLET'S affections, and to make her fully aware that he was devoted to her. And armed with some sort of permission on the child's part, he came to me, and made a revelation in a frank and manly manner. He said that he had about four hundred a year under his father's will, and having never had anything to do but spend it, he had quite done that, and about four hundred a year more; which, if he had been a Currency Questioner, he would have said was not represented by capital of his own: but which he explicitly described as debt. Having no object of his own, he had been for five or six years adopting other people's objects. SIR CRACKEY BOUNCER stalked deer, and ALBANY laid down on his stomach and crawled with CRACKEY over half the hills in Scotland. MR. SPANKER BOOM went yachting, and MR. SWELLINGTON eat GAMBLE'S preserved meats in Ramsgate Harbour. The HONOURABLE MUMBLE FITZPLUMB stood for a borough, and ALBANY speechified from the Cross Keys window, and chucked the chins of constitutional babies. Young HOCKLY PASTERN ran horses, and young ALBANY SWELLINGTON backed them, and sometimes rode them. And thus, holding the tenor of everybody's way who came in his own, he had lounged on through life, but not so slowly as that the constable could at all keep up with him. For all these things cost money, and ready money, too, while coats, boots, and studs, are being made into "materials for history," with notes, by occasional discounters. All this he told me, not carelessly, but as if, having discovered that life might be something better than a lounge, he was anxious to fall into quick step; and by way of getting into marching order, he had, some months ago, paid you a hundred guineas (raised with no small difficulty) for leave to sit in your chambers and study LORD ST. LEONARDS on "*Vendors and Purchasers.*" Imagine little VIOLET having the honour of procuring his lordship a new reader.

"I pointed out to him that, upon his own showing, he was in no position to marry: for though I would not demand that a man should work himself into middle life before making an offer, I did not think marriage should be the very first proof that he was in earnest. Congratulating him—not in mere phrases, but cordially—on the honourable course he was pursuing, I declined to let VIOLET enter into any engagement; nor would I hold out any promise for the future. If she loves him, and if the stuff is in him (and, you old ZACHARY, you are to keep this to yourself), I dare say we shall have another interview some day, and then there may be a job for you, ZACHARY of the Settlements.

"ALBANY went away looking very unhappy, and VIOLET has, I believe, had a little private cry, or so, but she is too sensible and right-hearted, as well as too affectionate, to pout. Besides, she is consoled, I will swear, by a perfect certainty that HER MAJESTY will, one of these days, order a new woolsack, expressly for LORD CHANCELLOR SWELLINGTON. Many a true heart, ZACH, as you know well, has clung to such a conviction through years of solitude, and struggle, and sorrow, and, living upon hope, has died fasting. But we shall, perhaps, manage things a little better than that; though, candidly speaking, I do not much expect to see BARON ALBANY kneel in the House of Lords, and present the QUEEN with her Speech.

"Now, my old friend, do you understand matters better? If your pupil drowns himself, he shall not have VIOLET; and I have as much intention of sending her to the diggings as he has of going there. So no more at present from

"Your old schoolfellow,

"*Brighton.* "BRIDLEGOOSE BROMPTON."

"PS. If A. S. chooses to take you into his confidence, and through any of your attorney friends you like to put his debts in train for gradual liquidation, I should not much mind lending you some money to that end. But be horribly discreet—keep me out of sight— and don't spoil a salutary process, ZACHARIAS. Come down, and have a Brill."

* *Note by the Editress.* O, papa!—*V.*

YE FRIAR OF ORDERS BLACKE.

It was a friar of orders blacke
Went forth the streetes to walke;
And he met with a stranger there,
Who fain with hym wolde talke.

"Now come, I say, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to mee,
Why goest thou about the towne,
Soe strange a sight to see?"

"What makes mee look a stranger sight
Than many another one?"
"Oh! 'tis thy cloke and wide-awake,
And 'tis thy sandal shoon.

"And 'tis this crosse beneath thy chin,
And eke thy shaven jowle,
Withal the gryme upon thy skin,
Soe dingy and soe foule."

"The reason why, about the towne,
I in these weedes doe goe;
It is because the Cardinall
He hath ordayned soe.

"He wylls us up and downe to wend,
In sandals and in cloke,
That we may be a daily sight
Unto the common folke;

"To use them to my freres and me,
His Eminence dothe hope,
That soe the liefer they shall bee
To owne our Lorde the Pope."

"But hearest thou not how all the dogs
Do bark as thou goest by;
And small boys running att thy heeles,
Do hoote thee for a Guy?"

"Oh! stranger fair, oh! stranger fair,
In soothe I doe not minde
For persecution soche as thatt,
But joy therein do finde."

"Yea butt, yea butt, thou reverend friar,
Obstrucsyon thou dost cause,
Adventurest to breake the peace,
And dost transgress the lawes."

"I doe not care, I wold not sticke
Obstrucsyon for to make,
Or breake the peace and lawes to boote,
For Mother Church her sake."

"Now, sayest thou soe, thou scurvy friar?
I charge thee, goe with mee;
For that I am a constable,
Though in plain clothes I bee.

"I'll take thee to the station-house,
Eftsoons, before the Beke;
And we will know if soche as thou,
The lawes shall dare to breake."

Upon his collar he layd his hande,
And walk'd the friar away;
And all the crowd that ran behinde,
Did whoop and cry hooraye.

WHAT I SAW AT THE DIGGINGS.

(*By one who has mentally visited them.*)

I saw things, which, as a gentleman of England, living at home at ease, I should have dreamed myself perhaps electro-biologised to dream of:—

I saw husbands buttonless, but uncomplaining.

I saw bachelors of misogynic aspect sedulously rocking the cradle.

I saw several members of the Meddler family diligently minding their own business instead of everybody else's.

I saw many a social bore—boring, literally, to some purpose here.

I saw lots of London loungers enjoying the utter reverse of "*otium cum dig.*"

I saw several of my "used up" friends experiencing quite a new sensation in the pickaxe.

I saw that *gourmand* Guttler pitching contentedly into a kangaroo chop.

I saw that ex-fop, Swellington, dressed in corduroys and highlows, and most complacently intent upon washing out his last week's *shirt*. (For I mentally italicised that emphatic singular.)

I saw many an emigrated pauper picking up a decent living for himself, here, merely with his pickaxe.

I saw many an expatriated *Mawworm*, who, deeming gold to be "the root of evil," certainly proved himself most zealous in assisting to eradicate it.

And finally, I saw on all sides abundant evidence to show that one of the richest fields for enterprise, was now—the Gold Field.

QUESTIONS FOR CANDIDATES.

The constituencies of these dominions are now about to be called upon to perform the important duty of electing their representatives; those legislators in whose hands, perhaps for the next seven years, the destinies of the nation, for good or evil, will mainly lie.

Having to make those who are to make the laws; in order that the laws may be well made, you must use your best endeavours in making your law-makers.

Electors commonly suppose that they have done all that is necessary when they have exacted pledges to vote in this or that manner from candidates: and a gentleman is judged fit to represent the free and independent if only he can say his political catechism at the hustings.

But the political catechism does not go far enough. A Member of Parliament should know history, geography, finance, political economy, and, if not mathematics, at least common ciphering, and a few other sciences on which sound legislation is based. In addition to the political catechism, therefore, he ought to be able to repeat certain other popular catechisms; and, not to be too hard on country gentlemen, say Pinnock's.

At any rate, don't vote for anybody who cannot answer the questions in the Abridgement of Goldsmith's *History of England*, or who cannot do a Rule of Three sum. Look especially after your candidate's arithmetic—unless you wish for a perpetual and unmodified Income Tax.

A Favourable Symptom.

We must congratulate our contemporary, the *Mark Lane Express*, upon having made a pun. We are refreshed to find that in speaking of the Earl of Derby's late speech upon "Compromise," its comments end, somewhat naively, thus:

"We can only express our sincere hope that the tenant farmers may not find themselves in the end *compromised*."

The italics, it is needless to say, are not ours. They denote emphatically the maiden effort, and so disarm our criticism. But in truth we are too happy to be critical. We have heard such grievous stories (literally such, we begin to fear) of agricultural depression lately, that it indeed immeasurably rejoices us to find the farmers' oracle can still produce a joke, and its distressed readers even yet afford—to laugh at it.

HORRIBLE INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

As the Servants are gone to Bed, the Master of the House endeavours to get a little Bit of Supper for himself. He can't conceive where the Deuce the Things are all Kept; and he is almost torn to pieces by the Black Natives of the Kitchen.

[*It may be urged that the Natives, as represented in the Tableau, are small in proportion to the other objects; but, as they are not agreeable creatures, it was thought advisable to keep them down in size.*]

A REVEREND COMET.

Of all the wonderful things that ever appeared in the *Dumfries Courier*, the most wonderful is an advertisement, recently published, purporting to be put forth by a clergyman who is actually "starring it in the provinces." It begins by informing those whom it may concern, that

THE REV. DAVID M. GILLESPIE begs leave to intimate that he intends to Preach over the different Congregations of this diocese, on the exact same days or periods of the year he has done in time past.

As he means to preach *over* them, it is to be hoped his sermons will not do them any harm. Let that pass. The announcement proceeds:

"N.B.—He will Preach at Glencaple Quay (when the company comes down to sea-bathing quarters) on the First Sunday of August in the Evening; and at the Water of Cargen (his own beautiful and romantic spot), Cargen Bridge, on the Second Sunday of August. At both places Psalms and Prayers will begin at 6 o'clock precisely. At the latter place several respectable peace-officers will be in attendance as usual."

We read and re-read this paragraph with a strange feeling which, for a long time, we could not define. Gradually the indistinct emotion developed itself into the reminiscence of an old friend. Who was he that was to preach at Glencaple Quay—but not until the season "when the company comes down to sea-bathing quarters?" Who could it be but our old friend Jenkins? Yes: it is a clear case. Jenkins has cast the plush, and put on the cloth—the Scotch cloth, which we presume is a sable variety of the tartan: donned the surplice in the place of the shoulder-knot. Mr. Jenkins has entered the service of the Church—where some, however, may consider that he is still out of place. Doubtless Gillespie is but an *alias* for Jenkins: but, if there were any doubt about the matter, the next paragraph would settle it:

"These congregations, since their commencement (it is well known), are usually attended by persons in the higher ranks of life: and without any accusation of vanity, in some instances by persons of the first respectability in the kingdom: nevertheless the humble are neither despised nor neglected, as the sick poor are regularly and attentively visited in every period of the year. If all is well, the whole course will be completed by the Fourth Sabbath of November."

The allusion to the "persons in the higher ranks of life," the use of the present for the past tense, the incomprehensibility of congregations being attended without any accusation of vanity, the singular distinction between the majority of the higher ranks, and the few consisting of "persons of the first respectability in the kingdom," betray the hand of the—servant.

The peculiar candour of Jenkins also shines like any boot in the following:

"P.S. D. M. G. intimates, that if the weather should be rainy—in any place (even where sermon is advertised)—if it should be a regular, professed, or confirmed wet day, he need not be expected; for, however gratifying it has often been to him to see crowds of people standing in the rain awaiting his arrival, yet it is most pernicious to his health, which would not stand it. And in that case he will come again, as soon as convenience will admit, giving due intimation.

"Nithbank, near Dumfries, 16th June, 1852."

Jenkins does not mind owning the delight which he derives from the sense of being attractive. He frankly says it is gratifying to him to see crowds of people standing waiting for him in the rain; albeit, that to partake of their soaking would be "most pernicious to his health, which would not stand it." The danger of their health not standing it either, does not seem to have occurred to him: this little inconsiderateness he may have learned in genteel families.

What sort of orders Mr. Jenkins can have received, different from those mandates which he has been accustomed to, some may question: but so genteel a person should be nothing less than a Puseyite: as the histrionic style of his advertisement indicates him to be—a Tractarian, ultimately developed into a strolling parson. We would advise him, by the way, to drop his assumed name: there are many hot Scotchmen of the name of Gillespie, and if he does not mind, he may get something which his hand is familiar with laid across his shoulders.

Really very sorry we can't pay in full but-a-we shall be happy to make a compromise
STOPPED PAYMENT
We promise to pay
PROTECTION.
Derby Dizzy &c.

"MEETING OF CREDITORS" OF DERBY, DIZZY, AND CO.

July 10, 1852.

EMPLOYMENT OF PAUPERS AT ELECTIONS.

ST. PANCRAS—on the motion of a vestryman—has contributed a certain number of paupers to carry election boards in the cause of Marylebone candidates, LORD DUDLEY STUART and SIR B. HALL; who are to be elected free of expense; a very proper liberality, to which *Punch* offers not the shadow of an objection: nevertheless, MR. SPOONER (can this be NEWDEGATE'S SPOONER?) strongly, though vainly, "deprecated the proposed proceeding" of lending paupers for election purposes. "Many of them"—argued SPOONER—"had held a good position in society; and wherefore should they submit to the degradation of parading the streets with a placard attached to their bodies?" A paper blister at the back, and a paper blister at the belly; covered with the most caustic of printer's-ink in letters of "*Hall and Free Trade!*" "*Stuart and Vote by Ballot!*" This we confess to be shocking: it might be otherwise did the aspiration run—"*Protection for ever!*" "*Spooner and no Maynooth!*" There are causes in which men may gird on placards, proudly as ACHILLES put on his new coat of mail. And there are causes that degrade even Union paupers, accustomed to the elevating employment of teazing oakum, and now and then dignified by the severer and simpler duty of stone-breaking.

That the idea of employing the Union poor of England as election agents and instruments for the return of a Protection Parliament has a significant felicity, is most evident from the heap of letters—(all from Unions)—lying before us. Seeing that Free Trade has multiplied the number of the poor; seeing that the pestiferous policy of COBDEN AND Co. has emptied our cupboards, and filled our workhouses, it is an admirable idea, alive with the justest retribution, that the paupers of England should, if needed, turn out to a man, to carry a Protection majority strong and triumphant on their backs to Parliament.

"UNION IS STRENGTH!"

Such, indeed, may be the proud motto, for the nonce, of the DERBY Cabinet; with its army of placarded paupers arrayed against the Free-booter Free Trade.

With this preface, we proceed to lay before the reader copies of a few of the letters received by *Mr. Punch* from certain inmates of certain Unions, all burning to enrol themselves of the army of DERBY; their ardour kindled by a sense of injury committed upon them by Free Trade. It will be seen that every writer, to a man, owed his pauperism to PEEL, COBDEN, and Free Trade.

"MR. PUNCH,—I was one of the smallest of farmers, with an Englishman's fireside, two hunters, and a grand piano for my daughter (who is now at Port Philip); when ruin drove me from my hearth, my hunters to auction, and the piano to the broker's. And this,—all along of Free Trade. As if Britons—who haven't bowels to be slaves—could live upon black bread, like Iceland serfs and Polish refugees. Therefore, I shall be happy to carry any boards for LORD DERBY; and hope he'll let us all out of the Bastilles, that we may once again send wheat up to the wholesome 70*s.* a quarter, and put his Lordship for life—with MR. DISRAELI to help him—in the Cabinet of his country.

"Up with the loaf, and down with COBDEN!

"JOHN GAMMON."

"Sir—For a hundred years and more, me and my family was watermen on the Thames: we have four prize badges, which was the pride of our hearts—the first won in the *Saucy Poll* by my grandfather, afore Free Trade and tamperin' with the Navigation Laws—partic'larly the Navigation Laws—sent 'em to the pawnbroker's, where in course they was lost, and is gone long since to the meltin'-pot, as all Britannia's metal will go—if Pertection doesn't save us. Afore the Navigation Laws was repealed—and I'll be judged by MR. G. F. YOUNG—there was seven thousand five hundred and twenty-one happy waterman's wherries on the flourishing Thames (not counting them as was building), and now, for seven thousand, there isn't—as I'm told, and I'll be judged by MR. YOUNG again—there isn't seventy; all the rest laying rotting ashore, with rats in 'em as big as buck rabbits, and all with Free Trade, which will give us over, bound hand and foot, to the proud and ramping foreigner.

"*Mr. Punch*, I consider the waterman's wherry to be the Ark of the Constitootion; not only that, but the heart and soul of the British navy: as the acorn is to the British oak, so is the waterman's wherry to the British three-decker. Smash the acorn, and where's the tree? strand grandfather's *Saucy Poll*, and where's NELSON'S *Victory?*

"And so I'll carry anything for LORD DERBY—anything to get out of the Union for a day or two's lark, and to show to a down-trod people how they're come to be put upon by COBDEN. No Navigation Laws and Free Trade!

"So your humble servant,

"THOMAS TUG.

"I s'pose his lordship and BENDIZZY will stand 'bacca and beer besides the boards; in that case they may put what they chooses on our backs; won't we stick to it?"

"Honoured Sir,—Hearing that paupers, as we are all called (for which we may thank the machinations of Free Trade with the myrmidons of the Manchester School, who think the Cotton Tree the Tree of all Knowledge, which it isn't)—hearing that we are to be called out, like the pensioners, to aid the DERBY Cabinet in their noble struggle for Protection—in their glorious attempts to dispel the Fog of Peelism and Prejudice, which has so long blinded the eyes of JOHN BULL, preventing him from clearly seeing what possibly may loom in the future;—hearing, *Mr. Punch*, that there is to be a Pauper Demonstration of the Baneful Effects of Free Trade: its thousands of victims now in the Unions to be employed as board men, I beg to say, in behalf of myself and fellow-sufferers of the —— Union, that we pant to show our care-worn faces and attenuated forms—the bitter fruit of Free Trade in all its branches—to the conviction of our betrayed and bamboozled countrymen. It is a beautiful idea to call out the paupers to carry the banners of Protection! Free Trade has made us Beggars; and Beggars will put down Free Trade.

"Sir, I will no longer trespass on your widely-known columns, further than to say, that, originally a law clerk, I turned from the profession to follow the calling of a grocer. My modest shop was the abode of competence and peace until the market was thrown open to slave-grown sugar. *That* ruthless measure (for, I assure you it was *not* in any way owing to my trifling losses at THIMBLEPEA'S Betting-house—a scandal I ought to have taken into court)—*that* unholy measure, that whilst it cheapened sugar also rivetted the iron of the African, brought me, and thousands with me, to this place: a place I shall be only too happy to leave upon an election holiday, in the sacred cause of DERBY, DISRAELI, Protection, and Truth.

"Your obedient Servant,

"JUSTINIAN FIGGS."

"MISTER PUNCH,—i rite from the —— Onion. shal be Happie to doe anithin for LORD DERBY And MR. DIZRLY theayre cald onn toe save the kuntrie from freetrad and Annearkie. when SROBT PEEL brote in a Tariffe he was wurser than GUY FOX with his gunpowdr barl. i then kep 7 donkeys wen SROBT lette inn Asses for nuthin wich he cald fretrad—2 off mie donkeys fel sick from that tim wich nott toe be teadyes giv the Siknes toe the uther 5 wich went farster then ever they went affore. it was the Teariff that didde it—kwite a noo siknis. the donkeys i's was redde, his ears was ott, his nose was kold, and in an our ev'rythink shewd sines off spedie desolushun wich tuk plaice. and so I after tuther alle dyed off—the Tarriff and no mistak

"tredde onn a wurm an it wil turnne: i wil in coors carrie backke and belie bordes for DERBIE, DZRLY pertexun and know COBDIN!

"i am ewer umble servin,

"EDURD BRAY.

"pee. S. daunt yew thinke *mister Punch* tood av a purty effeck if alle on us was to karrie DERBYs and DZRLIS boordes on raal asses to show the opes and prospecks offe pertexion in theyre trew kullurs?"

We have felt it our duty to give these letters as a sample of the heap, and shall be happy—in a spirit of impartiality—to give the names of the Unions to those Protectionist candidates who may be desirous of employing, as illustrative boardmen, none but Protectionist victims.

THE FARMER AND THE ACROBATS.

I WENT to the Circus the hossmanship to view,
And wonderful 'twas what them showfolk did do;
The riding and jumping over flags at full speed,
And the gals, tight-rope dancing, all spangles, I seed.

I witnessed the Merriment through a hoss-collar grin,
And he also did balance a pole upon his chin;
But what my admiration in particular did tax,
Was the 'stonishing performance they called the Acrobacks.

As one a top o' t'other I see them fellers stand,
Thinks I—That's like the Ministers, supported by the Land,
There be DERBY and DIZZY at the top of the tree,
And the chaps down below as maintains 'em, be we:

They 've made use of the Farmers' broad shoulders to climb,
And now we 've upheld 'em all this here long time,
To kick away the ladder they means, I be told,
Now our wrongs wun't no longer afford 'em a hold!

MOTTO FOR DR. NEWMAN.

"Infelix puer, atque impar congressus ACHILLI."—*Æneid* I., 475.

THE POLITICAL SHOE-BLACK.

AUSTRIA. "*What's your charge?*"

LORD M—LS—BURY. "*Oh, I make no charge; any little compensation will do for me.*"

JUDICIAL CLAP-TRAPS.

AN impetus has lately been given to the waning interest of the proceedings in Westminster Hall, by the conversion of the Court of Queen's Bench into a sort of theatre, in which some of the fine old clap-traps that have long been banished from the stage as obsolete, have been reproduced with an effect truly marvellous. The superior courts have been recently doing such "wretched business"—to make use of a theatrical term—that the principal actors, who have been the recognised "leading men" for the last ten years, have been cut down to less than half salaries, while the County Courts have been attracting crowds to their doors. The high prices have, no doubt, contributed materially to the desertion of the old established concerns, which have indeed sometimes been closed, in consequence of the "business" having become so bad as to have dwindled to none at all. The legal season has however been wound up by a few "extraordinary performances," in which a new feature has been introduced in the shape of a series of judicial clap-traps, some of which told most effectually with the audience; though we very much doubt whether they are calculated to add permanently to the reputation of the actors, or to exalt the theatre in the opinion of the public. As it is not unlikely that the example which has been set this season will be followed in the next, we beg leave to state that we shall be ready to supply judicial clap-traps for the use of the Bench, forensic clap-traps for the Bar, constitutional, commercial, and general clap-traps for jurymen, and miscellaneous clap-traps for witnesses or other persons concerned.

As we do not wish to profess more than we can prove our ability to perform, we beg leave to offer the following samples to the Judges, the Bar, and the public in general.

A JUDICIAL CLAP-TRAP.

A witness having been sworn, who says that he is a sheriff's officer, the following scene occurs:—

The Judge. This man is an officer of the sheriff.

Counsel. He is, my Lord.

The Judge. In allowing him to be received as a witness, I cannot forget that the sheriff is charged with the office of execution in a double sense; but I do not recognise him now as the agent of the sanguinary code that once existed in this country, but which happily exists no longer. (*Applause.*) I am not afraid of being supposed to sanction that code because I admit this man as a witness, for we live, fortunately, under a milder state of things; and Heaven forbid that we should ever see the severities of that code restored. (*Tremendous applause, which nobody attempts to check.*) I repeat, that I have no apprehensions in admitting this evidence. because I feel that we live in happier times. (*Fainter applause, which the Usher attempts to stimulate.*) I say again, we enjoy the blessings of a more humane system; and I receive the evidence of this sheriff's officer, without fear of being supposed to sympathise with the cruelties of which his calling was once the symbol. (*No applause at all, with murmurs of "Too much of it," which the Judge instantly checked.*)

A FORENSIC CLAP-TRAP.

The cause for trial is an action by one quack doctor against another, for damages sustained in the violation of an agreement respecting a pretended specific to cure every disease.

Counsel. It may be said, gentlemen of the jury, that my client is a Pretender! A Pretender—let me dwell upon that word! Happily we may now dwell upon it in these happy days without raking up old animosities, lighting up the old bonfires of passion, whose fuel was the human heart, or scarifying old sores, whose seat was the human bosom. I may now dwell upon the word Pretender without exposing myself to the suspicion of party feeling, and without being charged with a desire to set brother against brother, or to plant the cousin's hand in the kinsman's heart. Having said thus much, gentlemen of the jury, I confidently leave the result between your consciences and yourselves. (*Much cheering followed the learned counsel's having taken his seat.*)

CLAP-TRAP FOR A JURYMAN.

The jury having been desired to withdraw to consider their verdict, the following scene ensues:—

Juryman. I fear we shall not agree, my Lord.

Judge. I can't help that, gentlemen.

Juryman. But, my Lord, do not misunderstand me. I feel that I am a part—nay, a twelfth—of the greatest of Britain's bulwarks, and rather than come to an unconscientious decision, I would let my parched tongue lie languid on my quivering lip, and my weary eye close on my pale cheek, until exhausted nature sinking into sleep, I should murmur out a righteous verdict in my dreams. (*Hurrah! in which the waiters in the robing-room join.*)

The above specimens will satisfy those to whom we offer our services, that we are able to fulfil any contract we may enter into for the supply of clap-traps to Westminster Hall, should the system commenced in the present season be continued in the next. Perhaps, however, those who are entrusted with the judicial management will be induced to re-consider the subject, and if materials for such re-consideration are to be found in what we have written, we shall have done good service to the principal actors, as well as to the public in general, who, though they have applauded once, might not be disposed to do the same thing again.

PANCRAS PAUPERS AND POLITICS.

THE Vestrymen of St. Pancras have come to a resolution granting the use of several paupers to go about with boards announcing meetings to promote the re-election of the late Members for Marylebone. We presume the political opinions of the paupers will be consulted, for it will be rather hard to make a Conservative pauper carry a Whig placard, and thus turn him into a walking lie, by putting Liberalism on his back and stomach, while he may have Chartism, Protectionism, or some other -ism at his heart. We must confess we do not by any means see what right the Vestrymen have to turn the paupers into dead walls, and stick bills all over them in the manner proposed. The poor would, we think, have a right to remonstrate against such treatment: for, even if they receive lodging from the parish, they are not obliged to have such a description of board thrust upon them as they will, it seems, be called upon to accept.

The Rains and the Races.

ALL the "great events" have come off in such thorough drenchers this season, that we question if the year 1852 ought not henceforth to be marked in Racing Calendars as being, *par excellence*, the *Running-Rain* Year.

A NOTE AND A QUERY.

A CORRESPONDENT has written us a note asking us why the QUEEN "pricks for sheriffs?" We are unable to give the reason, unless it be that there is such a poor choice as to leave only a pin to choose between them.

RETROSPECT OF PARLIAMENT.

"HATS OFF, STRANGERS!

PARLIAMENT was four years and some months old at the time of its decease. Within that time various changes of more or less importance have occurred. Changes of linen, of frequency varying according to circumstances and ideas of cleanliness, have been made out of doors, as well as by those particularly engaged in the work of legislation. The number of suits has been augmented, not only in one sense by the convenient extension of County Courts, but also in another by the greater facility afforded to the employment of tailors, through the increased cheapness of material and the general abundance which have resulted from Free Trade. An expansive tendency will have been observed by most persons about the middle period of life, to characterise later measures, especially round the waist.

A falling off of the crops on some of the Crown lands is to be deplored, but this is an evil that cannot be remedied by act of Parliament; and it would be well if any cure could be found for the complaint in any of those substances analogous to guano, that are vaunted as specifics for this natural baldness in terms which may be described as balderdash.

Notwithstanding the depression under which Agriculture has, unfortunately, laboured, the inevitable operation of time, in causing the furrow to make its appearance where it was before unknown, will be discovered by many of us on reference to the looking-glass. It may be hoped that the wrinkles we have got as we have grown older, are not altogether of a physical nature, but may, in some measure, be regarded as acquisitions in that knowledge and enlightenment which are, or ought to be, characteristic of an advancing age.

Surrounded by suppressed but smouldering discontent and rebellion, we have presented a general aspect of serenity to Europe, and multitudes of individuals among us, in whose aspect at the first meeting of the defunct Parliament there was nothing particular, may now be regarded by our neighbours as exhibiting undeniable spectacles.

Numerous additions have been made to the domestic happiness of those of HER MAJESTY'S subjects who have entered, before or since the commencement of the past Parliamentary period, into the conjugal relation. With these legislation may be thought to have little to do; but there is no doubt that the enlargement of the loaf, and the reduced price of other provisions, have, in many instances, rendered those events augmentations of the happiness of domestic life, which would otherwise have been aggravations of its misery.

THE GOLDEN RAGE.

CERTAINLY, if the letters of "our own correspondents" be letters of credit, the affairs of Australia just now are in what may literally be termed a precious mess. Gold is still the prevailing epidemic, and we doubt if even the influenza has ever been so popular. The entire colony, it seems, has caught the infection, and is breaking out in "diggings" everywhere.

Meanwhile, the social *sequitur* is obvious, of course. Society for the nonce is completely topsy-turvyfied, and the Heads of the people are sinking rapidly beneath the people's feet. Judges, for want of grooms, are filially wheeled to court in chairs; and shepherds kindly offer to engage their ex-employers in the capacity of "good plain cook." Servants in fact are more than "worth their weight in gold." *That* comparatively is a cheap commodity, and may be had anywhere—for the digging. But a new servant is procurable for neither love nor money; and should an old one condescend to stay, he's pretty sure to give himself about as many airs as an opera singer, and to take French leave of you whenever it may suit him.

Socially considered, therefore, this glut of gold is a positive nuisance: domestically productive of many a "case of real distress," and daily adding proof of the proverbial wisdom of the words "*l'embarras des richesses.*"

THE BEST SPEAKER.—The reporters call CHISHOLM ANSTEY "*out and out* the best Speaker in the House," for he no sooner begins to speak than the House is counted out.

PENAL EMPIRICISM.

DEPRAVITY is a vitiated state of mind. Vitiated states of mind often depend upon disordered conditions of nervous system. Nevertheless, if *Mr. Punch* were to propose to put an evil-disposed person under a course of mesmerism and homœopathy, or even of regular old-fashioned orthodox blistering and physicking for the cure of his bad propensities, *Mr. Punch* would probably excite as much laughter as he has ever done by the most brilliant remark.

Yet nobody will laugh on reading the subjoined brief report under the head of "Middlesex Sessions"—

"JAMES WATSON, aged 13, was convicted of stealing a gold watch and chain, value £12, the property of EMILY KING, from her person. . .

"The prisoner has been five times in prison since 1850, and twice whipped, and he was sentenced to seven years' transportation."

Imprisoned five times and twice whipped, in the course of two years, and only thirteen years old! For all this treatment, however, the patient is no better, but, on the contrary, much worse: and the next prescription is transportation for seven years. Surely this is ridiculous practice, if the absurdity of any system of medicine can be inferred from its inefficacy.

One would like to know the antecedents of a child who at 13 appears to be an incorrigible rogue—incorrigible, that is, by incarceration and stripes. Had MASTER JAMES WATSON, previously to 1850, been to school as often as he has been, since then, to prison? Had he received any encouragement to do well as many times as he has been whipped to deter him from doing ill? Not having been sent to any other place of education, had he resorted to MR. FAGIN'S Academy? What sort of habitation, in what court, lane, or alley, did young WATSON live in, if he had any home at all? how was it supplied with water to relieve him from the irritative and demoralising influence of dirt? in what degree was its atmosphere tainted by exhalations from sewers and graveyards, corrupting the blood, and, through it, disturbing that cerebral order whereon right conduct, among other things, is much dependent?

These evil influences not having existed in this young gentleman's case to make him what he is, was he born so, hereditarily gin-blighted, dwarfed in the better parts of his brain? Whipping, imprisonment, and transportation, will not enlarge the stunted convolutions, any more than they will rectify a congenital club-foot. Still these are what are called practical measures, and it is supposed to evince want of common sense to question them.

As It Should Be.

AMONG the "recent additions" to MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS' cereal collection, we see announced that of the REVEREND MR. BENNETT, "late of St. Barnabas," but now O'FROME. With a nice propriety, we understand, the figure of the Reverend Gentleman is moulded entirely from the runnings of his favourite Roman candles.

GENTLEMEN'S SEATS TO BE LET.

MR. POPPOCK is honoured with instructions to dispose of—for three, five, six, or seven years, as the case may be—a few, that is, *not* a few GENTLEMEN'S SEATS, in a very populous and, he may add, very historical neighbourhood. The price of the seats varies from

THE MODEST FIGURE OF £500 TO

THE MORE ARISTOCRATIC SUM OF £6000.

But it is the peculiarity of the sale, that whatever the amount, the

IMPORTANT PRIVILEGES BESTOWED

Are one and the same; the Seat making the Man, not the Man the Seat. The Neighbourhood is at once busy, solemn, popular and historic.

WESTMINSTER'S SAXON ABBEY,

Even some miles off, looms beautifully in the distance; whilst its proximity to the GENTLEMEN'S SEATS TO BE DISPOSED OF, cannot but excite within the breast of the Patriot "thoughts that do often lie too deep" for fluent expression. The Gentleman Purchaser may finally sleep in that Abbey, and—for MR. POPPOCK'S failing is a too unworldly candour—and he may *not*.

THE STATUE OF GEORGE CANNING,

In its immortal coat of classic verdigris, grasps the Roll of Fame, and indicates to the Gentleman Purchaser (of one of the Seats aforesaid) the Pedestal that may lie or loom, which is now the same thing, before him.

THE FRETTED ROOF OF WESTMINSTER HALL,

With its many associations of HASTINGS, BURKE, and SHERIDAN, to say next to nothing of

THE EMINENT JUDGES OF THE LAND,

Are among the Historical Objects and Persons continually inviting the contemplation of the Purchasers of the Seats at this moment in the market.

THE THAMES, LIKE A SILVER EEL IN MUD,

Winds along the Frontage of the Seats, and, flowing downward to that Sea, where

BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES,

Can never fail to keep alive (despite of Peace Societies) an undying interest in the British Navy; an Interest universal, whether in—

THE BABE AT THE BREAST,

or in

THE BUOY AT THE NORE!

The Air of the Seats to be Disposed of is of every variety of temperature, from

THE ARDOUR OF THE SIROCCO,

to the keenness of

A POLAR BLAST;

Hence, all and every Constitution may be duly accommodated—but the British Constitution in particular.

AS THE SEATS MUST BE SOLD

Without ANY RESERVE whatever, Gentlemen proposing to be Purchasers are requested to be early in the Market. The only Qualification is a Cheque-Book, and "The faith of a Christian;" therefore—at present—no gentleman of the Hebrew Persuasion need apply.

Gentlemen Purchasers will be allowed to affix to their names, the time-honoured letters of

M. P.;

Which to vulgar apprehension (but there is an inner meaning, a deeper mystery in them) means

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT;

but read by the *cognoscenti*, otherwise the knowing ones, signify

M—UST P—AY.

Early applications must be made. Apply at Reform and Carlton Clubs. [*Vivat Regina; No Money Returned.*

A DISMAL LOOK-OUT FOR PROTECTION.

SOMEBODY advertises a glass for the waistcoat pocket, the size of a walnut, and so powerful, that a person looked at through it may be seen and known at a distance of a mile and a half. This is an instrument, which, if it does what it professes, will be invaluable at the ensuing elections, for there are many of the candidates whom it is very desirable to know, if not to see, and whom, when known, it will be very proper to keep at a distance of a mile and a half at least. We strongly recommend this glass to the Protectionist voters—if there should happen to be any—and who will be able possibly to recognise the something "looming" afar off, according to MR. DISRAELI—which something is peculiarly adapted to being looked at in the distance, for it will never get an inch nearer if it were looked at for twenty years. The glass is evidently intended for the agricultural interest, for it professes to show "country scenery at from 12 to 14 miles." This is a hit at the remoteness of agricultural prospects in general, and we have no doubt the distance alluded to is to be measured as so much behind.

SIMPLE SIMONY.

A BALLAD BY CATNACH THE YOUNGER.

Now come, you Bishops all that sit as spiritual peers,
Grant me the temporary loan of your right reverend ears;
To you I will a tale unfold 'tis fitting you should know,
A most gross case related in the *Times* by S. G. O.

At the end of last November a living vacant fell,
With duties of importance—for endowment pretty well;
Its population reckoned at one thousand people near,
And value said to be about six hundred pounds a year.

To give a zealous parson work, the Papists there abound,
And numbers of Dissenters in that parish may be found,
A nunnery, with Popish priests, and meeting-houses twain,
The rectory of Spettisbury-with-Charlton doth contain.

The patron is a gentleman of riches and of lands,
Who represents a borough, which is snugly in his hands;
There's a way of selling boroughs so as Bribery Laws to do,
And there are means whereby you may dispose of livings too.

Now when this goodly living with so many souls to cure,
Fell vacant, most men would conclude 'twas given, to be sure,
Unto some powerful preacher who was equal to the place,
Some able-bodied clergyman, at least, in any case.

A man above fourscore, instead, was named the post to fill,
And instituted—it may be against the bishop's will—
A good old worthy gentleman as could be well desired,
But many a year from residence and active work retired.

This wonderful preferment, as doth S. G. O. explain,
Is nothing but a dodge contrived for lucre and for gain;
Because a vacant living is forbidden to be sold,
The trick is to bestow it on a man infirm and old.

Then its next presentation is a marketable thing,
And the older the incumbent, why of course, the more 'twill bring;
What a very fine distinction do your learned doctors draw,
Between what's simony in fact, and simony in law!

Oh! you right reverend fathers in the Upper House, declare,
This scandal having been so long, what business have you there?
Whatever it may be, you seem to let it quite alone,
Can you attend to any who so little mind your own?

THE HERO OF THE HUSTINGS.

HE honourable gentleman upon the Hustings stood
For two hours of a summer's day—a feat of lustihood—
And shouted forth, and saw'd the air with all his force and might,
The temperature higher than a hundred, FAHRENHEIT.

The sun above him blazing from a blue unclouded sky,
He frying like a sausage that could feel itself to fry;
It rain'd upon him cats and dogs; and likewise, it is true,
However strange the circumstance, that he was dripping, too.

The undeveloped offspring of the gallinaceous tribe,
The free and independent men, with many a taunt and gibe,
Launch'd also at the candidate's unvenerated head,
And frequently advised him to go home and go to bed.

Not only did this hero spout thus long upon his legs,
And brave the sun, the puppy-dogs, the kittens, and the eggs;
Not only he incurr'd the execrations of the mob,
But lost above a thousand pounds, moreover, by the job.

Such lots of money, fortitude, exertion, pluck, and nerve,
It costs to gain the privilege those gentlemen to serve,
Who yell at you, and pelt you with all sorts of nasty things;
Surely a seat in Parliament some vast enjoyment brings!

PLACARDS FOR PLAIN DEALERS.

EVEN true Britons will, at election times, march about with placards, flags, and banners, charged with various mottos and party-words; but with native common sense they will desire to make such demonstrational displays as little unmeaning and ridiculous as possible. A few hints towards rendering these exhibitions the more clearly and truthfully significant, will perhaps be acceptable. The Protectionists, therefore, particularly as they pride themselves on being a bluff, above-board party—should declare their objects explicitly by inscribing on their standards, "Rent and Taxes!" "Hounds!" Horses!" "Yachting!" "Places under Government!" "Fat Livings!" "Commissions in the Army and Navy!" "Boxes at the Opera!" and so on, with the list of good things with which Corn Laws and such like statutes are calculated to endow the aristocracy; whilst the Liberal party might blazon their colours with the specification of necessaries and comforts procured for the people by the operation of Free Trade, as "Bread!" "Beef!" "Mutton!" "Veal!" "Ham!" "Sugar!" "Tea!" "Coffee!" "Tobacco!" "Snuff!" "Vinegar!" "Pepper!" "Hats!" "Coats!" "Trowsers!" "Shirts!" "Handkerchiefs!" whereunto might be added, "Boots and Shoes to the Rescue!"

THE NEW SOUTH-SEA BUBBLE.

A BODY not lightly to be named—for its title is heavy reading—the Acting Committee of the National Association for the Protection of Industry and Capital throughout the British Empire—has issued an address "To the Protectionists of the United Kingdom." Any expenditure of criticism on this document would be superfluous, inasmuch as its value, like the purport of a lady's letter, is mainly apparent in its postscript, which represents it as dated from the South Sea House. Perhaps people were not generally aware that Protection is another South Sea Scheme, although they may have known well enough that it was no better than the imposture so called.

Electioneering Harmony.

BANDS of music, consisting of drums and trumpets, we are informed by the newspapers, paraded sundry towns at the late elections. Where this was not exactly the case, the trumpet was generally blown on the hustings by the proprietor of that instrument, and the drum was for the most part also very audible; not the kettle drum, nor the big drum, but the hum-drum, wherewith the various candidates regaled the ears of the constituencies to an unprecedented extent.

A Light from the Altar.

THE Lisbon press—according to the *Post*—comments on the indecency of one of the Minister's friends, who, accompanying the politician on a visit to a church, "pulled out a cigar, lit it at the lamp before the altar, and commenced smoking it." We are sorry to say that we can, in very merry England, parallel the indecency. How many among us, ladies included, have lighted worse things than cigars in Protestant Churches, and not at lamps, but at candles? Can MR. BENNETT himself count the number?

NOTE AND QUERY TO OUR COLONEL.

MY DEAR COLONEL,—If Government should draw a goose for the Militia, will they also truss him?

THE PROTECTIONIST TOAST.—Your true Protectionist eats, and drinks too, no other Toast than that of "DEAR BREAD."

Another New Constitution.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been trying his hand at a Constitution, and has fixed upon a very congenial locality for his labours. He has, in fact, been giving a Constitution to Algeria, and he begins by declaring that "Frenchmen are to enjoy in Algiers the same civil rights as they enjoy in their own country." This is a bit of humour we did not give LOUIS NAPOLEON credit for. The civil rights "enjoyed" by the French may be a very fair subject for a joke; but the idea of putting Algiers and France on a political equality is rather too near the truth to be quite agreeable.

THE FIVE SHILLING DUTY.

THIS is the usual fine inflicted at our Police Offices for drunkenness. We think every Protectionist who expects to see it inflicted must be also in a similar state, for we cannot imagine any man entertaining any such absurd proposition in his sober senses.

Right in the Main.

LORD MAIDSTONE'S notion of "the Deluge after LORD DERBY," is not so bad or unmeaning after all; for an unlimited supply of water is always acceptable after any offensive accumulation, and the "Deluge" may perhaps be considered as typical of what may be termed the "flushing of the sewers" of Downing Street, after the removal of any obstruction.

JOLLY OBSEQUIES.

IT has been repeatedly declared on the hustings that the knell of Protection has rung, but Protection in throwing herself on the country has committed *felo de se*, and there must be no tolling at her funeral. On the contrary, a good merry peal would be the most fitting accompaniment to that ceremony.

"FRIENDS AT A PINCH."—A pair of tight boots.

RUPERT'S RIDE TO THE COUNTRY.

YE, they *have* gone to the country; but since horses first were made,
Sure never was there witness'd such a motley cavalcade.
Poets must invoke the Muses; so I call the DERBY Mews
To sing those bolters, blind 'uns, roarers, cock-tails, hacks, and screws.

On a dark horse for the first time gallant RUPERT deigns to show;
Extremely rum to look at, and by no means good to go:
His name unknown — his pedigree, by *Protection* out of *Sham*—
Slow and hard-mouthed like his sire, and a shier like his dam.

Dark DIZZY rides beside him, on a most eccentric steed—
By *Place* out of *Ambition*—of Caucasian Arab breed;
An uncommonly good goer, but so skittish, when he goes,
'Tis a toss-up which is foremost—his tail-piece or his nose.

But, of all the horses ever foal'd, commend me to the screw,
That contrives to carry MALMESBURY, with more than much ado;
By *Pis-aller* out of *Nullity*—how pick'd up, I ne'er could learn—
Bad legs, bad head, bad action—bad, in short, from stem to stern.

Mild WALPOLE jogs alongside, extremely ill at ease;
His nag looks more like going, but is queer about the knees,
By *Good Temper* out of *Common Place*; and, spite of RUPERT's frown.
It 's ten to one, the first rough bit, that WALPOLE's cob comes down.

Cautious and sober, in the rear, with a good hand on the rein,
Rides PAKINGTON, whose steed cuts quite a figure in the train;
By *Pluck* out of old *Common Sense*, well known for a safe blood,
Though, thank the line that RUPERT takes, he *must* stick in the mud.

But who 's this *preux chevalier*, young, graceful, debonnaire?
If Manners ever make the man, why then the man is there.
His steed got by *Romance* out of *Reality*, but foaled
In the *moyen age*—himself too young, and his blood a deal too old.

And what top-booted worthy comes pounding on at speed,
On a rough-legged, big-boned cart-horse, of the real Chowler breed;
By *Pig-head* out of *Slow-coach?* 'Tis CHRISTOPHER, misled
By notions of fixed duty, looming very far a-head.

The ruck comes hard behind him: see, tight in his pig-skin,
Sits BERESFORD, in seat and style, type of Ex-Whipper-in;
There 's KELLY, tailor-fashion, uneasy in his perch,
And yawing, every now and then, with a most tremendous lurch.

Here come the Treasury Lordlings, on their leggy lathy weeds,
Of course they 're not worth dwelling on—riders no more than steeds—
Nor the TROLLOPES nor the JOLIFFES—of whom all one can say
Is, they 'd better make the best on 't, as they *are* out for the day.

And now they 're past, from first to last: it is a sorry sight;
Let 's hope there 'll be no bones broke before they all alight.
But take them all in all, men and mounts, one cannot doubt,
(Whate'er they may do now) their mothers soon will know they 're out.

Great Forgetfulness.

THE MALMESBURY Motto is "*Ubique patriam reminisci.*" His Lordship has a very curious way of acting up to his motto. We suppose that Tuscany is not included in the "Ubique," for it is very clear that in the MATHER business he had a very poor recollection of his country. Without wishing to be too severe, we may say that LORD MALMESBURY not only forgot England, but himself also.

SEASONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—MR. FLEXMORE gave the "Mantle of GRIMALDI" a good beating yesterday to prevent the moths getting into it.

A BALLOON SHOWING ITS AIRS.

THE veteran MRS. GRAHAM was to have ascended in a balloon the other day for the some-hundred-and-somethingth time, when the balloon, in a fit of excessive buoyancy, started off without her. After tumbling about in the air for a considerable time, and reaching an elevation so unusual, as to make the people below imagine that it was carrying a lunatic, and was exemplifying the union of "out of sight" and "out of mind," the balloon seems to have become conscious of the folly of its own freak, and to have "split its sides" with an over-painful sense of the ludicrous. We are glad that the veteran aeronaut remained on *terra firma*, so that the emptiness of these aeronautical exploits was illustrated in a double sense, without doing any injury to any one.

Purity of Election.

OWING to the general institution of baths and washhouses (which this periodical has been so instrumental in bringing about), it has been observed with much pleasure by friends of the people, that the shows of hands at the different nominations were much more satisfactory this election than they used to be. The partial prevalence, however, of bribery and corruption has rendered it impossible to say that all constituencies, or Members either, exhibited perfectly clean hands.

LARGE RETURNS AND SMALL PROFITS.

WE suspect that many of the candidates at the elections have been consulting the racing prophets, for scarcely a man has gone to the poll who has not declared his own name as a "certainty" for the winner. There has probably been a large amount of "TIP" to obtain this very promising expectation, which the event has not realised. No one was so confident of winning as "CONINGHAM for Westminster," who not only declared his intention to be at the head of the poll, but was already coquetting with the premiership *in posse*, and paving his way to Downing Street by refusing to pledge himself absolutely against being a member of the Government.

We understand he had already purchased several pieces of red tape, with which he was learning to manipulate, as a sort of introduction to official experience. He had, it is said, been practising also with a tin case, which he rapped repeatedly with his knuckles by way of accustoming himself to the use of an official dispatch-box. He has, however, received a rap of the knuckles of another kind from the electors of Westminster. Having, in imagination, installed himself as a member of the Cabinet, he will now have to perform the process of resignation in the same visionary manner. It is possible that he has been playing at the Ministerial game of kissing hands for the last month before his own looking-glass, and he may now amuse himself by delivering up his seals—unfastening them from his watch-chain, and passing them from his right hand to his left—as an emblem of his visionary fall from an ideal altitude.

Political Misnomer.

A NEW order of politicians is soliciting the suffrages of the free and independent, under the designation of Liberal Conservatives. This is not a very fortunate title, since it is one that may be most fairly claimed by the old Tories, who, at election time, used to scatter guineas and set taps flowing in behalf of Conservatism with extreme liberality.

THE COOLEST THING.

DOES the reader wish to know the coolest thing in this hot weather? It is the coolness of the *Morning Herald*, who claims for DERBY's three months' administration the increase in the quarter's revenue! Now that is so cool, *Mrs. Gamp* herself might ice small beer with it.

APHORISM FOR LAW REFORMERS.—We don't owe County Courts to County Members.

A SERPENT FOR THE POPE'S BRASS BAND.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

QUONDAM FRIEND,—In your paper of July 3, you attribute the late riots at Stockport to the Government's proclamation against papistical processions. Perhaps, if a gentleman accustomed to trail his coat about at Donnybrook Fair, daring anybody to tread upon it, were warned to discontinue a practice so particularly calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, and thereon were incontinently to repeat it and get his head broken, you would, in like manner, ascribe his misfortune to the caution which had been given to him, and not to his contempt thereof.

The language wherein you couch this accusation is so excellent a specimen of your style, that I must call your attention to it, and ask you whether, if possible, you cannot contrive to write a little more rancorously, maliciously, and slanderously.

You say

"LORD DERBY and MR. WALPOLE have drawn their first blood at Stockport. They have thus done what they attempted to do. They issued the proclamation against processions and vestments, to encourage, at the hazard of bloodshed, the anti-Catholic bigotry which they hoped would bring them a few more votes at the elections, and the result is what they foresaw and foreknew. It is our belief, that never was outrage and murder more deliberately planned than the Stockport outrages and murders—not, of course, in that exact locality—were planned by LORD DERBY and MR. WALPOLE, when they issued their proclamation against the free exercise of the Catholic religion."

You subsequently repeat your charge of murder against the Ministers, thus :—

"The QUEEN'S speech is just received. It is a vile hypocritical document, such as you might expect from the men whose habitual public acts are speeches that swindle, and proclamations that shed innocent blood. There is, of course, not a word about bestarved Ireland; but there is some sanctimonious lying about 'religious liberty,' the true comment upon which is the sack of Stockport.'

In your report of your own address to the electors of Meath, you represent yourself as telling them :—

"When an English Member of Parliament is returned, he is returned to hate you, because all his feelings and all his wishes are hostile to your country—he is returned because he is an enemy to your church (*Loud applause*). The consequence is, that the whole system of constitutional, or free government, which sends members to the House of Commons who ought to be your protectors, is opposed to your interests; they despise your people; they slander them; they revile your clergy and nuns, and they act as if they were your greatest enemies (*hear, hear*)."

In a previous part of the same speech, you assert that

". . . . we have a Chief Justice in England who hounds on bigoted and ferocious mobs against everything we hold sacred, and tries to make martyrs out of the beastliest apostates."

"Beastly," "brutal," "guilty wretches," are the flowers of speech that you are accustomed to scatter on the Protestant English people; you strain yourself to express the spite and hatred with which you burn against them and their institutions, and you labour to inflame the same passions amongst the Christian sect, of which your newspaper is one of the chief, if not the most respectable, organs. Now I suppose you flatter yourself that you annoy us in some manner by this utterance of malignity; we *are* annoyed thereby; but it is desirable that you should clearly understand how. Did you ever, Quondam Friend, go out shooting on the Moors on a hot day, and in ranging the heather, come suddenly on a fragment of blasted rock, and thereon espy a coiled adder? What emotion arose in your breast on seeing the evil beast rise and hiss, disclosing its nasty poisonous jaws? If—in your case—it was not sympathy with the reptile; if it was the same feeling as that wherewith human nature in general regards a loathsome snake; then, Quondam Friend, it was precisely the sentiment which you excite in our minds by your envenomed abuse.

It is true that you have not, personally, to apprehend such a visitation as the adder invites by showing his fangs? We do not—whatever you may pretend—want to squelch you, or blow you to atoms. If your rancour were to wreak itself in deeds instead of words, and to reap its legal reward, we should regard your fate with some degree of pity—as we should have contemplated that of GUY FAWKES. We, I say, the mass of Englishmen, look upon your viperine expectorations with simple antipathy and disgust. But the untutored populace is dangerously exasperated by such spiteful outspittings—these, indeed, are the true provocatives of Stockport riots. If you wish such scenes repeated, you cannot do better than go on with your articulate and legible hissings, howls, and yells, which the mob takes to signify the affection of Roman Catholics towards the rest of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. Go on—you are very aggravating, doubtless—endeavour to be more so. Aggravate your roar, and you will aggravate the roar of "No Popery!" to something like a thunder-peal; perhaps accompanied by lightning: of which some flashes, indeed, have already been seen—with satisfaction, one might imagine, by you, but with sorrow by

PUNCH.

AN ELECTION ROAR FROM THE BRITISH LION.

OH, Election time is the time for me,
With its bands and its beef, and its beer so free;
I'm a big beast always, but *then*, d'ye see,
A bigger beast than ever I be,
With a tooral-looral.

For they lets me loose to ramp and roar,
And they gives me victuals and drink galore,
And the more I calls for, they draws the more,
And I know it aint me as pays the score,
With a tooral-looral.

So I blows my 'bacca and swigs my ale,
And with ribbands I ties my mane and tail,
And backs my opinions without any fail,
Which is always his'n as pays on the nail,
With a tooral-looral.

'Tother times deuce a bit the big-wigs thinks
What I says or does, or eats or drinks;
But *then*, if I only nods or winks,
I'm as wise as a sarpent, and deep as a Sphynx,
With my tooral-looral.

MRS. LIONESS then is a reg'lar saint,
And my cubs is angels and fit to paint,
And all the world through such a Lion there aint,
As the British—and, neither, I s'pose, there baint,
With a tooral-looral.

It's wonderful, then, how the tip-top nobs
With the British Lion hobs and nobs;
'Till there's no such things in the world as mobs,
But enlightened electors instead of snobs,
With our tooral-looral.

So I eats myself hungry, and drinks myself dry,
For I knows what 'twill come to by and bye;
And sometimes I says to myself, on the sly,
They must see a deal o' green in my eye,
With their tooral-looral.

Instead of flatt'ring and letting me loose,
To swill like a hog and to hiss like a goose,
I fancies a dose of wholesome abuse
To the British Lion might be o' more use
Than their tooral-looral.

If they made me less of a hustings tool,
Didn't call me wise while they think me a fool;
If instead of rousing, my passions they'd rule,
And pack off the poor British Lion to school,
With a tooral-looral.

I'll answer for it, if once they began,
To deal upon this here sort of plan,
That the British Lion, as fast as he can,
Will grow less of a brute and more of a man,
With a tooral-looral.

Change of Title.

ONE of our sporting "Prophets," who has made himself notorious by never prophesying right, has changed his title. He now calls himself a "Loomer into the Future." We doubt strongly, judging of the great prophet ("Sybil," perhaps, would be the more correct word), from whom he has stolen the designation, whether it will have any good effect upon his prophecies.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

THIS has been on the increase ever since the Elections; and, since they have gone unfavourably to my LORD DERBY, the distress, as expressed in the farmers' countenances, has been something terrible to contemplate. A correspondent assures us he has conversed with several upon the subject, and he has never seen such distressing-looking objects in all his life.

THE MOST LASTING STUFF FOR A SILK GOWN.—A Chancery Suit.

First Man of the World. "HEARD OF MISS F.——'S MARRIAGE, CHARLEY?"

Second do. "AH! I HEARD IT SPOKEN OF. I BELIEVE IT WAS A MARRIAGE OF INCLINATION ON BOTH SIDES!"

First do. "YES! IT WAS A BAD JOB. THOSE MATCHES NEVER TURN OUT WELL!"

PROGRESSIVE POLITICS.

DURING the Metropolitan elections last week, it was impossible to find a cab that was not plastered over with placards, and converted into a sort of political vehicle. A quiet man of business could not obtain a shilling ride without pledging himself during the journey to one or other of the Metropolitan candidates, and exposing himself alternately to the hurrahs and the brickbats of those with whom the candidate was either popular or otherwise. We, ourselves, jumped accidentally into an omnibus, which we soon found carpeted with cabbage leaves, and paved with small pieces of granite, thrown in as we passed along, and it was only when we insisted on getting out of such a disagreeable position that we perceived on the panel a large label, inscribed with the words, "Plump for Maidstone." Happily a general election is rare, but if such ceremonies happened once a year, we should call loudly upon the omnibuses and cabs to remain unpledged, and to continue "open to all, and influenced by none," so that the unpopularity of particular candidates might not be visited on the heads of innocent town travellers.

Election Song.

AIR—"*Would you gain the tender creature.*"

WOULD you gain the doubtful voter,
Freely, liberally "treat" him—
"Treating" is the Agent's part.
Members now their seats possessing,
Owe them to their Club's finessing,
Less than to this simple art.

A Picture Overdrawn.

A CRITIC, in describing a recently published engraving of a portrait of LOUIS NAPOLEON, says, "The likeness is very good, and the position remarkably easy." Surely this criticism is self-contradictory, for there cannot be an accurate likeness of LOUIS NAPOLEON, in which his position is represented as an easy one. If we had been told that the attitude in which he is placed is extremely awkward, we should have had some faith in the resemblance, but as it is, we are convinced that the artist must have failed in giving a correct idea of LOUIS NAPOLEON, as he is at present.

SPECIAL TRAINS FOR A PRETTY SIGHT.

Two brothers, Irishmen, were hanged the other day at Cupar, for murder—denying, by the way, their guilt to the last, and leaving us in some doubt whether they have not been gratuitously strangled. A few days before that on which these men were killed, a handbill was issued, whereof a copy is here subjoined:—

"EDINBURGH, PERTH, AND DUNDEE RAILWAY.

"SPECIAL NOTICE.

"Several applications have been made for a Special Train at Reduced Rates from the principal Stations on the Line to Cupar, upon Monday morning the 5th July. Notice is hereby given that no reduction of Fares will take place on that day, and that the Regular Trains only will Run from Dundee and Perth. In order to prevent delay to the first Passenger Train from Edinburgh, a Special Train for Cupar will leave Burntisland on Monday morning at half-past 6 o'clock, and from Dunfermline at 6 o'clock. These Special Trains will call at all the Intermediate Stations. Fares as usual.

"A Special Train from Cupar to Burntisland, calling at all the Intermediate Stations, will leave at half-past 11 o'clock forenoon on Monday.

"*Manager's Office, Edinburgh, July* 1, 1852." "*By Order.*"

We have some fault to find with this document, which in advertising special trains to see a couple of men hanged, does not show quite so much taste in the composition of posters as might be expected from an enterprising company, with views exclusively commercial. It should have been headed:—UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE LEGISLATURE, AND THE MAJORITY OF THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, AND BISHOPS: CAPITAL HIT! Then should have followed, also in large letters, at intervals filled with smaller type, ATTRACTIVE SPECTACLE! AWFUL EXAMPLE!! HIGH MORAL LESSON. THRILLING INTEREST!!! DROP SCENE. TERRIFIC DENOUEMENT!!!! AND DEATH STRUGGLE!!!!! with a notification of the appearance of that eminent Tragedian,

MR. CALCRAFT!

Finally, at the foot of the bill, there should have been three asterisks, signifying that biographies of the culprits—including their last dying speeches and confessions—and copies of verses were to be had at the several stations, published by the Company, none others to be depended upon. If you are to make the miserable death of criminals the subject of a mercantile speculation, in doing such a stroke of business do it thoroughly; go the whole hog, or whatever other greedy and sordid animal you may be more properly compared to.

ELECTIONS MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

THE poetical idea of there being "Sermons in stones," seems to be taken rather too literally by the independent non-electors, who make a point of attending at the hustings during an election.

Whenever it is desired by "the masses" to read a lecture to a candidate, the means employed are usually a shower of stones, in which he is expected to find a lesson. If he wishes to take a leaf out of the book offered to him at the poll, he meets with nothing but a cabbage-leaf.

Poor SIR DE LACY EVANS had so many cabbages thrown at him, that he looked at one time far more like the representative of the Savoy, than of the whole of Westminster. If the candidates are suspected of sending forth gammon from the hustings, it must be allowed that there is abundance of spinach supplied from the market-place, in order to effect the popular combination with which most of our readers are, no doubt, familiar.

MRS. BULL AT THE POLL.

Lord Derby. "WELL, MR. BULL, WHICH WAY DO YOU VOTE?"

Mrs. Bull. "LA, MY LORD! FOR THE LARGE LOAF TO BE SURE."

JULY 17, 1852.

SIBTHORP'S SALVE FOR THE WOUNDED AND THE WIDOWED.

THE Colonel again represents Lincoln; and, at the last advices, Lincoln was as well as could be expected. The Colonel made a very pathetic speech on his re-election. It had been flung in his face that he was — a man of broad acres! Wiping his senatorial brow, he asked—"had he stolen them?" Whereupon, at least more than one from the crowd appealed to, made bold reply—"No, no!" This, at least, is satisfactory.

The Colonel then observed, "he had now represented the city so long, that he almost looked upon it as his own." Quite his own, we should say; in fact, a very part and parcel of him, even as GILES GUBBINS became part and parcel of the animal, his property. And—if there be any truth in the story—it was after this fashion. GILES and a young ass were born and foaled on the same day, at the same hour, almost at the same minute. In fact, it has never been satisfactorily proved which cried or which brayed the first. Before GILES could stand alone, he was seated astride the young jackass, and so they both grew and strengthened together; and in time, GILES had sat so long upon the ass, that he absolutely began to grow a part of the animal—both to become one and incorporate. Well, to make the matter short, in the lapse of time, it was almost impossible for even the most cunning of doctors to determine—when GILES was astride the ass—where the donkey ended and where GILES began; and, in like manner, where was the commencement of GILES and the termination of the ass? GILES had been so long astride of the beast, that it had become a part of his flesh and blood; nay, when GILES opened his mouth to speak, you might have sworn you heard nothing but an ass. We think the name of the ass was Lincoln; but, any way, Lincoln, that is, the Donkey—and GILES GUBBINS were one. However, to return to the Colonel.

He said—"he had heard of bribery and corruption; but he did not know what they were, unless it was something that came from the Treasury benches." This is an extraordinary coincidence: the friend and incorporate donkey of GILES—yes, that unsophisticated ass did not know thistles from carrots, and on one occasion mistook a peck of oats for carraway-seeds.

The Colonel vehemently condemned the bran new Bribery Act; and with his philanthropic gushings, the Colonel has good, benevolent cause for reprobation of the measure, inasmuch as it was one "that restrained him from acts of charity, and from the performance of those duties which, he knew from high authority, were healing the wounds requiring salve, and assisting the poor widow in her tribulation." (*Loud cheers.*)

Colonel, bless you! Bless you and thank you! That sentence of yours has—(pooh, pooh, why should we not publish the fact?)—has touched us; and we feel at this minute one round big tear—big as a sugar-plum—trickling down our nose, and—there!——

—Plump it has fallen upon the paper; and now our pen passes through it, and the sympathetic dew dilutes and purifies the ink that chronicles a Colonel's goodness.

Wounds requiring salve—salve for wounds at elections! What sort of salve? Is it patented? Does it require a stamp? Is none genuine that is not signed "SIBTHORP?" Of what is it compounded? Are any of its ingredients to be found in California? Is it in dust, in scale, or in nuggets?

But the climax of bounty, the outpouring of irrepressible goodness, the spirit of pure, disinterested benevolence, is in "assisting the poor widow in her tribulation." For we cannot hide from our convictions the fact that there do exist evil-minded men, ready to attribute that gift of healing salve to the hope of a gift in return: golden ointment for a wounded conscience; an auriferous lozenge to clear the voice for a hustings vote. But the poor widow—meek, ill-used soul—has, it is well known, no voice whatever. Widows are dumb—at least at elections. Therefore, any aid in the widow's tribulation is the aid of spontaneous goodness; the gum oozing from the tree—the silver-threaded stream running, because it cannot help it, from the rock.

The widow in her tribulation! What an election picture is this!

We have understood that the frequent gifts of the Colonel are flannel and blankets. Like the simple sheep of Colchis, SIBTHORP shines in wool. The real fleecy hosiery of warm benevolence! Flannel and blankets! Thus, the Lincoln widow may not—might not, we should say—sit or walk, or gossip in her door-way, or take a pound of cherries in her lap—without sensibly acknowledging the woollen goodness of the COLONEL: she might not, in the solitary night, upon her lonely couch, if with only one blanket about her—she might not, we say, at that hour when meditative souls are given to think of good deeds, apt to escape the human mind with the human animal up in open day—she might not think of her tribulation, without a thanksgiving twitch at that one Christmas blanket—the gift of wound-healing SIBTHORP, our Member, Guide, and Friend!

Here were two pictures! The wounds of the voter healed; and the widow in her tribulation, flannel-and-blanket comforted! But the Bribery Act—the cold-blooded offspring of a Parliament—(it is dead, and so we may shoot what rubbish we please upon its grave,)—of a Parliament with a majority whose hearts in their hollowness might serve for wine-coolers—the Bribery Act cries to COLONEL SIBTHORP, about to put his hand into his well-worn pocket—"Hold! Hold!"

And now men may walk about Lincoln with wounds wide as town-crier's mouth, and no SIBTHORP shall be allowed to touch the hurts with healing salve. Now, widows may shiver in November noon, and have no fence against the bitter sky; may draw themselves into a very ball, with November whistling—as though to mock them—against the black midnight pane, and no blanket of the Colonel to keep them grateful, and to keep them warm.

And all this uncharitableness is the work of the new Bribery Act! The elections are well nigh over; and up to the present time, so tyrannically has the act made itself feared—we were about to say respected—that not one box of Californian salve has been applied to an electoral hurt, not one lock of golden fleece to lessen a widow's tribulation!

What a House of Commons we may expect! The EMPRESS CATHARINE, for an imperial whimsey, had a huge palace built of solid ice. Very sorry are we that we may not devote SIR CHARLES BARRY'S unfinished Houses to some other national purpose than that appointed; making for our new Parliament a house of solid ice. For, elected under the eye—the hundred eyes—of the Bribery Act, as every M.P. has been as cold as ice, so, doubtless has he been like our SIBTHORP, every bit as pure. The Acts of the next Parliament should not be printed in grimy ink on paper, but cut with diamond-point, on crystal.

"Flow on, thou Shining."

SOME people have accused LORD MAIDSTONE of talking about that which he does not understand when he anticipated a post-DERBYITE Deluge. The electors of Westminster have, however, enlightened the poetical Viscount in some degree, for they have astonished him with such a flood of cold water, as may give him some notion of a deluge in miniature.

WORK FOR THE LAWYERS.

MR. STANFORD has been thrown out for Reading. As he has not married one of the young ladies of the town, we are informed that a Joint Stock Association of Spinsters has been established for the purpose of bringing an action against him for breach of promise of marriage. The damages are laid at £50,000. SERJEANT SHEE is engaged for the fair plaintiffs.

A Party Difference.

THERE is great talk at present in France about the Orleanists and Legitimists clubbing their claims and chances together to the next occupancy of that very uncomfortable seat, the Throne of France. They are spoken of as the "FUSIONISTS." We suppose this term is given to distinguish them from the Bonapartists, who are well known to be "THE CONFUSIONISTS."

UNCONSTITUTIONAL TEMPERATURE.

THE weather was so hot last week, that serious fears were entertained that the New Parliament would be dissolved as fast as it was constituted.

Oxford Honours—D. C. L.

WE have it on newspaper report, that Oxford, following a late example of Cambridge, has determined to honour MR. DISRAELI with the dignity of Doctor of Civil Law. Whereupon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER may be addressed—"The RT. HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI **D**(euced) **C**(lever) **L**(evite.)"

A DISTINCTION WITH LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

A VERY common question is, what is the difference between a Puseyite and a Papist? Not much. The Papists are Roman Catholics, and the Puseyites are Roman Candlesticks.

VERY PROPER DIET FOR THIS HOT WEATHER.

Mrs. Turtledove. "DEAREST ALFRED! WILL YOU DECIDE NOW WHAT WE SHALL HAVE FOR DINNER?"

Mr. Turtledove. "LET ME SEE, POPPET. WE HAD A WAFER YESTERDAY—SUPPOSE WE HAVE A ROAST BUTTERFLY TO-DAY."

MAIDSTONE, THE "UNKNOWN."

THE *Herald* is indignant at the ignorance affected by Westminster voters of LORD MAIDSTONE. Not know him! "Weak and ignorant trash," says the *Herald*. "Chivalrous nobleman!" "Dauntless courage!" "Challenged the late DANIEL O'CONNELL!" What a shame that these claims to the gratitude of Westminster were not duly posted, with woodcuts of duelling-pistols. And whereas it was the glory of a certain chivalrous animal to be advertised as "The Dog Billy wot kills an 'underd rats in five minutes,"—so should the chivalrous nobleman have gone to the wall (as, in a way, he has done) as—"The LORD MAIDSTONE, who, *in his place* in Parliament—where he was sure to be stopped—challenged O'CONNELL! Vote for Church and State and Hair-Triggers!"

THE DERBY LULLABY.

OH rest thee, Protection!
We've done with thee quite,
We've settled the question,
And Free Trade's all right.

Oh slumber, old lady!
'Twill be your best way;
Oh sleep without waking,
For aye and a day.

A Sibilant Constituency.

COLONEL SIBTHORP, on presenting himself for re-election at Lincoln, was received with cheers. We wonder at that. Not that we expected that our Colonel's constituents would have given him any but a most cordial reception; but we thought birds of so peculiar a feather could only express themselves by *hisses*.

EXTREMELY PRETTY.

A FASHIONABLE Artist, who never takes a sitting out of Belgravia, upon being told how the ladies had exerted themselves in Westminster for a certain Lord, lispingly exclaimed, "On my word! No lady should give her countenance to any gentleman's canvass, unless it is to have her portrait taken."

NOT AN EXTRAVAGANT IDEA.

A Bishop's Charge.—From six to twenty thousand a year.

THE CANDIDATE'S CATECHISM,

AND HOW TO ANSWER IT.

PARLIAMENT having passed that very impertinent measure, the Corrupt Practices at Elections Act, it becomes MR. PUNCH's duty, as guardian of the British Constitution—a duty which he fulfils as the LORD CHANCELLOR does that of guardian of all lunatics—to point out how the provisions of this objectionable and inquisitorial Law may best be evaded.

The Act ought to be called the Member's manual for the confessional. It is obviously the work of a set of regular Parliamentary PETER DENSES. It suggests the most monstrous offences to innocent M.P.'s, who have hitherto put their hands into their breeches pockets and forked out "the regular expenses" without asking any questions. After the publication of this abominably suggestive list of interrogatories, we shall never see such a thing as a mind of virgin verdure in the House again. JACOB BELL, in fact, will cease to exist. There is only one way to neutralise the poison. This is to show how impertinent questions may be safely answered by any Member without committing himself, or getting his agents committed. The following examples will illustrate our meaning.

Q. Who were your agents at the election?

A. All the friends of the British Constitution in the Borough.

Q. Will you swear that A. was not your agent?

A. The law never calls on a man to prove a negative. It should not, therefore, insist on his swearing what he cannot be called upon to prove. N. B. All particulars as to acquaintance and connexion with A. will be inquired into; *e. g.*—

Q. Did you not invite A. to dine with you at the Reform Club?

A. I did.

Q. At your expense?

A. He wished to pay his own share of the bill, and I was anxious he should do so. But the waiter informed me this was prohibited by the rules of the Club.

Q. Have you not repeatedly complimented MRS. A. on her good looks?

A. As a man of honour I decline to answer the question, and in so doing throw myself on the sympathy of the Committee.

Q. Have you not been in the habit of kissing the little A.'s?

A. My fondness for children is notorious.

Q. Will you swear that you never spoke to or communicated with any of your Committee during the Election, or during the immediately preceding days?

A. I may have conversed with some of them on the weather, and I have yet to learn that this is a crime.

Q. How did you happen to stand for the Borough?

A. Because I wished to sit for it; and standing for it became a necessary preliminary.

Q. With whom did you communicate on the subject before agreeing to stand?

A. With my wife.

Q. Was anything, and what, said about the expenses?

A. She observed I ought to know better than fool money away in such nonsense, particularly after finding fault with her milliner's bill only the week before.

Q. How much did you undertake to give or to answer for?

A. I undertook to give satisfaction to my constituents, and to answer any questions I might be asked.

Q. Did you make any promise before the Election?

A. I promised to do everything that everybody wanted—after I got into Parliament.

Q. Did any person, and who, on your behalf, communicate with persons having interest in the Borough?

A. My Committee communicated with every voter of principle, and I conceive persons with principle ought to be persons with interest.

Q. What passed between you and those persons before such communications?

A. The usual remarks upon the weather.

Q. How much did you suppose the legal expenses to be?

A. I have always understood that no safe calculations can be made as to the amount of legal expenses till you have seen the attorney's bill, and I have not yet seen mine.—N. B. All the details of the alleged expenses will then be minutely gone into; *e. g.*—

Q. Do you consider ten barrels of beer to be legal expenses?

A. I should certainly suppose that wholesome beer is in harmony with the British Constitution.

Q. Do you consider 500 yards of blue ribbon legal expenses?

A. My motto being "measures, not men," I do not think the quantity excessive.

Q. Do you consider twelve prizefighters legal expenses?

A. I was informed they were required to keep the peace, which I conceive to be a strictly legal object.

Q. Do you not believe that you will have to pay more money after the Election is over?

A. I am in the hands of my lawyer, so that I think it extremely probable.

If these answers be carefully studied, and their principle acted upon, we cannot conceive that any honourable Member will find himself coerced by this abominable Act into saying anything more than he finds perfectly agreeable, which will probably in the long run be found the result most agreeable to all parties.

THE OLD OPERA STORY.—WHO'S NEXT?

E are sorry to hear of the retirement of MR. LUMLEY from Her Majesty's Theatre. There were several peers who met to sympathise, that is, to shed a tear—for they shed nothing beyond it—in assistance of MR. LUMLEY. Will any one of them, next session, move for a committee to inquire into the amount of loss sustained by all Opera managers for the last twenty years; the Committee having power to examine all *prime donne, primi tenori*, first dancers, and so forth, as to the salaries received and the fortunes saved therefrom? The ordinary final Opera movement is—"The Manager to Basinghall Street, the Singer to his Palazzo."

And so it will continue to be. One victim follows another. "Who's next?" as the butcher cried when he was killing lambs, and had already stuck a dozen.

A DIALOGUE IN THE REPORTERS' GALLERY.

Speakers—MR. JUVENAL GREEN, and MR. PERSIUS BROWN.

J. G. (*log.*) So the Session is over at last! and, no more, as I wearily write, or
Try, in vain, to turn nonsense to sense, shall I cry "Semper ego auditor."
Since our labours have ceased for awhile, and the papers no longer can need 'em,
Let us hasten, at Gravesend, amice, tranquillam figere sedem:
I prefer e'en that poorest of spots to the bustle of hot Piccadilly,
And at Rosherville soon will contrive, unum civem donare Sybillæ.

P. B. Repose does my GREEN then expect? For reporters small chance of repose is,
When the candidates all are beginning sibi centum poscere voces;
Senatoribus mos est, indeed; of their pledges they seldom are chary,
And to utter them really have need, centum ora et linguas optare,
As each strives, to the listening crowd who shall promise the most, and the quickest,
In hopes, on the hustings triumphant, Monstrari, et dicier, Hic est!

J. G. Too much, and too rashly they talk, for dicendi copia multis
Mortifera est; vide MANNERS! He doubtless would gladly exult his
Unfortunate lines to expunge, and to substitute, Unica Virtus,
Et sola Nobilitas est! Keeping her, other losses can't hurt us.

P. B. At elections I always exclaim. "Quantum est in rebus inane!"
To each candidate fain would I cry, "Quo deinde? quo ruis, insane?
Rem populi tractas?" I'd ask him, (dum fervet plebecula bile
Commotâ, with missiles and hisses assailing the sheriff, the while he
Tries in vain with his hand to impose calidæ silentia turbæ,)
"For whom dost thou suffer these toils? For thyself, or for RUSSELL, or DERBY?"
Mille hominum species, my friend, et rerum discolor usus
At elections appear. For a moment their follies perchance may amuse us.

J. G. Quicquid homines agunt, indeed, at such seasons, to those who can note 'em,
Is droll: Timor; ira; voluptas; discursus; gaudia; votum.
First, a landlord appears in the field; by his merit unable to claim a
Regard from the crowd, and compelled aliorum incumbere famâ,
And whose principal right, as it seems, to be one of a senate or quorum,
Is the fact that he 's able at home ostendere vultûs majorum;
So his tenants opine, and by them to St. Stephen's he'll never be sent, or
You 're vastly mistaken, you'll say, si suffragia libera dentur.
O demens! Sunt homines servi! in vain for their votes you will hunt, as
He tells them, "Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas."
For the county of course he will stand; for the Borough, perchance, to compete, or
It may be to buy it at once, come Grammaticus, medicus, rhetor,
Schœnobates, augur, mercator, geometres, pictor, aliptes;
(For each, be his trade what it may, in affairs of the state an adept is).
Too oft, quantum quisque suâ in arcâ servavit nummorum,
Just so many votes he will have: Emergunt haud facile quorum,
Virtutibus obstat paupertas. Had the satirist wandered from home, he
To our island had surely applied his cum pretio omnia Romæ.
If Fortune and COPPOCK oppose, for a seat you may long be a waiter;
If Fortune and COPPOCK assist, Fies pharmacopolâ senator.
Are you rich? Then be sure that your learning and worth, they will all, to a man, know;
Are you poor? Then despair, for in tenui rara facundia panno.

P. B. Stop! Stop! My good friend, not so fast! Your satire grows really ridiculous;
Do you think every one but yourself habet asini longas auriculas?
Each member admits these defects, and to alter them steadfastly bent is—

J. G. Pooh! Nonsense! Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione quærentes?
All the House, in this matter, may do, isn't worth the small end of my thumb, as
Dat veniam corvis, of course, sed vexat censura columbas.

LORD MAIDSTONE'S FLOOD OF ELOQUENCE.

ACCORDING to LORD MAIDSTONE, the downfall of the DERBY Ministry was to have been immediately followed by a Deluge—a poetical mode of expressing the idea, that under the magnificent figure of universal water all things would find their level. Finding the Deluge did not go down—with the public, at any rate—LORD MAIDSTONE lighted the fire of his imagination, and thought he had accomplished a "blaze of triumph" by suggesting Vesuvius as the only possible successor to the DERBY Ministry. We can't pretend to say whether the old Surrey Zoological model of Vesuvius is still in existence, and at the disposal of LORD MAIDSTONE to carry out his grand politico-panoramic idea; but we must say that we think the mock lava of the mimic mountain might be an improvement on the unmeaning palaver of the pseudo-Protectionist Ministry. Perhaps, as LORD MAIDSTONE is advertising Vesuvius as the necessary afterpiece to follow the farce that is now going on, it may be worth the while of the enterprising manager of the Surrey Zoological Gardens to have his popular piece of pyrotechny ready for revival on the conclusion of the DERBY pastime.

Conjugal Equity.

A GENTLEMAN who takes in the morning journals, and whose attention is apt to be monopolised by them, remonstrated one day with his wife for coming down to breakfast in curl-papers; when the lady replied, "If you indulge in your papers, I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy mine!"

NO DOUBT OF IT.

"A YOUNG mineralogist" asks, Which is the most attractive metal? *Mr. Punch*, with an eye to Australia, unhesitatingly answers—Gold.

TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent. "NOW THEN, CABMAN, HOW MUCH TO THE STRAND?"
Cabman. "SIX SHILLIN!"
Old Gent. "THAT'S TOO MUCH."
Cabman. "WELL! WHAT YOU PLEASE! IT'S TOO HOT TO DISPUTE ABOUT TRIFLES!"

THE REVOLVING MAN.

THE public of New York are just now running after an individual who is exhibited under the title of the "Revolving Man." We really see nothing so surprising, after all, in a Revolving Man, for we have had several specimens at the recent elections, and, indeed, we have for some time been accustomed to the rather curious spectacle of a Revolving Minister. The American Revolving Man goes round so fast that it is impossible to distinguish the colour of his dress—a fact that coincides curiously with the phenomenon presented by our "Revolving Minister," whose colours are not to be discerned on account of his rotatory movement. The American Revolving Man has been compared to a humming-top, and it is remarkable that an aptitude for "humming" as well as for turning round, has been for some time one of the characteristics of our "Revolving Minister."

The Lion-Hunter.

IT is said that MR. GORDON CUMMING is sighing to return to Africa again. He is growing despondent for the want of a little sport. May we recommend to him, therefore, a good subject for the exercise of his skill? If the noble NIMROD succeeds in the chase we propose, he is a far cleverer sportsman than we even take him to be. It is to go out hunting for the four Lions that are wanting to complete the pedestal of the NELSON Column! If he succeeds in bringing home those four Lions, he will be able to write himself down in his next book as the greatest lion-hunter in the world.

COMPANION PRINTS.

WILLIAM LEE inventing the "Stocking Loom."
DISRAELI inventing the "Possibility-of-something-in-the-future Loom."

PROVINCIAL FANCY.

Lively little Affair at Tiverton, between old PAM, *alias the Bottle-holder, and* ROWCLIFFE, *the Tiverton Yokel.*

CONSIDERABLE interest has for some time past attended the movements of old PAM, the Downing-street veteran, especially since his retirement from the Family Crib, in consequence of his tiff with JOHNNY RUSSELL, who has since, himself, given up the house to the DERBY Pet, having been driven to this step, in a great degree, by the disgust of his patrons at his treatment of the judicious Bottle-holder.

Since his quarrel with JOHNNY old PAM has remained on the quiet, declining, it is said, repeated offers to make matches, and, though much pressed by DERBY to take the chair at the Foreign Harmonic Ordinary, now very inadequately filled by MALMESBURY (who got such a thorough punishing the other day from MATHER, the Shields Rough), PAM has hitherto very wisely held back. It is thought by many of his friends that he contemplates taking the house himself, should DERBY find it too many for him, which most people think it is.

Under these circumstances the Fancy were naturally all agog to witness the little mill that has just come off at Tiverton between the veteran Bottle-holder and one ROWCLIFFE—a performer not known in the London P. R, but about whom his local backers bounced uncommonly. His challenge to PAM, we must own, took us by surprise, and so we fancy it did the veteran himself.

The affair came off on Wednesday week, and a strong muster of the Provincial Fancy attended.

PAM was attended by GEORGEY HEATHCOTE, while a couple of Provincial great unknowns did the needful for ROWCLIFFE. On the men stripping, PAM'S fine condition was apparent. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he peeled as clean as a star and appeared as gamesome as a kitten, chaffing his friends in a style that showed thorough contempt for his man.

Round 1.—ROWCLIFFE came up very serious; PAM took his ground laughing. After a little dodging, ROWCLIFFE went in, evidently meaning mischief, and led off with his right, but was stopped by PAM, who shook his head smiling, and dropped his hands, as if disdaining to punish his man. ROWCLIFFE, nettled at this, rushed in rather wild, with a one, two, when PAM countered sharply on his nob, and ROWCLIFFE went down heavily. First blood for PAM. (*Tremendous cheers for the Bottle-holder, who walked contemptuously to his corner, pointing with his thumb over his left shoulder.*)

Round 2.—ROWCLIFFE came up considerably queered by PAM'S right-hand visitation, but still game. After a wild hit or two, which PAM dodged in his peculiarly neat and easy manner, ROWCLIFFE, clearly intending mischief, shot straight out with his left at PAM'S ribs, but was met by the wily veteran, who in return administered a stinger on the knowledge box, and then, apparently determined to finish his man right off, followed up this with one, two, on the body, and the same to follow, in a style that ROWCLIFFE had clearly not been used to. In this way he walked his man round the ring, hitting him where he liked; ROWCLIFFE still standing up and taking his punishment like a glutton, and now and then attempting a return, but never getting home, till PAM, after thus playing with his opponent like a cat with a mouse for some moments, drew his left and sent ROWCLIFFE to grass with a rum 'un on the right cheek, from which he could not come to time; and PAM was accordingly proclaimed the victor, without a hit or a scratch, after two rounds, only occupying about ten minutes. ROWCLIFFE evidently napped it very heavily about the head and ears, though those who do not know PAM'S neat style of punishment might have fancied he had been hitting light.

Remarks.—To draw any comparison between these men would be ridiculous. From their taking their ground, it was all Lombard Street to a China orange. Nothing but the most foolish presumption on the part of ROWCLIFFE and his backers could have prompted him to challenge the veteran Bottle-holder.

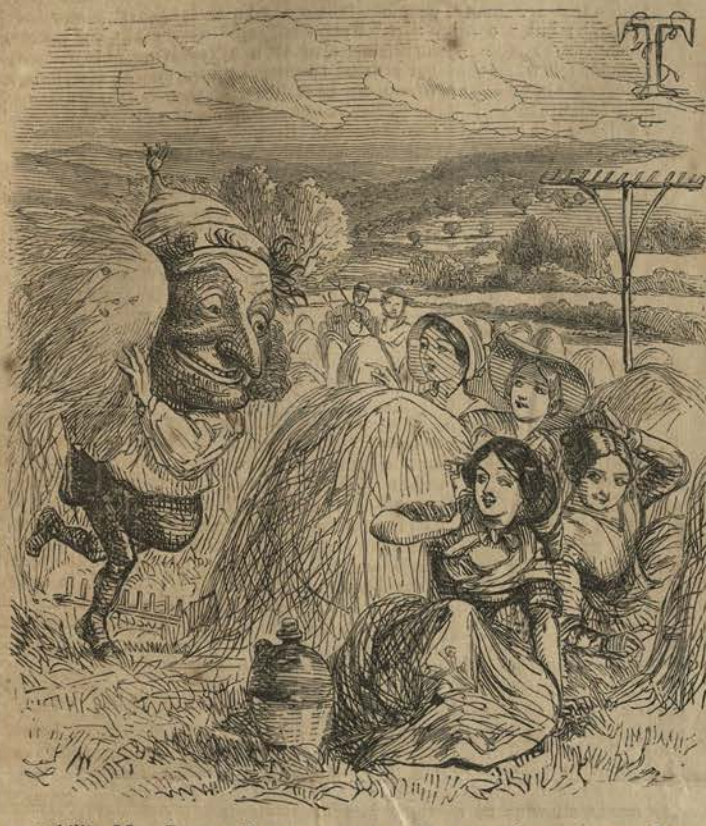
Old as PAM is, he is still a match for anything in the ring. He was in capital spirits, and clearly enjoyed his easy triumph, keeping the spectators in a roar the whole time. He appeared to treat the affair as a glove-fight, and so it was for him. Probably ROWCLIFFE thinks it no joke, all the same. The veteran may be shortly expected in town, at his old crib in Carlton Terrace, when he will be happy to meet his friends and patrons as usual.

Tremendous Heat of the Weather.

IT seems there is a faint rumour of a liberation of political prisoners in France. Warm as the weather has lately been, we were scarcely prepared for this new proof of it. It has even melted LOUIS NAPOLEON'S heart!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at the Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, July 17th, 1852.

MATRIMONIAL BIOLOGY.



THIS is a famous science, but requires very great skill to practise it. The husband tries it on upon the wife, or else the wife (for women generally are more clever at "trying it on") tries it on the husband. In either case, it is extremely amusing, and rarely fails of success. The quiet way in which the person who is under the influence of the other is persuaded out of his senses, affords the greatest amusement — amusement not unmixed with instruction to those who are looking on.

We will illustrate this science with a few familiar examples.

MR. JONES is a highly successful matrimonial Biologist. His wife is highly susceptible—painfully so. She is extremely weak, and does everything that JONES bids her to do. She believes every word he says, and will say anything that JONES commands her to say. If JONES tells her to say he came home last night at twelve o'clock, or that the moon is made of green cheese, or any other likely improbability, MRS. JONES will say so at once. No matter how many may be present, the wonderful control over her smallest actions is just the same. In fact, if there is a large company assisting at the matrimonial *séance*, the complete submission to the husband's will is frequently only the more strongly developed.

These phenomena are not always produced by the communication of metal—though of course the exhibition of it on the husband's part has its due effect. In truth, the more mettle the husband generally shows, the quicker the change in his wife's disposition.

But sometimes a small pressure will work the same change. For instance, JONES is dressing. He declares his shirt is not properly washed. MRS. JONES declares it is. JONES contends it isn't. MRS. JONES maintains it is. This continues for two or three minutes. At last, JONES rushes to his wife, seizes her by the wrist, and pressing it rather tighter than usual, challenges her to look at him. This is done, when JONES says, still holding her by the wrist, "How can you look at me, Madam, and say this shirt is properly washed?" There is no reply, but the eyelids drop, and the whole frame slightly quivers. JONES follows up his advantage, and still staring at her rather scowlingly in the face, shouts loud enough for the buoy at the Nore to hear him: "I defy you, Madam, to say this shirt is properly washed!" The wife sinks down on a chair, covers her face with her hands, and, try as she will, *finds that she cannot say it!* The success of the experiment is complete!

At other times, the two opposite (or rather, opposing) parties are put *en rapport* by a pressure upon the foot. We will suppose they are at dinner. A few friends are invited to partake of it. JONES recommends his "dear ALDERMAN SPOON" to try the venison. "Venison! my dear?" exclaims the simple wife, "it's mutting." "Perhaps you will tell me next, Madam, I don't know venison when I see it?" "No, JOHN, dear, you make a mistake, I tell you, it's mutting—I bought it myself." "How can you quietly sit there, Madam," (here he pinches her foot under the table,) "and gravely say it's mutton? I tell you it's venison, and it's the finest haunch I've seen for a long time; and I defy you, Madam," (here the pinches upon the foot become harder and harder, until at last there is a slight jerk of the body, as if a corn had been touched,) "yes, I defy you, Madam, to say again that it is mutton." The knife and fork are dropped; a cambric handkerchief is raised to the lady's eyes, and an interminable silence of five minutes, only relieved by ALDERMAN SPOON'S taking snuff, is the most flattering testimony of the complete success of this interesting biological experiment.

On the other side, the experiments are not always so successful. Husbands generally are not so susceptible as wives. They require more delicate treatment. The passes, whether under the table or not, must be conducted upon a much more gentle footing. Brow-beating has no effect whatever, for a husband may be told over and over again by his wife to "look her in the face," but it is extremely rare to meet with one who has the courage to do it, as long as she continues in a passion.

But we have met with some pleasing cases to the contrary, as, for example, MR. DOVE is a little diminutive man, with scarcely sufficient energy to cry out "Stop!" to an omnibus. MRS. DOVE is tall and commanding, especially commanding as regards poor DOVE. She can do what she likes with him—making him sing, dance, run, fetch and carry, just as she pleases. He hasn't the will to resist, and, when he has, his will is easily conquered by his wife's "Shall."

Her system of Biology is very simple. It consists of a frown first, and a pinch afterwards. If he happens to be blind to the one, he is never insensible to the other. He is pinched into subjection immediately. In fact, the amount of electricity which there is in a wife's pinch has never been yet properly estimated.

MRS. DOVE'S age is only known by the family Bible and herself, but she is naturally anxious to appear as young as possible. For this purpose, her daughter's age is always lowered some four or five years, in order that her own may benefit by the fall. Thus she says, "JULIA is very advanced—you wouldn't imagine she was only twelve?" "I should think not," exclaims poor DOVE, "when she will be sixteen next birthday, if she's a day." "Now, HENRY, dear," and she frowns at him and then takes hold of his sleeve. "You know better than that." "No, I don't." "Yes, you do, dear, you know she's only twelve," (slight pinch,) "in fact, she's scarcely twelve," (two or three more pinches to silence his rising objections;) "come, don't try to run away, HENRY, but say she's twelve—and not sixteen — there's a dear." HENRY says as he is wanted, and would have said she was only two to get his arm away.

MRS. DOVE goes to a dinner party (she tells the people) in a fly, but HENRY bluntly says it was an omnibus, and declares he can prove it, when suddenly he recollects (at a pinch) that it *was* a fly.

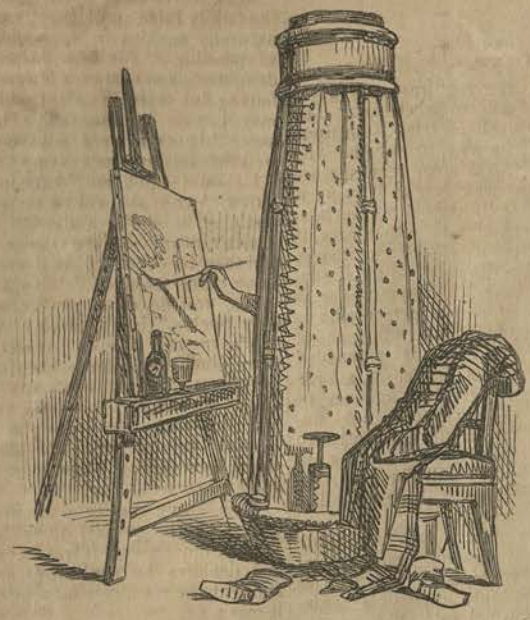
In the same way he cannot see the beauty of a baby that is being handed round for admiration, and openly says as much, but all at once his arm is seen to fly upwards, and he vows "it's the sweetest little thing he has seen for a long time."

Again, he hates dancing:—No, he won't dance, not even to please his dear little wifey—but it is in vain his holding out—He *must* dance—No, he won't: when he feels several smart shocks down his elbow—and, strangely enough, he dances for a whole hour against his will.

This same absence of will is evidenced in all his actions. He holds skeins of silk, without being able to stir from the spot; he reads aloud until he can scarcely see, but for the life of him daren't close the book; he is dragged about all day from shop to shop, and, much as he wishes to run home, his legs refuse to carry him anywhere but after his wife. The Biological influence is complete.

Instances might be multiplied with a tedious facility, but we think we have adduced sufficient to prove the magical control the husband sometimes exercises over the actions, movements, and almost thoughts of his wife, making her repeatedly say and do the very opposite of what she intended; and the absolute command which the wife occasionally gains over her husband, making him a passive instrument in her hands, to turn or twist to any purpose she pleases.

Some very entertaining experiments are frequently made by placing in the palm of the wife's hand a piece of metal, not unlike a sovereign. On such occasions, the wildest exhibitions will take place, the patient being suddenly moved to tears, or frantic joy, according to the prevailing humour she may be in; but such experiments are extremely dangerous, for it is always an operation of the utmost nicety, if not of the greatest impossibility, to get the sovereign out of the wife's hand when once the husband has parted with it.



WHAT OUR ARTIST WILL CERTAINLY BE DRIVEN TO, IF THIS HOT WEATHER LASTS MUCH LONGER.

THE POLICE STAFF.

SURELY, the Commissioner of Police ought to have a seat in the present parliament, for he has canvassed tremendously. His staff has been a *little* too urgent; appealing to "the sense of the people," through the people's heads, in a manner that makes JOHN BULL apt to omit the line in the anthem—"Britons never shall be slaves." MR. WALPOLE, as Home Secretary, might have been returned for Westminster by "plumpers;" that is, if the police might vote as they laid about them. A great deal has been said of the respect, the veneration paid by Englishmen to the policeman's staff. Is it then, in reward of the superstition, that during certain contests, Englishmen have been so mercilessly knocked down by their idol?

Holding the Mirror up to Nature.

THE simple plan for enabling an engine-driver to see the whole of his train by affixing a looking-glass in a convenient position on the tender, has, it seems, been declined by several English Railway Companies. We understand the reason to be that the Companies are already exposed to so many reflections, that the Directors are afraid of increasing the number.

AS CLEAR AS THE NOSE ON YOUR FACE.

CONSIDERING the immense variety of smells that emanate from the Thames, what a capital speculation the river would be, if it could but be made to pay one per (s)cent.

Tergiversation on the Sly.

A SPORTING Contemporary, the other day, announced "a ratting feat" to come off at BILLY SOMEBODY'S public-house. There must be some mistake in this—at any rate so sneaking a trick will not succeed. The DERBYITES' renunciation of Protection must be open as unconditional: the people of this great country will never suffer them to perform their feat of ratting in a hole and corner in the slums.

OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE beg leave to refer our readers to the Gazette for the list of Government appointments, and for the long string of Government Dis-Appointments the public need only glance down the long lists of election returns in the columns of the newspapers.

A CHILD'S CAUL FOR SALE.—In consequence of the approaching Deluge, as prophesied by LORD MAIDSTONE—when all such articles will rise considerably in price—this Child's Caul will be sold a Great Bargain, for the moderate sum of £50. An early application is requested, in consequence of the numerous demands. For further particulars, apply to JEREMIAH DIDDLER, Esq., Diddlesex Chambers, Diddlesex.

INSENSIBILITY TO FAMINE.

THERE are many people who do not know when they have had enough; but, according to SIR FITZROY KELLY, there are also many—so many as to include the majority of HER MAJESTY'S subjects—who cannot tell when they have had too little. LORD DERBY'S Solicitor-General has made this discovery, and imparted the new-found truth to his constituents of East Suffolk, whom he is reported to have thus addressed at the hustings:

"It has been said that upwards of 3,000,000 quarters of wheat more were imported in 1850 and 1851 than in 1845 and 1846, before the repeal of the Corn Laws took place. . . . While I admitted, as I do now, the truth of the fact that there was this increase in the importation, I venture to assert that the food, the comforts and enjoyments of the people have been in no wise increased, have not, taking them as a mass, been increased at all; for if 3,000,000 more quarters have been imported, 3,000,000 quarters less have been produced in this country."

The people at large, before the repeal of the Bread Tax, were certainly not quite in the perfect fruition of food, comforts, and luxuries. These good things, according to SIR FITZROY KELLY, have since in no wise increased. Therefore they have diminished: for the population has gone on increasing. But the vulgar cry is still "Hooray for Cheap Bread!" which, as your friend EUCLID would say, is absurd. Not absurd, if cheap bread means abundance: absurd, ridiculous, preposterous, if it means scarcity, as it does if we are to believe SIR FITZROY KELLY.

So much corn has been imported, so much less has been grown, so many more mouths to feed, so much less bread for each: that is the case of our learned friend. Well: suppose we have not eaten so very much more bread than we used to eat. May not SIR FITZROY KELLY find an explanation of this circumstance in the fact that we have eaten more meat? Bread is not the only article of food we rejoice in. A very general opinion prevails that Free Trade has enlarged our dietary altogether; so that the masses are not so restricted as they were to bread-dinners. Most of us go about under an idea that we have partaken, in additional measure, of beef, mutton, veal, and lamb: but this, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL will perhaps tell us, is an illusion. Now is it not the fact, that he has himself been studying electro-biology, and trying to impress the susceptible subjects of East Suffolk with a fancy that a bellyfull is short-commons?

But if Free Trade is a delusion, why should the Derbyites seek to undeceive us? How cruel of them to disturb our blessed hallucination! If we imagine we have a Lotus in the big loaf, humour the national mania, allow us to continue in the enjoyment of it: if we are crazy, nevertheless you see it keeps us quiet.

Newport against Rimini.

AT Newport the other day, the papers relate, the ceiling of a large room fell in upon four hundred Mormonites, not one of whom was hurt. The Latter Day Saints say it was a miracle they all escaped; other persons, who pretend to be saints, would declare it a miracle if any of them had been killed; but no doubt the wonder above mentioned is as good a miracle as can be boasted of by any Saint of the Latter Day—whether JANUARIUS or JOE SMITH.

HOW TO BE NOT RECOGNISED BY YOUR CREDITORS.

BATHE in the Serpentine, and upon emerging from the water you will be quite a different colour, and so terribly altered, that not your sharpest-sighted creditor will be able to recognise you.—J. DIDDLER, Esq.

Golden Prospects.

OWING to the expected influx of gold from Australia, it is reported in the best informed circles that Gold Stick will ultimately have his wand of office composed of the precious metal. That metal, however, will be less precious than it is at present; and the rise in comparative value of the secondary metallic substance, will render it, by and by, a much more fortunate lot than it is even now, to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth.

NEW START OF DERBY AND CO.

THE DERBY Firm appears likely to re-open shop after the election, depending, less like a Protectionist than a Free Trade establishment, on "Small Profits and Quick Returns."

Papal Fireworks.

THE Irish Priests have been, at the late election, evincing their politico-pyrotechnical abilities in the composition of squibs, or rather Roman candles, after a receipt in which sulphur strongly predominates, and which, from their extremely incendiary qualities, may be regarded as somewhat more than mere fireworks, if not approaching to the nature of infernal machines.

HINTS TO YOUNG YACHTSMEN.

AS the yachting season has commenced its brilliant course, it becomes *Mr. P.'s* duty to give a fillip to the aspirations of young yachtsmen. If every one of them who *has ears*, will only hear—*Mr. P.* promises himself no ordinary moral influence.

I will suppose you, my good young boy, to be a promising youth of some four-and-twenty, desirous of being "somebody," which is your honourable English ambition. You are a man of means. Your papa has a house a little to the east of Gower Street, and is not disinclined to a little extravagance on your part, provided it be "on the square" (to use your own expression), and indulged in respectable company. You wish to make for yourself a set. You are right, then, in joining yourself to some distinct section of the great Sporting World, where nothing will be expected of you but good-nature and right conduct to your fellows, and sufficient means. The last is your governor's business, and I would advise you to leave it to him. To find the means being his peculiar department, don't you interfere with it, by trying it on elsewhere. You may be tempted to do so by being shy about an application to him, occasionally. But, be cautious. The myth (look out that word) of the Wandering Jew too closely typifies the restless activity of the great Hebrew intellect. Many a pleasant fellow's cup of life has been spoiled by the infusion of the "Semitic element" (see *Life of* BENTINCK).

Perhaps, after all, the sea is the best field—if it can be called a field—for your young ambition. You were born for the water, you say. So are the swans. So also is another class of birds—but pass that by. You are bent on being a Yachtsman. Well, I don't blame you for the ambition. You are too old to enter the Navy. And, if you were not, your worthy father's opinions are very liberal. *He* wouldn't get an appointment from the present people, I can tell you!

You have bought the *Bubble*, and you have been elected into the Argonaut Club, after a little manœuvring. You were opposed, first of all, by the machinations of FITZ-OFFAL, whom you sulkily describe as a "used-up exclusive swell." I don't applaud FITZ-O. I agree with you, that it is wonderful how he manages to keep the flag (which I implore you not to call a "bit of bunting") flying in the *Diddler*. I can give no satisfactory explanation of his leaving the Heavy Baboons after the Derby of 184—; and I wish I knew the details of his rumoured scene with his skipper (whom, by the by, call the "master" for a year or two), outside the Isle of Wight. But never mind him; he has not hindered your getting in, and he would give his ears or his pedigree (both of which are of respectable length) to have your banker's account. Then, don't embroil yourself with any of your club. Don't get into corners of billiard-rooms at Cowes, or elsewhere, and sneer at the Committee. Don't be always niggling at the Regulations, or making absurd animadversions on the rules relating to the starboard tack giving way, &c.

In fact, let me first of all warn you not to begin by being *too nautical*. Rome—HUDSON'S house at Albert Gate—were neither of them built in a day. You can't make a name in a day: except such a temporary name as you could make by sowing mustard and cress in the form of letters in a garden, which sprouts up and passes away before you can say JACK ROBINSON. Once, in these pages, I had occasion to reprimand a youth who startled a whole company of men, by saying that *no square-rigged man could sail a fore-and-after*. This was in the *London* in Devonport, when I was visiting the dockyards officially, with the excellent SIR THUNDER BOMB, K.C.B., and the effect is still fresh in my remembrance. There were many naval men there, when this dogma fell from the lips of GOSLING (of the firm of FLOPP AND GOSLING). The poor boy never could get over the effect of his speech, and has since married a widow with money, and taken to farming. Be slow, my son, to lay down great general principles. Be long before you affect the very familiar use of nautical phrases. I would rather hear you pronounce "studding-sails"—giving "studding" its two syllables in full—than hear you glibly talking of "stun-sails," and confusing them hopelessly with the flying jib. I would prefer that you should, on visiting a man-of-war, speak deliberately of the "fore-castle," than that you should saucily bring out "fokesal," like an old boatswain, when you could scarcely discriminate between its position and that of the poop! I have been informed that when LORD MUDDLE visits ships officially, he has been known to mistake the binnacle for the jolly-boat, but remember that *you* are not a Lord of the Admiralty, and that no such ignorance will be excused in you.

Long Vacation.

A PROMISING young Solicitor of Carey Street intends going to Prussia, to be present at the experiments that are going on there with the needle gun and the Minié rifles. He thinks this the best way of passing the Long Vacation, as he may be able to derive from it a few notions as to Sharp Practice.

STARVED OUT BARRISTERS.

WE understand that MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP have sent in claims to compensation, for the loss they will sustain by the abolition of the practice of requiring "Counsel's signature" to the pleadings in the Courts of Common Law. MR. BRIEFLESS declares that this arrangement will not only take the bread out of his mouth, but the cheese out of his pan, and the tea out of his caddy. MR. DUNUP has prepared a long constitutional argument to show that the signing of a plea by counsel ought to be a *sine quâ non*, and that the legislature, in taking from him his "good name," which will henceforth be good for nothing even when connected with that "stamp of authority"—a bill stamp, will be depriving him of that which has been literally his sole reliance, for it was relied upon by nobody else.

He proceeds in a spirit of learned melancholy to deplore, as one of the worst signs of the times, the abolition of the signing of pleas by barristers, and he expresses a fear that he shall soon have to affix his name to a "Bill of Reviver," as nothing but a bill to a large amount can revive his drooping fortunes. MR. BRIEFLESS descants rather touchingly upon the reckless hand of innovation which has prevented him from bequeathing a valuable name to his children (should he ever happen to have any), and he is busily engaged in making his possible family a plea, under the head of the "general issue," which he trusts will reach the heart of what he says ought to be a paternal Government. In allusion to his little fees—the only fees he ever received—he quotes passionately the language of MACDUFF as to the summary treatment of "all his little ones"—his precious little half-guineas—which have been cut off at "one fell swoop;" and, indeed, it is to be feared that the effect on the mind as well as on the larder of the learned gent. will be truly deplorable. There has been some talk of a subscription, which it is said will be headed by the laundress, who has offered to impale on the shrine of benevolence the amount of her last week's washing bill.

DUET FOR THE LAWYER'S OFFICE AND THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

SHOULD institutions be forgot
For which, time out of mind,
Our SIDNEYS bled and HAMPDENS fought,
In the days of auld lang syne?
Sing auld lang syne, my friend,
Sing auld lang syne,
We'll make a pretty penny yet,
Of auld lang syne.

And sure you'll chuckle o'er your stoup,
As sure shall I o'er mine;
We both may well be cock-a-whoop
For our gains of auld lang syne.
Sing, auld lang syne, &c.

Whoe'er may lose, we two must win,
Election times are fine
For law, as well as beer and gin,
From the days of auld lang syne.
Sing, auld lang syne, &c.

Then show's thy purse, my worthy friend,
See, here's a purse of mine!
Though some a little less may spend
Than they did in auld lang syne.
Sing, auld lang syne, &c.

Influx at Lunatic Asylums.

As there are to be two full moons this month, it may be expected that all homœopathists, and others labouring under illusions—Protectionists, perhaps, inclusive—will have been twice as mad as usual.

STARTLING EFFECT OF THE GOLD "DIGGINS."

Reduced Goldsmith (loq.). "NOW THEN, HERE YOU ARE!—A HANDSOME GOLD SNUFF-BOX AND A HA'PORTH OF SNUFF FOR A PENNY!"

STANZAS TO PALE ALE.

OH! I have loved thee fondly, ever
Preferr'd thee to the choicest wine;
From thee my lips they could not sever
By saying thou contain'dst strychnine.
Did I believe the slander? Never!
I held thee still to be divine.

For me thy colour hath a charm,
Although 'tis true they call thee Pale;
And be thou cold when I am warm,
As late I 've been—so high the scale
Of FAHRENHEIT—and febrile harm
Allay, refrigerating Ale!

How sweet thou art!—yet bitter, too;
And sparkling, like satiric fun;
But how much better thee to brew,
Than a conundrum or a pun,
It is, in every point of view,
Must be allow'd by every one.

Refresh my heart and cool my throat,
Light, airy child of malt and hops!
That dost not stuff, engross, and bloat
The skin, the sides, the chin, the chops,
And burst the buttons off the coat,
Like stout and porter—fattening slops!

Una Voce Poco Fa.

THE other day, LORD MAIDSTONE on coming forward to thank the Westminster electors for having thrown him out, or rather refused to let him in—though he would have let them in if they had done otherwise—declared that he was unable to say anything, as he had "lost his voice." Now, as a thing cannot be lost until it has been found, and as we never heard that LORD MAIDSTONE possessed a voice in Westminster, we do not see how he can have lost it there. Of course, as he had nothing to say on the hustings when the result of the poll was declared, he could only be regarded as a "mute" assisting at the funeral obsequies of Protection in Covent Garden Market.

A SERMON FOR DOGS.

THE dogs of Constantinople are among the most interesting creatures of that most famous city. It requires a sharp look-out on the part of the night-walker, not to be attacked and devoured by them; but that is little. There they are, in their dirt, and mange, and nastiness—the pets of the pious Mussulman who harbours and comforts them.

However, the spirit of liberalism—the spirit that has killed the merriment of once merry England, making us a hard-dealing, cotton-spinning, dear-selling, cheap-buying nation; the spirit that, according to the Imaums who preach from the minarets of the *Herald* and the *Post*, has caused to be thrown out of cultivation thousands and tens of thousands of acres of land that was wont to be rich and smiling with golden corn—every grain of which now comes from the foreigner—the British farmer in his recklessness growing nothing but groundsel and poppies; that spirit that, forcing its way to Stamboul, has plucked the solemn turban from the head of the Turk, clapping in its stead the fez woven and imported from unbelieving Leeds; the spirit of innovation that has torn the wide-flowing robe and the voluminous bag-like trousers from the majestic Mussulman, and now buttons him tight up to the throat, and thrusts his legs in shameless trousers; that spirit has been busy among the time-hallowed dogs of Stamboul—the curs almost sacred in their vested rights of food and lodging.

A short time ago—says the *Globe*—the number of dogs in Constantinople was so great, that three thousand of them—many of them, no doubt, torn from their nearest and dearest friends, with no more tenderness shewn towards them than a Virginian slave-merchant exhibits towards his two-legged chattels—three thousand of them were conveyed to an isle of the Bosphorus, with provision to *last three days!* On the fourth day, the Imaums ascended the minarets, and exhorted the dogs to patience and resignation!

Do we take this story as the grave relation of a grave fact? Not we. No: no; the editor of the *Globe* is an incorrigible wag; and has only invented the tale as an illustration—another waggery—of the condition of the three thousand Protectionists (if there be so many?) at present in England.

But let us assume this dogs' tale to be a true tale; what was the true peroration of the Imaums' sermon to the dogs? Why, the very sermon that those Imaums of Manchester, COBDEN and BRIGHT, in their sarcastic hard-heartedness preach from their minarets, the tall chimneys of Cottonopolis.

Consider those hapless, undone dogs, the English farmers. Their cries—to any other ears, save ears filled with cotton-balls—are terrible. They have expended all their capital: for more than three years—poor dogs!—they have existed upon that; and now do the Manchester schoolmen—the elders of the Manchester Jacobin Club, as NAPOLEON DISRAELI so beautifully calls them—now do they, in their hard-hearted sarcastic manner preach, as the Imaums preached to the ousted dogs of Constantinople—"patience and resignation."

But there is a term, an end to patience and resignation. "We have eaten our three days' food—(lived on our principal for three years)"—howl the dogs; "and we are starving—starving!"

And then Imaum COBDEN ascends the tall brick chimney; and after crying "*Allah, Bismallah:* there is but one Manchester, and Cotton is its profit," then does COBDEN preach to the famishing multitude; and his peroration is of these few words:—

"DOGS, EAT ONE ANOTHER!"

There. *Punch*, in the handsomest manner makes a present of this illustration to SIR FITZROY KELLY, Solicitor-General for the Corn Laws. The thing is as false and as bad as it can be; but therefore carries with it the best recommendation for SIR FITZROY; for is he not a man who would bleach a blackamoor into an Albino, and turn the soot of even a Manchester chimney into Alpine snow? or,—if the thing were put in his Government brief—by his very mode of handling it, change Alpine snow into cotton-chimney soot?

Sister Seats of Learning.

SHOULD an inquiry respecting the system of tuition pursued at Maynooth take place next session, its results will perhaps be interesting, as compared with those that may be elicited by the University Commission. They will probably show that there is no more objection to the endowment of Maynooth than there would be to a grant to Oxford: and that a graduate of the latter seat of learning and Puseyism is admissible *ad eundem* at the former.

THE DERBY ACROBATS; OR. COMING BACK FROM "THE COUNTRY."

JULY 24 1852.

AN ECONOMICAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

THERE is a very general demand for the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, which article, however heavily burdened with taxation, is not altogether so dear as people commonly suppose. At least there is a locality in the north of England, wherein knowledge appears to be obtainable on terms which, if not reasonable, are unreasonable only from being absurdly cheap. An advertisement in the *Times* announces, that at a certain gentleman's "Academy" near Richmond, Yorkshire—

YOUTHS ARE BOARDED, Furnished with Books, and INSTRUCTED in whatever their future prospects may require, for 20 and 22 guineas a year. No vacations unless desired. Cards, with references, to be had by return of post, and —— —— will call upon applicants, after the 11th, in London.

To be sure, there is a certain ambiguity in this advertisement. When it states the terms for board, books, and instruction, unconditionally, in *whatever* the pupil's future prospects may require, at 20 and 22 guineas a year, we are in doubt whether it means 20 + 22 guineas, or twenty guineas for one class of students or course of teaching, and twenty-two for another. As the future prospects of some pupils may require instruction in *omni scibili*, the more probable conjecture should seem to be that 42 guineas are intended; though in that case the figure might as well have been stated at once. But forty-two guineas would be cheap for a *curriculum* which would possibly include the rudiments of the ancient and modern languages, of mathematics, pure and mixed, and of the moral and physical sciences. If from 20 to 22 guineas be what is meant, we can only say that such a price for a year's food for both mind and body is a miracle of cheapness; but we consider that the age of miracles has passed, and especially—after the publication of "*Nicholas Nickleby*"—of such miracles as this.

As the principal of this *Gymnasium* "will call upon applicants," we would recommend those whom he may honour with this attention, to interrogate him rather particularly with regard to the quality of his provisions for the corporeal and mental nutrition of his juvenile charges, if the nature of those arrangements is of any consequence to the parent, uncle, aunt, or guardian concerned. As this may, in some disgraceful instances, not happen to be the case, we think it would be as well that cheap Yorkshire schools should be liable to inspection, as well as nunneries and all other private institutions in which the well-being of any persons—young or old, male or female—may be under the control of other persons, subject to human passions and frailties, and therefore, though perhaps highly respectable, not implicitly to be trusted.

REAL HUSTINGS ELOQUENCE.

THE noblest—although somewhat of the shortest—speech made during the elections was the speech of MR. BERESFORD, late major of the Lancers, late whipper-in of the Tories, and actual Secretary at War under LORD DERBY. BERESFORD, the silver-tongued, stood upon the hustings of North Essex; and as he was much hooted, BERESFORD mildly called his opponents mere rabble. Whereupon said rabble hooted again. Whereupon BERESFORD meekly observed—

"I appeal to the freeholders, to the landowners, and *to the clergy of North Essex*, who I am sure will return me in spite of your brawls. (Great confusion.) *I despise you from my heart as the vilest rabble I ever saw.*"

BERESFORD throws himself like a Tory and a Christian upon the Clergy, and then denounces his men and brethren as "the vilest rabble" he ever saw. We call this large, full-mouthed eloquence. If a dust-hole could speak, could its utterance be larger or more choice than the utterance of that deep-chested late whipper-in—that large-hearted Secretary at War of the Tory Cabinet? The rabble! Very good indeed, ex-major. These men are rabble, because they have no votes: and having no votes, how brutal must be their voices? The beasts! They are so low in intelligence that, we dare be sworn, they hardly know a big loaf from a little one.

Splendid Act of Butchery.

THE *Sun* relates that a certain MR. HAND, a famous swordsman, the other evening at Saville House, Leicester Square, cut a sheep in two at a blow. This is the largest mutton chop we ever heard of.

THE SUBSTITUTE FOR PROTECTION.

SONG FOR THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

'TIS all up wi' Protection; so let 's be content,
It wasn't much good but to bolster up Rent;
A ton of cheap guano 'd be werth more to we
Than all the Protection as ever could be.

But now for our guano we 've got for to goo
To them Lobos Islands, out there by Peru.
For the stuff, by itself, a long price we must pay;
And then there 's the carriage, besides, to defray.

So far for manœuvre ah! why should we roam?
When we have abundance and plenty at home,
Which to waste as we do is a shame and a sin,
When we might rejoice and be thankful therein.

I went up to Lunnun, no long time ago,
And on to the Thames for a breeze and a blow;
I might ha' took a sail on the hoss-pond as well,
For the look o' the water and likewise the smell.

Thinks I, this here river, so yoller as flows,
Is no pleasant thing to have under one's nose,
But wi' a few cartloads on 't over a field,
Loramassy, to think what a crop 'a would yield!

And here you be lettun a stream like that there,
As might fatten the earth, only pizon the air,
You might turn the best part o' that flooid to bread,
And you gets nothin' out on 't but fever instead.

A brook by my farm-yard runs pleasant and clear;
I might make un exactly like this river here,
By turnin' un into a drain, to convey
All the good o' the pigsty and stable away.

The riches each poor country clodhopper saves,
You allows to be swoller'd right up by the waves,
Save a potion as don't goo so far as the sea,
Which you swollers yourselves in your beer and your tea.

Ammonia, and such like, to plants is a treat;
But for my part I must say I don't like such meat;
I'd rather, myself, from such dainties refrain,
Till in Natur's due course they be changed into grain.

But had we the stuff of the Thames at command,
What a boon it would be and relief to the land!
We farmers should find it of far moor avail,
Than either fixed dooty, or up-and-down scale.

If I 'd as much on it as I could employ,
My buzzum 'twould fill wi' peace, comfort, and joy;
And the Cockneys would also be joyful and glad,
If they was so well rid of rubbish so bad.

The best way to smooth all our diff'rences down,
Would be giving to Country the drainage of Town;
To both at the same time affording relief,
Of either 'twould banish the sorrow and grief.

Some help of this nature would be our best boon—
If you asks for Protection, you cries for the moon—
So now give DISRAELI and DERBY to know
That manœuvre 's the best thing that they can bestow.

DEATH OF "JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE."

WE are told that on the 24th of October next, these great characters—great in their fiction and falsehood—will cease, even as lies, to exist. A statute of the last session enacts that

"Instead of the present proceeding by ejectment, a writ shall be issued, directed to the persons in possession of the property claimed, which property shall be described in the writ with reasonable certainty."

Reasonable certainty! And is law to be made a thing of reason! Then what is called justice may take a chandler's shop, and with her false weights, vend soap and candles.

We understand that the oldest attorneys contemplate the formation of a committee, whose object shall be a public professional funeral of the deceased DOE and ROE; a few enthusiasts, in anticipation of the mournful event, have already had their coats dipped a deeper black. The deceased will be buried at midnight,—the bells of the Inns of Court tolling half-minute strokes. "Service" will be performed either by JACOBS LEVY, or LEVY JACOBS.

THE DAWN OF ART IN THE CITY.

The City of London has always been remarkable for its taste—in regard, however, rather to turtle, clear and thick, calipash, calipee, whitebait, haunch of venison, and such like matters, than to the good things of painting and sculpture. It is true that these two arts are combined in the statues of Gog and Magog; but neither the City giants, nor the image of old Mr. Beckford at Guildhall, will bear a judicious comparison with the "Laocoon," or the "Belvedere Apollo," or, indeed, with any tolerable Highlander at a tobacconist's door. The Mansion House is even worse off than Guildhall for sculptural embellishments, having absolutely none, but lodgings to let for sixteen, in as many niches, which the architect of the building, with a view to their future occupation, left in its interior. But now the Committee for General Purposes, desirous, we suppose, to vindicate the Corporation from the charge of caring more about the knife and fork than the chisel, has suggested to the civic body a scheme for supplying the vacancies. We can assure our fellow-citizens that we shall have much pleasure in suggesting subjects for the exercise of artistic skill on the part of those gentlemen who shall be selected to fill niches in the Temple of Fame, by filling those in the Mansion House. We cannot devise so many as sixteen all at once: but we should say that one of the statues should certainly be that of Heliogabalus. Another—if we may be allowed to enrich Mythology with a new deity—should be Bulimia, the goddess of enormous appetite; and, at any rate, one of the niches should be allotted to Time, old Tempus, *edax rerum*, the great consumer.

There is a talk, also, of decorating the interior of Saint Paul's with appropriate paintings; and Archdeacon Hale has proposed that these should consist of illustrations of sacred history: so as to render the whole interior of the cathedral a pictorial Bible. A very good idea this, particularly since, in the present state of national education, such a Bible is the only one that a very considerable class of persons can read.

In preference to the Archdeacon's plan, some may be inclined to recommend that the pictures to adorn the inside of St. Paul's, should, like the productions of mediæval church-painters, illustrate the ecclesiastical tone and character of the age. To correspond with the saints in impossible attitudes doing impossible things, as delineated by the veritable pre-Raphaelites, it may be thought that the pictorial decorations of our metropolitan church should represent clerical parties and persons in the positions, and discharging the functions, which they actually stand in and perform. For instance—if the artist could manage such a thing—a pluralist might be pourtrayed attending to several livings at once. A fresco might show a Bishop, assisted by one or more subordinate clergymen, celebrating a "marriage in high life," on the one hand; and on the other, a single curate joining in holy matrimony a score of couples of the inferior classes at a time. A second might display a would be patron of a living buying a next presentation: the existing incumbent in the background, an octogenarian, depicted in the ancient allegorical way, with one leg in the grave. A third might set forth the pilgrimage of a Tractarian or Puseyite, on his journey to Rome.

Still, on the whole, perhaps, such representations, however truthful, would be too absurd: though less absurd than wry-necked, bumble-footed saints doing incredible thaumaturgy. It is therefore to be hoped, for the encouragement of Art, and the cultivation of public ideality, that Archdeacon Hale's scheme will be carried out, and that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's will contribute thereto with unwonted liberality.

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER XIII.

O! if I were writing a sentimental story about somebody else, what a beautiful page I would try to compose here, showing what her feelings ought to have been after the event described by papa in the last chapter. Only, then, I am not a heroine. I am certain, for papa has said so (and he is always right), that I must have given Albany cause to think I loved him sincerely, and I felt very grieved that papa did not see his way to giving his consent to our marriage. But if I could have seen, at the time, the dear kind letter which made my last chapter, and had known how papa was planning and plotting for our happiness, I should have cried for joy ten times as much as I did for sorrow. I felt so sure that all would come right, from the moment papa had thought it worth his while to understand Albany, that I went about the house as cheerfully as possible, and every day put Eau de Cologne into papa's handkerchief, picked the shells off his eggs, and dried the *Times* for him, without ever looking up mournfully, and saying, "Behold your work, my iron-hearted sire, my lip may writhe with a smile, but my wounded heart languishes into premature interment." Indeed, such a speech would have been beyond my powers; but papa read it from a penny but popular romance of domestic life, a number of which he found on the rug in the breakfast room at Brighton, and politely returned, in the tongs, to the indignant subscriber and housemaid when she brought in the coal-scuttle. I think it right to quote it, because doing so shows that I know what ought to have been said here, if I were writing for popularity.

But when I say that I soon had another offer, and received it civilly, what ever will be thought of me? Patrons of popular literature will turn away their faces in contempt. Another's vows, another spouse, while Hope lies crushed in Gloom! away, avaunt, I won't, I shan't, go, harrow not the Tomb. But it is true, and what would make the fact still more valuable to a declamatory young lady, the offer was an aristocratic one, and therefore one which she would, of course, have trampled upon with increased bitterness of contempt. Lord Anthracite proposed to me.

Lord Anthracite is a middle-aged man, by no means rich, or influential, or notorious. He is an excellent, easy-going, kind-hearted person, whose father mortgaged, to buy horses, nearly all the property his grandfather had not mortgaged to buy voters. Consequently the present peer's establishment is a simple one, with which he is simple enough to be content, and has neither sold himself for a rich wife, nor his proxy for "something from those fellows"—I hope I am not unlady-like in using words I hear, sometimes, from gentlemen who ought to know how Governments should be spoken of. His Lordship has very few relations, and I think the only one he much cares about, is a widow cousin, who was once a beauty, and, on the credit of past glories, gives herself many airs. She has managed to obtain apartments at one of the country Palaces, and may be seen at a window on the days the common people are let into the gardens. She evidently regards them as trespassers, and almost makes faces at them if they venture to look up at the little forests of hydrangias and calceolarias which cover her window-sills. Lord Anthracite was once her suitor, but was rejected for a half-caste Crœsus, who died from a determination of brandy to the head, leaving all his money to the Jesuit priest who had converted him. The widow returned from India, and found it difficult to get another husband, so she forgave Lord Anthracite, but he would never renew his offer, and contented himself with paying her for years twice the attention of any *fiancé*. He was—and is, for I have not interfered—perpetually driving down to the Palace with grapes, strawberries, and peaches, at seasons when the price of one of the baskets he buys would keep a quiet family for a fortnight. This is his only extravagance, I believe, and he is punished for it by her capriciousness, for, in his presence, she will often give his beautiful fruit to her monkey or her page. But he never seems vexed with her, and if, on arriving at the country Palace with a pine-apple, she should send him back to Covent Garden to change it for sixpennyworth of oranges, he would be rather pleased—not that he is in the least degree a silly person.

When Her Majesty was about to open Parliament, Lord Anthracite (whose quiet, old world stories papa likes very much—they seem to have more reality than the smart anecdotes, with bits of French in them, with which dining-out gentlemen pay for their dinners in these days), knowing I had never seen the ceremony, obtained tickets for his cousin and me. I was delighted, and papa declares that I actually "fidgetted" to get him to the House of Lords by twelve o'clock. There we were to meet Lord Anthracite and Mrs. Lall Gong Bangle. He was punctual enough, but she was not, and after waiting an hour, and seeing all the Peeresses go in, a note was brought him, in which Mrs. Lall Gong informed him that the day was really too hot

for sights, and she hoped he would get tickets for the prorogation instead. He looked more angry than I ever saw him before, but there was no time to waste, and nobody to take care of me.

"I could put you into your place," he said, "but it is a bore not to have somebody to tell you who people are—it is too bad of JULIA, almost, but she *is* very delicate—ah! there is the DUCHESS OF LLANGOLLEN, I will speak to her."

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," said, a minute afterwards, one of the kindest and most cheerful voices I ever heard (to be sure, one would have been actually disappointed if any other kind of voice had belonged to that sunshiny face), "and I am only sorry she cannot sit with me. But I will take care of her, and I am glad to see," she added laughing, "that you have condescended to find out at last that there is somebody else in the world besides people who live in Palaces. My dear," she continued, taking my hand as I was presented, "we are late, I mean you are, so we will go in at once; and you go and robe," she said to LORD ANTHRACITE. Papa nodded to me, and the Duchess took me through halls and corridors, until we reached a splendid room, full of colour and carving, and a perfect crowd of officers in uniform, glittering cuirasses and waving feathers; beef-eaters, with their wonderful ruffs; theatrical-looking pages; noblemen in scarlet robes, barred according to rank; two or three judges (who laughed more than anybody), and a few ladies splendidly dressed, but nobody had such diamonds as my conductress. The throng made way for her instantly; she had a look and a smile for everybody—and we passed through a beautifully carved doorway, and were in the House of Lords.

Of course I had seen the chamber, but the seeing it empty or with a dozen carelessly dressed gentlemen scattered about it, is quite another thing from seeing it applied to the purpose for which I am certain it was built. MR. BARRY meant, (and I wonder he has never had the courage to say so) that the Lords should meet in one of their comfortable libraries or refreshment rooms, and that the "House" should be kept for the QUEEN and the ladies. The gilding, the coloured glass, the frescoes, the statues, the heraldry, and all the rich and glittering ornament at once fall into their place in the picture, when the body of the chamber is filled with ladies, and the gorgeous throne-work becomes a mere background to the figure of the Lady of England. However, these were after thoughts, for, at the moment, I could only think of what was going to be done with me. Such a polite gentleman (and yet his tone was a little peremptory, as if he were accustomed to deal with unreasonable requests) came up, and showing the Duchess a seat on the benches to the left, looked at me doubtfully, as much as to say, "Surely LADY BERTHA'S hair is lighter than that."

"I want you, SIR TIBERIUS," said the Duchess, "to put this young lady into the very best place in the whole House, and I am sure you will."

"Not a Peeress, I think?" said the gentleman, bowing.

"Not at present," said the Duchess, demurely.

"In that case, this way," said the gentleman; and he conducted me to the right of the Throne, and below a compartment, in front of which were some bishops, and behind them glittering attachés, in all the uniforms of the civilised and uncivilised world. There were several rows of benches, full of untitled ladies, and they looked at me as we ladies always look at a stranger, with the expression which says, "There is no room, or if there is, I am not going to make it for you." But SIR TIBERIUS was peremptory, and a most vinegar-faced dowager was obliged to put up with only about as much room as was necessary, instead of expanding over three times her rightful seat. The Duchess came over, saw me comfortably placed, and said that we should meet after the ceremony.

The vinegar-faced dowager examined me haughtily for some time, and then said in a grim voice—

"Who was that lady?"

"The DUCHESS OF LLANGOLLEN," I replied.

O dear, how she softened! Had I never been there before? O, how nice, as she could tell me everything. Those seats opposite were for the Peeresses and their families; these, for untitled people. The judges were clustering, I could see, in the middle—their wigs like a bunch of mushrooms. A row of noblemen had the front places all round. That was the Duke: how well he looked. Those dukes up there? No, my dear, those are the newspapers—I mean the writers. That is LORD JONES, whose wife ran away from him, and there is LORD SMITH, who ran away from his wife. That is the DUKE OF HECLA, celebrated for logical powers and red hair. There is the PREMIER—no, there, with his glass to his eye, meditating a joke, I dare say, on somebody. The nobleman with the curl is LORD MALMESBURY; he is bending to the Austrian Official in blue. That is an Oriental prince; he murdered with his own hand sixty of his uncles and aunts—I am in great hopes to meet him at a party next week—look at his emeralds! Ah! the guns—how punctual the QUEEN always is!

And then came the procession, and the imposing group into which it formed itself around the Sovereign, making with its accessories a whole constitutional history of England, told to the eye and illuminated. And then the formalities, the stately Speaker of the Commons, with his black-coated constituents swarming behind him, and his proud but courtly address on their behalf. And then a kneeling Chancellor, presenting the speech to HER MAJESTY—how much better ALBANY will look when he does it—and then a clear and silvery delivery by the QUEEN, who leaves you the impression that, though She is reading the speech, you have got it by heart. And then the farewell by HER MAJESTY, and the closing and intermingling of the most variegated crowd that ever assembles.

LORD ANTHRACITE, in his robes, soon brought me to the Duchess, and she was kind enough to ask me to come to see her beautiful and celebrated house. This I was much pleased at. I was less pleased that some days afterwards his Lordship intimated that it rested with myself to sit on the left hand of the Queen, at the prorogation. However, he received my answer very good-humouredly; and the other day sent me some extraordinary nectarines, of which I believe he defrauded MRS. LALL GONG BANGLE.

WHOSE HEAD?

ow the *Herald* alarms us! Who is the doomed one—who the victim? The *Herald* says—

"PYM swore to have STRAFFORD'S head, and after twenty years of unceasing and relentless pursuit he triumphed. *Such a man*, in some respects, we take JOHN BRIGHT to be."

But, we repeat the question, *whose* head is the relentless BRIGHT in unceasing pursuit of? It cannot be the head of the *Herald;* for the *Herald* can always prove an *alibi*. We have it: it is the head of *Mrs. Harris;* and we earnestly exhort that mythic person to be ready to defend herself with her shadowy pattens.

SIR FITZROY WEASEL KELLY.

FITZROY KELLY—the brass-plate to the door of Downing Street—has again shone upon the hustings. He voted for PEEL'S measure of Free Trade, and now denounces it. Of course: our Solicitor-General holds a brief for the Cabinet. If, however, LORD DERBY should denounce Protection, will SIR FITZROY, asks the *Chronicle*—

"As on a former occasion, continue to enjoy his office, and wait for some judicial dignity to drop. Five or six years hence, it will be time enough to proclaim his abhorrence of measures which he could not denounce at the moment without incurring some personal inconvenience."

Will SIR FITZROY continue to enjoy his office? Of course he will. Catch a weasel asleep. And SIR FITZROY is precisely the weasel that will keep awake to run off with the ermine.

A DOUBTFUL POINT.

LOOKING over a file of the *Times* newspaper the other day, our eye was caught by the following passage:—

"I consider as *great Criminals* those who, by personal ambition, would compromise the small amount of stability guaranteed us by the Constitution."

These, gentle reader, are the words of PRESIDENT LOUIS NAPOLEON, delivered in his Message to the French Assembly upon its opening in November, 1850. Their quotation, we think, is rather opportune just now; for if LORD MALMESBURY'S "Extradition of Foreign Criminals Bill" had passed into law, it clearly might have been questioned whether, in the event of the above speaker seeking refuge on our shores, we should not have been bound, upon his own "considering," to send him back again.

Our Dog Day Number.

WE had some thought, in consequence of the heat, of presenting our readers this week with a number of iced *Punch;* but having to go to press rather before publication, it occurred to us that the weather might change in the meanwhile; and besides, the refrigerative process would have been attended with some difficulty, which could only have been surmounted by the coolest impudence.

DISGUSTING FEAT.—An Irish Barrister eat in Hungerford Market last Wednesday no less than 18 penny ices! He has been melting away ever since.

INTERESTING SCENE DURING THE CANVASS FOR MR. ——, NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM ——.

Wife of Free and Independent. "OH! AIN'T HE A HAFFABLE GENTLEMAN, TUMMUS!"

Free and Independent. "AH! JUST AIN'T 'UN. I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF I WARN'T ABLE TO PAY MY RENT TO-MORRER!"

THOSE WHO RUN MAY SMELL.

THE last strain broke the camel's back, the last mouthful of turtle suffocated the alderman, and the last "twopenn'orth of blue-jack"—a noxious congregation of vapours from certain gas-works—seems likely to prove fatal to that foul-mouthed old nuisance, Father Thames. Some zealous individual, with a nose hardened against all other river-odours or fluvial effluvia, has become painfully susceptible of "blue-jack," and a tincture of that redolent mixture having been perceived, proceedings have been taken which threaten to have a remote, if not an immediate effect on the degraded old river. If "blue-jack" may be interdicted, why may not canine remains be also excluded, and why should the population be compelled to regard as "a harmless necessary cat," the feline corpse that is thrown in from time to time, to give what may be termed "body" to the liquid which supplies so many of our tea-tables?

We have aldermen undertaking occasionally to put down all sorts of improprieties—suicide among the number; but where can there be a finer field for the exercise of those levelling propensities than in attempting to put down the Thames? We should hardly be disposed to quarrel with civic ambition if it were to take the bold direction of an effort to set the Thames on fire, and thus rid the metropolis of a pest that has always been in the worst possible odour with the public at large.

A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL.

IT is said that a German is contemplating a swim across the channel from Calais to Dover. We recommend him to turn his thoughts, before it is too late, into some other channel, for we suspect the British Channel will not supply to him the tide that leads on to fortune. Perhaps the German has heard the old song of

"The ducks and the geese they *all* swim over,"

and he may be of opinion that, as a goose, he is likely to accomplish the passage he contemplates. It would be very awkward if the sea were to turn rough when he had proceeded a few miles on his way, and it must be remembered that Neptune is a smooth-faced hypocrite, whose placidity is not to be relied on for a single hour.

FREEMASONRY OF THE WORLD.—Sympathy.

CHARGE, LANDLORDS, CHARGE.

As the cry of "protection" is always being addressed to us by the landlords in general, we think we are justified in calling on the landlords of hotels, in these days of locomotion, to favour us with "protection" against that disagreeable species of taxation to which we are exposed, in the shape of fees to the waiters and servants of their establishments. We intend to agitate for a reform of this abuse by insisting on the including of these charges in the bill, and we have resolved that "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill" is the watchword we will ring, as if all his bells were going at once to the same tune, in the ears of every hotel-keeper.

In many instances the reform has been already carried out; but we are determined that it shall be general, and that the anomaly shall cease of an addition of twenty-five per cent. to the price of a mutton-chop, for the waiter who hands it to us, or the addition of an equal per centage to the cost of a bed for a night, for the benefit of the chambermaid who has had the making of it. The purchaser of a pair of gloves for three-and-sixpence might just as well be expected to hand over an additional sixpence to the shopman who folds them in paper, or the passenger in a threepenny omnibus might with equal reason add a penny to the fare, for the conductor who opens the door to let him in and let him out again.

We have some idea of appointing a commission to inquire into hotel abuses, and we know of none so objectionable as the abuse a traveller receives either openly or covertly from dissatisfied waiters, who have been dependent for their remuneration on "what the visitor pleases," and whose pleasure has been shown in the practice of a rigid economy.

A Babe at a Bull-Fight.

THERE has been a grand bull-fight at Madrid, in aid of the poor! The QUEEN saw the fun, taking her daughter with her, the baby PRINCESS OF THE ASTURIAS! Children are often wet-nursed by she-goats; but it does seem a little odd to bring up a baby upon bull's blood.

AN ALARMING SACRIFICE!

MATRIMONIAL "sacrifices" are by no means new to us. Almost daily are we hearing of somebody or other of our acquaintance having "thrown himself away," as our informants phrase it, on the Hymeneal Altar; and with the feminine converse to this our ears are scarcely less familiar. But the following instance we certainly were unprepared for, and, with all our experience, it has quite unnerved us. We stumbled on it lately in one of those interesting sheets, the *Times' Supplements*, where, with an address as voucher, it stands authentically recorded thus:—

SACRIFICE.—FOR SALE, in consequence of a slight domestic difference, a very superior and well bred gelding, new Newport Pagnel cart, and plated harness: also a thorough-bred hack, with bridle, saddle, and clothing. The above cost a gentleman a hundred guineas within the last two months, and no reasonable offer will now be refused.

Of "domestic differences," we are, perhaps, not utterly unqualified to speak, but we must confess that the above quite passes our experience. We are morally convinced, indeed, that our darling JUDY could never so inordinately "differ" with us, as to occasion the necessity for our clearing out our stables in such a horribly wholesale way as this. It really reminds us of HERCULES and the Augean Stud.

And to think that with these tremendous consequences, the "difference" in question is absolutely reckoned "slight!" Sincerely do we pity the unfortunate "gentleman" who, by painful comparison, is forced to say so. If this be a specimen of his "*slight* domestic differences"—a terrible problem at once suggests itself, which the marital mind instinctively shudders to solve!

Pity for Protectionists.

A YOUNG Lady, resident in one of the chief towns of an agricultural county, observing some gentlemen, weighing apparently seventeen stone, and being informed that they were distressed agriculturists, remarked that "she was sure they must be very much distressed this hot weather."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, July 24th, 1852.

A PLEA FOR HERNE BAY.

E used to hear a great deal about the "Annexation" of Texas; and the "Union" with Ireland once was the subject of vast excitement, but though these are passed, we see, "looming in the future," the probability that we shall some day hear of the proposed "Annexation" of Herne Bay, and the Union of that watering-place with the remainder of England. At present, the Bay and its inhabitants remain segregated from the rest of their fellow subjects, and unless there is a "solidarity of the peoples" of Whitstable, Sheerness, and Herne, the population of the latter will die out altogether. The worst of it is, that the solitude which was originally forced upon the settlers at the Bay by the apathy of their fellow countrymen, is becoming every day more tolerable to the former, and they are beginning to delight in a wild exclusiveness, which causes them to discourage all approach to their shingly and jelly-fishy shore.

If a steam-boat does accidentally "put in" with a few voyagers, it is met, in the first place, by a spirit of Protectionism and high prices in the shape of pier dues, which almost amount to prohibition against the landing of passengers. We regret to perceive that this state of isolation is "telling" frightfully upon the inhabitants of Herne Bay, and giving a sort of Yahoo-like wildness to a race once remarkable for gentleness.

Nature is still beautiful; but Art is falling under the hands of barbarism, and the handsome buildings that have been extravagantly put up are being knocked barbarously down again. The Kent Hotel has had all its rooms and rafters taken out, its entrance-steps carried away, its back demolished, and three of its external walls are still standing as a shelter to a stud of goats, which, in dragging chaises, seem to form the chief wealth of the place.

The one policeman, however, has gone most rapidly forward; for, though last year only an ordinary constable, we found him this year in full superintendent's uniform, having we suppose promoted himself to his present elevated rank, for his own—no doubt—meritorious services. The only Government officer is the postman, who has added to the pursuit of "letters" the dealing in fish and fruit, when there happens to be any.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL EXTINGUISHER.

AMONG the various uses to which a mitre may be applied, one is that of an extinguisher. It is supposed to have been invented and made partly for the purpose of putting out New Lights of a delusive nature: ecclesiastical Will-o'-the-Wisps. People, therefore, naturally wonder that it has not been promptly clapped down upon the candles which the Puseyan Methodists are in the habit of burning in broad day: and many imagine that it is an instrument unmanageable, without much trouble, for that sort of operation. The fault, however, is not in the mitre itself. How readily it can be popped over a burning and shining light, at its proprietor's pleasure, may appear from the subjoined paragraph from the *Globe*:—

"FURTHER MONITION OF MR. GLADSTONE.—MR. GLADSTONE, who has accepted the pastorate of a Free Episcopal Church at St. Mary's, Torquay, was to have preached there on Sunday last. This, however, was prevented by a further ecclesiastical document from the DEAN OF ARCHES, arising out of, and admonishing him to obey, the decision of that Court."

But the GLADSTONE candle here in question is the Low Dip, and not, as its name would imply, the High Oxford Mould. A vulgar glim like this can be unceremoniously doused; but the other can only be reverently besought not to shine—or begged to remove itself and shine at Frome, or elsewhere. It is a genteel composite, patronised largely by the nobility and gentry: a superior article—many degrees above the Thirty-Nine—in vogue with the superior classes. It is also a candle that throws a fine lustre upon prelacy: and is to be gingerly snuffed by Bishops, and not put out.

There is one sort of candle, probably, that MR. GLADSTONE'S Bishop—for the Bishop won't let MR. GLADSTONE shake him off—would be disposed to suffer him to burn just now; a small taper, to be borne by the reverend gentleman about the town in a white sheet and without his boots. And till he shall have submitted to this or an equivalent humiliation, his mouth is to be stopped—no matter if its closure shall involve starvation. For MR. GLADSTONE, having resigned established loaves and fishes, is fain to support himself on the more humble food which Dissenting ministers do eat—but he may not. What then is the "religious liberty" which we are told is the birthright of every Englishman, and which is said to be so grievously infringed when a friar is prevented from masquerading in the Queen's highway?

LAMENT ON THE DEATHS OF JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE.

By a Junior of Forty Years' Sitting.

So they have kill'd my pretty ones, my friends through weal and woe,
No more shall they "run up and down," JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE:
The strong of arm and swift of foot—so clever at a flaw,
So quick at all the ups and downs, the ins and outs of law;
My stalwart DOE, light-footed ROE, your nimbleness and skill
Can never now be shown again in running up a bill.
Adieu to ye! fictitious chiefs, defending phantom posts;
Fighting imaginary fights, leading to real costs.
As casual ejector, no more shall RICHARD ROE
Grind suitors' bones for lawyers' bread—aided by pliant DOE.
No more shall RICHARD hold the ground which JOHN seeks to obtain,
While those who have a right to it are asking it in vain.
No more shall DOE by force of arms—*anglicè* costs—oppose
The lawful owner of a field from entering his close:
Continuing hostility for costs' unholy sake,
Until for him who "takes," at last, there's nothing left to take.
But though I mourn thee, DOE and ROE, in conscience I confess,
Though few have had my pity more, none have deserv'd it less:
Let those who on your final fate would throw away regret,
Seek for your ruined victims in every year's *Gazette;*
The list of bankrupts let them read, and teach them then to know
How many have been brought to it by either DOE or ROE;
By shameful legal fictions, by shams and humbugs vast,
Of which you have been long the types—not least, nor quite the last.
Sham pleas, sham issues are defunct, but there are real ills,
Still left us in the frightful shape of real lawyers' bills:
"Instructions" and "attendances" our senses still amaze,
Throwing all but the sum total into a misty haze.
But all these old monstrosities are surely doom'd to go,
For what imposture *can* survive JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE?

A GREAT MISTAKE IN THE *TIMES*.

IT is not often that we find ourselves at serious issue with the *Times*. But a remark appeared the other day in that journal, so entirely contrary to fact, nay, so inconsistent with our contemporary's own previous assertions and arguments, that we are compelled to point out its great inaccuracy. In a notice of the annual agricultural gathering at MR. MECHI'S farm, our contemporary said:—

"MR. MECHI does for his crops what the Water Companies of London attempt, but do not succeed in effecting for its inhabitants."

What MR. MECHI does for his crops is anteriorly explained by the *Times* to be the distribution of liquid manure over his land. Now, that is precisely what, in supplying the metropolis with Thames water, the Water Companies do—though not quite so cleverly, perhaps, as MR. MECHI manages it—for the Londoners.

Protectionist Election Catch.

AIR,—*Obvious.*

A VOTE! A Vote! list what we tell 'ee:
For we're the boys to pinch the belly,
And high we 'll buy, and never "sell" 'ee!

AN EXCELLENT PRESERVATIVE FOR OUT-DOOR WORK.

TIE your door-knocker up with a kid glove, and lay down straw in front of your house, and you will have an organ working away outside from morning till night.

PROVERB BY DR. PUSEY.—When you are at Oxford, do as the Romans do.

UNIFORM FRAUD.—The uniform LOUIS NAPOLEON wears, he never having served in the French army.

THE POOR OLD KOH-I-NOOR AGAIN!

1. The Koh-i-noor.
2 2. The Dutch Artists.
3 3 3. The Requisite Machinery.
4. The "Dook" manifesting Great Interest in the Precious Gem.
5 5 5. Eminent Scientific Men watching Proceedings.

THE KOH-I-NOOR CUT AND COME AGAIN.

Everybody knows that "All that Glitters is not Gold," and it had been suspected by some that the reverse of the proverb may be true, and that a diamond which will not sparkle may, after all, be no diamond. The Mountain of Light behaved so obstinately during the Great Exhibition as to have worn a gloom which nothing could dispel; and it seems since to have struck the parties interested, that a precious stone which can shine and won't shine, ought to be made to shine, even though a painful operation should be requisite.

We hardly know how to describe the nature of the operation, unless we compare it to the removal of cataract from the Mountain, so as to bring out the eye of the Koh-i-Noor into a state of brilliancy. Numerous consultations were held over the case of this illustrious patient, and it was at length resolved that the Mountain should be taken to the operator—because, we presume, it was not convenient for the operator to go to the Mountain. Previous to the removal of the patient several opinions were taken as to the possibility of performing the operation without a fatal result, and Professor Tennant was called in, who consulted with Mr. Mitchell; when, after considering the consequences involved in the principle of Diamond cut Diamond, these *savants* ultimately reported on the experiment. They thought the operation would be attended with serious danger to the patient's side, and they refused to answer for the consequences of any lateral cutting; but, after looking at the gem on the right and left, they admitted there was something to be said on both sides. This was so unsatisfactory that the friends of the Koh-i-Noor determined on getting "other advice," and Messrs. Garrard, the silversmiths of Panton Street, were instructed to "call in" anybody they thought proper. They immediately sent to Amsterdam for two Dutchmen, on the principle, perhaps, that when a difficult process has to be performed, the exclamation, "If I do it, I'm a Dutchman," is a common form of declining the responsibility of undertaking it.

The Dutchmen, with the characteristic audacity of their race, pronounced the operation possible; and, fortified by this opinion, the parties had, for the first time, the spirit and liberality to order the "requisite machinery," consisting of "a small steam-engine," of from two to four-horse power—a force something between that of a Blackwall 'bus and an ordinary coal-waggon. The putting up of this trumpery little machine on the premises "under the direction of Mr. Joshua Field, of the firm of Maudslay, Field, and Son," was, it seems, a most elaborate business, and excited the interest of no less a personage than F. M. the Duke of Wellington, who went backwards and forwards several times to see how it got on, just as we ourselves, in our very young days, would go to and fro several times to a neighbouring court to witness the progress made in the construction of a grotto on oyster day. As the culminating point of interest would of course be the introduction of the light in the latter case, so, in the former, the placing of the Mountain in the machinery was the ceremony that chiefly attracted the Duke, who was "received" on the occasion—and on the mat—by the Messrs. Garrard.

The important operation was then commenced by placing the illustrious patient on a bed of lead, to which it was carefully confined—lest it should wince, we suppose—and the Duke with his own hand placed the gem in the position necessary for cutting. A small portion of the body was removed, but this was thought to be as much as the gem could safely bear on one day, and the operation was discontinued, to be resumed at intervals for some months to come—the Dutch operators remaining in attendance on the patient during the whole period. We suppose it is absolutely necessary to make such a very long job of it, though it might occur to the economist to ask the question whether the Dutchmen might not just as well "cut, and come again" should they be wanted?

After all this fuss had been made, and expense gone to, a discussion arose as to whether the patient really is itself after all—whether the Koh-i-Noor is the Koh-i-Noor?—a query that seems to us a little like taking off a man's leg, and then proceeding to ask whether he is the individual in whose case amputation is required. It is bad enough when a beadle thrashes the wrong boy, but it will be too bad if the *savants*, and the Dutchmen, and the Duke, have after all, got hold of the wrong diamond.

The account of the operation on the Koh-i-Noor is varied by a short off-hand allusion to a misfortune to Mr. Garrard, who "fell through an aperture," poor man, and broke his leg; but we hear nothing more of this, and the account of the operation on the Koh-i-Noor is proceeded with. Mr. Garrard might, it seems, have been broken to pieces, and left to collect himself as he best could, without exciting one-hundredth part of the sympathy that would have been claimed by the reporter for the Koh-i-Noor if it had sustained the smallest possible damage.

As the operation on the Mountain of Light is to be a work of several

months, we shall of course be favoured with a regular series of *bulletins*, but we hope we shall not be stigmatised as brutes wholly insensible to the beauties of the Koh-i-Noor, if we admit that we shall hear with more pleasure of the restoration of MR. GARRARD'S leg, than of the favourable progress of the diamond.

A RABBLE CATECHISM FOR M.P.'S.

Respectfully Dedicated to MAJOR BERESFORD, M.P. *for North Essex; Ex-Tory Whipper-in, Secretary-at-War; with every possible etcetera.*

Q. WHAT is rabble?
A. Rabble is a congregation of creatures that hiss and hoot.
Q. Biped or quadruped?
A. I believe, biped.
Q. Of what are they ordinarily composed?
A. Mud, tempered with ditch-water. Sometimes they are made of road-scrapings; they are sometimes found of pure clay.
Q. Are you aware that all men are said to be made of dust?
A. There is, I believe, a popular error to that effect; but the fallacy does not obtain in good society.
Q. Are you aware that ADAM signifies, in the original tongue, red earth?
A. Possibly. It may, and it mayn't. Don't know.
Q. What is your duty towards the rabble?
A. My duty towards the rabble is, from the very bottom of my heart (wherever that may be) to loathe, detest, hate, and abhor them.
Q. As everything has its place in the condition of the world, what—in your opinion—in the scale of creation, is the proper place of the rabble? Take, for instance, an individual. *One* of the rabble?
A. I think *it* holds—
Q. It? You will be pleased—though with some violence to the prejudices of your birth and education—to speak of the rabble as persons, not as things.
A. Very well; from the bottom of my heart. Well, then, I believe that one of the rabble is a—yes—a sort of link between an ape and a contented labourer. I have, I think, read of apes that chop sticks and draw water, and walk upright on two legs; I have no doubt that moral anatomy would establish the analogy. No doubt of it. Yes; one of the rabble is a link between an ape and a labourer—a contented labourer.
Q. Has the rabble any voice?
A. Certainly not: it is the want of voice that is the rabble's distinguishing want.
Q. No voice whatever?
A. None: that is—no articulate voice. The rabble can hoot, and hiss, and groan, and gabble; and that is the reason why every gentleman, from the very bottom of his heart, is bound to despise it.
Q. But supposing that the rabble could, by Act of Parliament, for instance, obtain voices—they would then be rabble no longer?
A. Certainly not. Just as a porwigle when it grows to a frog, and comes to its croak, is a frog, and no longer a porwigle.
Q. The rabble, having no articulate voices, you conceive it to be your bounden duty to hate, and, from the bottom of your heart, despise them?
A. I do.
Q. But, having obtained voices, the rabble would then be to you—
A. Every one of them a man and a brother; that is—at Election times. Yes; from the bottom of my heart, a man and a brother.

A RABBLE CATECHISM FOR THE RABBLE.

Q. What are you?
A. One o' the rabble.
Q. What makes you of the rabble?
A. Nothin' makes me; got nothin'; that's why nothin' does it.
Q. What is your place in the world?
A. Got no place by rights: only what the gentlefolks is so kind—heaven bless 'em!—is so kind to grant me.
Q. What are your duties in life?
A. My duties is to pay duties on 'bacca, and on whatsomever there may be put upon—tea and beer and so forth—and ax no questions.
Q. Have you any voice at elections?
A. Yes; when I hollars.
Q. But you have no vote?
A. In course not. 'Cause I'm one o' the rabble.
Q. And as one of the rabble—what are you to expect from the gentlemen who propose themselves—for the benefit of the country—to be Members of Parliament?
A. I am to expect, and not a bit to mind it, to be despised from the bottom of their hearts.
Q. Were you created for that?
A. I was. As badgers were made to be baited, foxes to be hunted, and hedgehogs to be beaten to bits—so was the rabble made to be despised by Members of Parliament, 'specially when majors, from the very bottom of their hearts.

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER XIV.

I HAVE been heartily vexed, and there is not a soul upon whom I can throw the blame, except one dear old soul, upon whom I would not throw any for the world—AUNTY RATCHET, who came to stay with me during papa's absence at an election. I wanted papa to "pair off" with MR. PLUMPERTON, a particular friend of his, who was going to support the opposite candidate: but MR. PLUMPERTON said, laughing, that he could not agree to this, as his candidate's committee had written to beg that no voter would pair, unless he had broken his leg, or was too ill to go down, in which cases he might, as he would then clearly rob the other side of a good vote, giving nothing in return. Papa said that the committee's suggestion was as sharp a piece of Old Bailey attorneyism as he had ever seen; and he was quite glad it had proceeded from the Exeter Hall party, as otherwise mere worldly people might have thought it scarcely honest.

While papa was gone, an opera-box was sent him, which I gave to Aunty. She, in her good nature, immediately thought of some people who had never been to the Opera, and upon whom she thought to confer a marvellous treat. The GITTINGSES live at Rotherhithe, and I believe they are very well off, and, according to AUNTY RATCHET, very comfortable, as indeed she said—after the box had been sent away—anybody might see, who would go to Rotherhithe on a Sunday afternoon, and observe MR. GITTINGS, with his coat off, smoking a pipe at the parlour window.

"I suppose, Aunt, dear," I said in some perturbation, "he knows he must go to Covent Garden with his coat and without his pipe?"

"He? VILY, darling! Catch him out of bed after ten o'clock! But he will send his wife and daughter, and I suppose MARGARET'S intended will escort them—a very genteel young man, something in a lace house, I fancy."

So I thought no more about the matter, and on the Saturday evening for which the box had been sent us, AUNT RATCHET and I had quietly sat down, I to read and she to listen to a new novel—the greatest pleasure the dear old thing can experience, provided the book is one she can cry over a good deal. And as anybody who can write at all can write afflicting scenes, there is no difficulty in selecting a book to Aunty's taste. We had fairly begun, and a shocking scene—a wife's death by consumption, with savage bailiffs in the house, and poor little children crying for food in the nursery—had just started our first flood of tears, and we were coming to the father's destroying himself, when a carriage stopped at the door. I thought it was papa, and darted out to receive him on the stairs, just in time to make it impossible for the servant to say we were not at home to the GITTINGSES. Up they came, MRS. GITTINGS, and

Miss Margaret Gittings, and the young gentleman from the lace house, whose light hair, stiff from the curling irons, white face, and deep voice, struck me less than a most magnificent blue satin cravat, with lace ends and crimson spots, which perfectly arrested the eye. I am certain I gazed at it with the stare papa is so rude about. But I stared more when Mrs. Gittings developed her purpose. She stated, fairly enough, that the present of the box had been one of bewildering magnificence, that neither she, nor Meg, nor Mr. Sam Point (who was here introduced), had ever been to the Opera, and that they had come round in the hope of finding us at home, to beg that Miss Violet (it was of no use, she knew, asking Aunty) would go with them, and put them—as she worded it—in the right way. They *had* found us, and now would I be so very kind?

And then Aunt Ratchet, instead of instantly and emphatically declaring, as became her, that such a thing was impossible—that I was too ill to leave the house—that in a quarter of an hour I was going to be fetched to a party at the Archbishop of Canterbury's—or that my father had written to me, commanding me, under pain of his perpetual anger, to wait his arrival, as he had some painful news for me—or all three excuses together—must look first at me, and then at Mrs. Gittings, and then smile, and then look at all of us, and finally say that she knew I was very fond of music, and there was nothing to keep me at home, and that she was always glad to see young people enjoying themselves—O, I could have pulled the needles out of her knitting for her, I was in such a passion. But what was I to do?—the poor Mrs. Gittings had pleaded her case so truthfully, and, though I had never seen her before, she was an old friend of Aunty's, and I could not tell her I did not want to make acquaintance with the future Mrs. Sam Point, or her *fiancé*, and there was nobody to help me—and, in short, I thought, as Aunt gave up her dear novel without a murmur, I ought not to be ill-natured—and I assented. If they had been going to be cast into a den of lions, and I had been a Miss Van Amburgh, the cry of joy they all set up at finding a protectress could hardly have been heartier.

"I must dress, Aunt," I said, "but I shall not be long."

"O, I'm sure, Miss, you'll do quite well as you are," said Mr. Sam Point politely. "Any change would be a change for the wus, *I* should say."

However, I disappeared, and sent for Aunty, and instead of scolding her the least little bit in the world, or letting her see my vexation, I only made her apprise Mr. Point that his splendid blue stock, and all its spots, must be a sacrifice to operatic despotism. He fought hard for his finery, it seems, and I was ready by the time Aunt had persuaded him into a white cravat of papa's, and even that foolish, red-cheeked, petulant Margaret supported him in his obstinacy, and "thought it a great liberty on the part of the keeper of a theatre to dictate what people should wear." However, he put his glories carefully into his pocket, and we went. I piloted the party very quietly, and was very firm about sitting in the back of the box all the evening, alleging as a reason—and it was a very good one—that the scene was new to the others.

The *Prophète* was performed, but after the first ten minutes I saw they took little interest in it, and Mr. Point frankly said, later, that it was all very fine, but nothing to remember, and give him something he could understand, with tunes that he could whistle next day. Did Margaret remember how the Snambla had been done at the Wells? That was music, if you liked, and when the Snambla dropped her candlestick into the water, and the bridge broke, it was so natural-like.

Margaret, the red-cheeked, assented with almost a spiteful readiness. She seemed anxious to depreciate everything, and was clearly out of humour, and I was the cause, and it would be affectation to pretend I did not know why. She was very smart, and her crisp hair, though not very fine, was elaborately frizzled out, and her brooch was immense, as were her bracelets; she had a great many ribbons of bright colours, and she was altogether showy. I was quietly dressed in white, with my hair plain, and with scarcely an ornament. And yet she managed, though anything but clever, to find out that I looked better than she did, and that Mr. Sam Point was also finding out the fact. She perfectly snubbed me, and was downright rude when I ventured to tell her what parts of the Opera were considered finest; but when I looked away, she was constantly studying my dress, and I was certain that she was making mental memoranda of it.

But this was nothing. An ill-bred girl from Rotherhithe was not likely to put me out of humour. But Mr. Sam Point became actively disagreeable. After the first act, he found out the refreshment-room, and conceived it his duty, between every act thenceforth, to send in masses of confectionary, with ices, jellies, wafers, and cherry-brandy, and to press them upon us with the air of an old-fashioned host doing the honours at dinner. To all my refusals he was quite deaf, and almost forced the glasses of ice into my hand; and then a new idea suddenly striking him in regard to my objections, he urged that, as the box had cost them nothing, it was but fair play that they should "stand treat." Margaret was sulky, and would at first take nothing; but afterwards demanded everything that was not there, sending her lover backwards and forwards incessantly. But Mr. Sam Point did not omit to take care of himself when away, and returned each time with a steadier eye and an unsteadier step, and with his deep voice thickening. At last his evident admiration for me became perfectly absurd. He took the most elaborated means of assuring me of his respectability; mentioned the sums which passed through his hands weekly, and explained that the house relied solely on his opinion, and that if he said, "Gents., that's the thing to do," the thing was done, and no bones about it. Meantime, poor Margaret, on whom he literally turned his back, was actually ghastly with wrath; and though, if she had had any sense, she would have seen that I was much more annoyed than she could be, she only looked at the matter as an attempt of mine to take her "beau" from her. Finally, when in a moment of playfulness Mr. Point tossed a ratafia cake into her lap, she shook it down with frightful asperity, observing with a vicious snap, that he had "better throw his rubbish where he threw his love." O! how glad I was when Mario finished that glorious song of mingled triumph and despair, and blew up his palace.

In the carriage Mr. Point was more demonstrative than ever, and hoped he might be allowed to improve my acquaintance. I said that we were going out of town, and he then begged my address. I gravely referred him to the *Court Guide*, which he said he should consult next day, as it was bound up in the *Directory*. And on arriving at home he insisted on shaking hands most cordially, and actually tried to detain me in conversation at the door. Aunty Ratchet's coming down saved this chapter from containing another "Offer."

He stumbled back to the carriage. Mrs. Gittings was asleep. But Margaret Gittings was not—decidedly not. Poor Mr. Point. But he deserved all he may have received, for helping to make my evening unnecessarily disagreeable.

FOOL! FOOL! FOOL!

Last week one of the Clowns at the Paris Hippodrome attempted suicide, because he was charged with not presenting himself to be drawn for the conscription at the proper period. The unhappy buffoon had failed in pronouncing the customary "Here we are," when he was expected to be in readiness to enter the army if required. There seems to us something rather hard in expecting one who has been the "life of the ring," to make himself the death of anybody; and we should have thought that, in shirking the perilous art of war, he might have been allowed to plead his "clownish ignorance." Who would think of dragging Barry from the ring at Astley's, to thrust him into the ranks as a private, and withdraw him from his public capacity? If his services should ever be required, we should hope to see him on one of Batty's horses, as his *cheval de bataille*, and led on to glory by Field Marshal Widdicombe. We think, however, that though country clowns may make very good militia-men, Paris and London clowns should be exempt from all military duty. We can imagine Barry called upon to take part in a day's drill, and addressing the well-known Astleian question, "Does your mother know you're out?" to his commanding officer.

THE INCORRIGIBLE RIVER.

Oh! attempt not to sweeten the feculent stream,
Of London that washes the sewers and drains;
Though transparent as crystal the water may seem,
All the soluble filth in that fluid remains.

You may strain—you may filter the Thames as you will—
And brighten the slush of that great open sink;
But the salts of ammonia will hang in it still,
And you'll get, after all, a detestable drink.

Complexion of Politics.

No great change in the relation of parties has resulted from the late election. The consequence of the Derby Ministry's having "gone to the country" in the dog days, is only that most of them have returned exceedingly sunburnt.

How to Fix Tar.—Give him plenty of grog, good wages, and no "preserved meats," and you will easily fix your Tar.

AN ENGLISH GOLD FIELD.

A GOLD FIELD IN THE "DIGGINS."

A WAG OF THE COUNTRY PARTY.

EVER anxious for the encouragement of native talent, we have much pleasure in commending a case of great ability—in a peculiar line—to the attention of our readers. The papers have chronicled a riot which occurred the other day at Wellingborough, on the occasion of the North Northamptonshire election. That this disturbance should have taken place is not remarkable, as the Protectionists, who formed the electoral majority, thought proper to amuse themselves by taunting and jeering the multitude of non-electors—otherwise, till suffrage-extension shall have rendered them respectable voters, "the rabble." As Protectionist jokes, if they could be carried out, would be jokes very much at the said rabble's expense, the subjects of these pleasantries were, as may be supposed, considerably irritated thereby: when, says a morning contemporary,—

"At length, one of the voters, a young farmer from Finedon, came up, and professed to fraternise with the crowd, praised the "big loaf system," and said he was going to plump for FITZWILLIAM. Arrived at the polling booth, he bawled out with needless ostentation 'STAFFORD (Derbyite) only,' and then, turning round to the crowd, he greeted them with a horse-laugh. The patience of the bystanders was now fairly gone, and a pebble struck the farmer's head"—

But, we are happy to say, did not break it. The casket containing such peculiarly valuable treasures as those enclosed in the cranium of this youthful agriculturist, is doubtless of a strength sufficient to resist considerable violence. But the gift, or specialty, of this rural genius should be turned to account; and, therefore, we propose that a subscription should be raised for the purpose of providing him with a handsomely decorated horse-collar. By grinning through this at fairs and wakes, he may afford innocent amusement, to his fellow swains, and be rewarded, perhaps, with something better than pebbles. That will be preferable to showing his teeth on the hustings; for, as perhaps he has found, grinning on the wrong side of politics is apt to be followed by grinning on the wrong side of the mouth. This youth is as yet unknown to fame; but we will furnish him with an introduction, if he wishes it, and will send us his name, that we may publish it together with a proposal for subscriptions to get him a horse-collar.

THE BETTING-OFFICE FREQUENTER'S PROGRESS.

AIR.—"*She wore a Wreath of Roses.*"

He wore a suit of Moses,
The night when first we met,
And knowingly his hat was cocked
Upon his curls of jet;
Flash "Publics" he frequented,
Where "Sporting cards" were seen;
And many a Derby Sweep got up
To ease them of their "tin."
I saw him in his glory—
(The word seems doubtful now),
When to his stable wisdom
His admiring chums would bow.

A betting-book he'd started,
When next this youth I saw;
And hourly he was lounging at
Some Betting-Office door;
Or standing treat to stable-boys,
With a "weed" between his lips,
And listening to their sage discourse
Of "great events" and "tips."
He told me then he stood to win
A fi' pun' note or two,
Upon a "certain" prophecy—
I doubt if it came true.

And once again I see this youth,
No betting-book is there:
The prison scissors close have cropped
His once luxuriant hair.
They tell that "cleaned" completely "out,"
He closed his short career
By bolting with his master's till,
When "settling" time drew near.
I see him shipped—the Government
His passage out will pay:
And at some penal settlement,
He'll spend his Settling Day.

A Doubtful Victory.

THE "America" has this year been beaten by British sailors. But on this occasion she was manned with British sailors too.

THE COUNTRY GOING TO THE DOGS.

To the RIGHT HON. THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

ARE you fond of potatoes, DISRAELI, my boy?
Broad beans with your bacon, say, do you enjoy?
Does your taste lean to cabbage?—d'ye like garden stuff?
At Wycombe you're likely to meet with enough.

Your friends, my dear BEN, I presume you're aware,
Have a union of thirty large parishes there;
In which such abundance and plenty there reigns,
That not one "able-bodied" the workhouse contains.

Now the big loaf the mouths of the labourers stops:
There are not enough inmates to eat up the crops
Of the workhouse green meat in its garden that grow,
And the Union's accordingly selling it low.

At Camberwell, too,—you will hear it with groans—
They haven't a pauper to break up the stones,
And are going to advertise—such is the fact—
For hands by whose labour the flints may be crack'd.

And these are the fearful results of Free Trade;
We shall soon have no beggars, I'm almost afraid;
And unless the sad prospect before us deceives,
There'll be even a great falling off in the thieves.

A Pretty Safe Prophecy.

WE do not generally put ourselves up for prophets; but, judging from the result of the present elections, we think we can safely prophesy that the mystery of the something which is "looming in the future" is settled now beyond a doubt. It is the dismissal of the present Ministry.

A REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

THE following estimate will illustrate the absurdity to which the practice of paying hotel servants—independently of the regular charge—may be carried. We take a sandwich as the subject of our calculations, for, of course, every servant who has had a hand in preparing it is entitled, as much as the waiter, to get a slice out of it.

	s.	*d.*
Sandwich, the hotel charge	0	6
Cook, for cooking the beef	0	1
Scullery maid, for preparing the saucepan	0	1
Kitchen-maid, for cutting the beef	0	1
Boy, for cutting the bread and butter	0	1
Under waiter, for bringing it into coffee-room	0	1
Head waiter, for handing it to consumer	0	2
	1	1

University Intelligence, as Shortly to be Reported.

OXFORD.

IN a convocation holden this day, the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred on the MOST REVEREND MONSIGNORE BAMBINELLO, ARCHBISHOP OF 'LORETTO, legate *à latere* from his Holiness the POPE.

The REVEREND FATHER O'ROURKE of the English College at Rome, Doctor of Divinity, was admitted *ad eundem*.

The Pontificalis (late Regius) Professor of Hebrew, commenced his course of Lectures.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO MINISTERS.

WHAT is the difference between LORD JOHN RUSSELL and DISRAELI? The difference is simply this: RUSSELL gave us Corn, and DISRAELI gives us Chaff.

A MONSTER IN THE HUMAN FORM.—A man without a breeches pocket!

PERILS OF PIC-NICS.

MR. PIPKIN MAKES A VIGOROUS BUT UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORT TO SECURE "THAT DARLING WATER LILY."

AGRICULTURAL SWEATERS.

MR. MECHI, at his annual agricultural *réunion*, complained that the farmers did little or nothing in the way of education for their labourers. He urged that before much good could be done, much bad must be eradicated, and he suggested "drainage of heads" as being equally necessary with "drainage of lands." We think the farmers practise the art of draining heads pretty freely upon the labourers, if not upon themselves, for they certainly manage to get as much sweat as can be obtained from the brows of their workmen.

Monody on Protection.

PROTECTION sore long time we bore,
Seditions were in vain;
But now his friends have given him o'er,
He 'll never wake again.

EASILY PLEASED.

SINCE the election of the Honourable Member for Youghal, and of the Honourable Member for Bucks, the Scotch people say that the House is all a house need be—it contains "both a BUTT and a BEN."

Meteorological Intelligence.

WE see by the country papers, that very violent storms have lately been prevalent throughout the kingdom. From our own special sources of Intelligence (we use this substantive in its intellectual sense), we are enabled confidently to state, that the storms in question were merely the Storms of Indignation with which the Protectionist candidates have everywhere been received.

THINGS AND PERSONS THAT SHOULD EMIGRATE.

THE present rage is Emigration. If it goes on at this rate, there will be no one but ourselves left in England. The great pity is, that some of the best people in England—all the labouring classes—the persons who enrich the country, are leaving it. The producers are going, and we shall have none but the consumers left. What then are we to do? for we look upon ourselves, partly, as consumers. If there is no market for our jokes—no one to buy them—not one happy soul left to laugh at them—it is clear *Mr. Punch* must starve! or go into the workhouse. It is under these starvation-looking prospects, that *Mr. Punch* ventures to lay down certain rules and regulations as to the Persons and Things only that should emigrate.

He divides these rules and regulations into two classes—social and political.

Of the political, he recommends the following to emigrate as soon as possible:—

THE IRISH BRIGADE to emigrate to Rome. They do no kind of good in England, are only in the way of legislation—whereas they might be heard to great advantage in blowing the "Pope's Brass Band" in the Vatican.

THE PROTECTIONIST FARMERS, who are always declaring that it is impossible to get a living now in England. As they cannot live here, why don't they try to live elsewhere?

ALL THOSE PENSIONERS ON THE PENSION LIST who have never done anything to deserve the money they pocket every year. Of course, when they are recommended to emigrate, it is understood that they are to leave the money they annually receive behind them.

ALL THE YOUNGER SONS OF THE NOBILITY, who have not been pushed into the Army or Navy. As it is indispensably necessary, it seems, to have soldiers and sailors, they may as well be noblemen as not, so long as they fight well, and do not run away. But all the younger sons, who are waiting for Ambassador-ships, Secretary-ships, and Attaché-ships, and other kind of Ships on which there is no fighting, and very little work and very handsome pay, should emigrate as quickly as their debts will allow them, and see what they can do to earn a living in another country.

With the Younger Sons of the Nobility, LORD MANNERS might also go. He has such a love for every thing in the shape of a nobleman, that he should emigrate by all means with the darling objects of his affections, and seek some land that flourishes without "arts and science, laws and learning."

LORD MAIDSTONE should accompany LORD MANNERS. They are the two pet poets of the present Ministry. As he has prophesied that the Deluge must come, we should advise him to get out of England as fast as he can, unless he has a particular desire to be drowned in it.

LORD MALMESBURY might take the same hint, as he has done everything to lower the character of England, and consequently is no longer worthy to remain in it.

All YOUNG GUARDSMEN, who, poor fellows, have nothing to do, and amuse themselves by running into debt and gambling, and pelting harmless persons with peas and flour and rotten eggs.

CARDINAL WISEMAN—for obvious reasons; for we are sure his emigration from England would be hailed by all classes (excepting, perhaps, his own) with the greatest delight. Let him go on a voyage of discovery for some happy, papish country, where he can grow, after his own fancy the "little Paradise," which he has not yet succeeded in planting round Westminster Abbey.

All Puseyites—BENNETTS—and those pendulum-clergymen, who keep vibrating between Protestantism and Popery, had better follow the Cardinal's worthy example. They only breed dissension and scandal by remaining in England. They had better join the Pope as soon as possible.

Of the social class, the following might take the hint which we now generously give them, to leave the country as soon as their affairs will

Disciple of Old Isaac. "THIS WOULDN'T BE A BAD PLACE IF THE FISH WOULD ONLY BITE, AND IT WASN'T FOR THIS CONFOUNDED WASP'S NEST."

permit them. Their emigration, we are confident, would be attended with the greatest benefit to everybody.

All Sheriff's Officers.
All Income-tax Gatherers.
All Punsters and Conundrum-makers.
All "Wallflowers" at evening parties.
All Widows, as being a dangerous class of the community.
All Linendrapers, who are always coming out with "An Alarming Failure," or luring customers into their shops to be the victims of "A Large Sacrifice."
All Quack Doctors and Advertising Professors, no matter whether in the hair-cutting, or corn-cutting, or saltatory, or tonsorial, or mesmeric, or electro-biological, or any other empirical line.
All Persons who propose Toasts, and Sentiments, and Healths at convivial parties.
All Persons who give imitations of Actors.
All Persons who take you aside to tell you "a funny thing they heard yesterday,"
All Match-making Ladies, for their officiousness in making matches would be of the greatest value in the colonies and India.
All Young Men who smoke before the age of fifteen, and young ladies who wear ringlets after the age of thirty.
All Cabmen and Omnibus Conductors, who have been fined, or sent to Brixton "for change of hair" more than six times.
All Fast Young Ladies, who drive dog-carts, and row, and smoke, and play the cornet-à-piston, &c. &c.
All Old Ladies who keep more than two dogs, or the same number of cats.
All Mothers-in-Law, without a single exception.
All &c. &c. &c. &c.

Of the Things that should emigrate, we propose the following:—

The Statues and Monuments and so called Embellishments (the names of which would be too numerous to mention) of London.
What is left of the Wood Pavement.
The Railing round St. Paul's Cathedral.
All Betting-Offices and Public-Houses, where the "Latest Odds can be seen within."

We think, when the above Persons and Things have all emigrated, that London will be so greatly improved that no one will recognise it as the same ugly city; and that, as for England, it will be one of the pleasantest places an Englishman could wish to live in. Let the Emigration commence by all means next week, and be carried out (of the kingdom) on the most extensive scale!

The Downing Street Deluge.

IT is understood that the EARL OF DERBY being well assured, from the election returns, of the catastrophe predicted at Westminster by the small-beer poet MAIDSTONE, will make the earliest preparations to meet and provide for the Deluge that must come down. Among other matters of the sort, will be the creation of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as a peer. MR. DISRAELI has not quite settled his title; we understand that the Right Honourable gentleman hesitates between BARON HAM and BARON JAPHET.

AN EXTRACT FROM OUR POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

Q. WHAT is the derivation of the word "Empirical?"

A. It must be from M. P., (thus, M. P-*rical*), from the popular notion that every Member of Parliament is more or less a Quack.

Protectionist Unction.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

IT is not generally known that Ministerial gentlemen, in going to the Country this summer, were provided with a plentiful supply of Goose Grease, warranted to impart that smoothness to the Tongue so efficacious in appealing to an Agricultural Constituency. Sold by DERBY, DISRAELI, AND CO., at their depot in Downing Street.

THE WORST FEATURES OF AN HORTICULTURAL SHOW.—Old Man, and Grog Blossoms.

SIX OF ONE AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.—"The Tories' Difficulty is the Whigs' Opportunity," and *vice versâ*.

DOUBLE DEALINGS.

Devoted Protectionist of my acquaintance, *Mr. Punch*, who is also a most determined Free Trader, having something of a poetical turn, has twisted some of his friends' late hustings speeches into the following ditty. Possibly, *Mr. Punch*, under your patronage, it may beguile the sorrows of the wealthy farmer to get it by heart and occasionally sing it. The air (*Garry Owen*) is easily acquired by the most aboriginal.

"Yours truly,

"A Free Trader like Christopher,
"and a Protectionist like Disraeli."

THE CREED OF THE DERBYITE.

Brother Electors,
The little account you'll have from me
As clear as mud is going to be,
So put any question you like to try
And I only wish you may get a reply,
Sing Derby, Dizzy, and glory!

For the poor man's loaf I shall certainly vote,
And I wish it may stick in the poor man's throat;
And all "the old women" may drink "cheap tea,"
And visibly swell, if they please, for me,
Sing Derby, Dizzy, and glory!

I want cheap sugar, cheap beer, cheap law,
For "the vilest rabble that ever I saw,"
And I'm all for the people, or rather "the mob,
Whom I loathe and scorn," like a bit of a snob,
Sing Derby, Dizzy, and glory!

I'll make you respected all the world round,
For each floor'd Briton I'll ask ten pound,
And press for a "compensation" meet,
And fall on my knees at Nero's feet,
Sing Malmesbury, Mather, and glory!

I go for reforming every abuse,
And I think Reform is the very deuce,
And I'll never restore the tax on grain,
And I swear Free Trade is ruin and bane,
Sing Derby, Dizzy, and glory.

All men shall follow what faith they choose,
And we 'll sack the chapels, and brand the Jews;
And no one shall suffer because of his creed,
So vote for a Disraelite indeed,
And sing Derby, Dizzy, and glory!

MOSSES FROM AN OLD CATHEDRAL.

There has been a very pleasant book, by a very pleasant American writer, published here under the name of *Mosses from an old Manse*. Is there not something smacking of graceful old sentiment, and a certain pious stillness in that title? One can interest oneself in the routine of a quiet imaginative life in an old Manse very well.

But it is our benevolent nature, reader, to see in everything—literary and other—the possibility of some good being done to our respectable countrymen. This is no affectation, Blogg!—We never contemplated in the green solitude of the country some quiet white lake, without thinking how nice it would be if the Black Brothers of the Order of St. Anthony could be induced to lave themselves. No. We never saw in a country village a deserted, grass-covered pound, without thinking of a Protectionist.

So, now to apply this remark to the subject in hand, which is always better than beating about the bush. What we want is to suggest to some novelist to do, for the benefit of the public, *Mosses from an old—Cathedral*. Reader, do you smell a rat? Possibly, probably, you do, for we are verging on the subject of corruption: in truth, we want to see our novelist apply himself to the illustration of such Cathedral questions as those opened by the case of Mr. Whiston.

How the imagination, perching itself in some holy nook of a Cathedral (after paying sixpence entrance fee to the verger), could proceed to gather mosses from the contemplation of the scene! The marble knights lying so still there, with their legs crossed—do they not symbolise the stony silence of Dr. Muffin, when a voice is raised about the abuses of his trusts? The epitaphs on the vaulted floors—over which you stroll so carelessly; how calmly—how like the Doctor, their owners lie—minding not what feet are tramping on their names and honour—so that their peace be not disturbed. The odd, quaint cherubs perched against the walls with eyes upwards—what are these but the little Muffins, gazing up at the good things in prospect aloft, and comfortably kept in their position by being firmly stuck to the walls?

Then, look at the high golden pipes of the huge organ aloft there. Imagination is awed by the thought of the music, sleeping in its bulk, like the thunder in a summer cloud,—till imagination thinks again of Dr. Muffin, and reflects how his thought is but of the bellows—how everything in the Cathedral, as in the organ, depends on the raising of the wind.

The painted windows, too, which seem, every time the sun comes out and lights them, to be taking perpetual daguerreotypes of the figures of saints and angels somewhere in the air! The spectator muses on them, and again—for the doom is on him—has to think of Muffin. What is that reverend man, but the image of a real priest—the odd motionless copy of something that was once real, and alive? There he stands in ecclesiastic garb—between the congregation, and heaven's light.

Such strange, interesting stories might be written by the novelist in pursuing our idea. Strolling along by the tombs of gentlemen who left slices of their land to found schools—schools that might remain living atonements for some too hot deed of the fiery-hearted gentlemen—he would dwell on the fate these schools have met. He would remember how the benefit of them has all gone one way—and that way the wrong one; how, when a tree of knowledge has been planted in a district by a pious hand, the fruit has gone to the fat neighbour who kept it, and only bits of bark and withered leaves to the poor for whom it was intended. Imagination would see the figures of the people interested, and would be able to single out two, perhaps; watch the course of the poor boy who, with a right that he knew not of to a share of the dead gentleman's legacy, struggled through a life that education might have made a great one; and watch the rotund and prosperous trustee, with a comfortable conscience baptised in Port, the founder of a race of pluralists and sinecurists, Members of Parliament, and preservers of game! Our novelist would see strange contrasts indeed; strange developments from simple beginnings. Might he not trace the dust of the dead founder, till he found it stopping a little hole in a corrupt institution to shut out the light?

Might he not make a little parable to show how the legacies of old founders go? A certain De Lancey de Cheval planted a bean-stalk, directing certain pious men to employ a sum of money in keeping it up, to supply beans to the poor. Two hundred years pass. Beans are grown infinitely cheaper, but the money has increased so as to admit of the trustees serving out beans of gold. Notwithstanding this they keep the money, and give the poor the original old bean, now procurable at sixpence a peck.

When the novelist strolled out from the Cathedral, a glance at the exterior would tell him what sort of opposition the reformer has to anticipate. Glancing along the edges of the roof, he sees dog-faces and fiend-faces gibbering at him—gibbering hideously there from morning to night at all comers. There they grin to protect the building (so the speculative eye fancies) for ever. Happily contrived, too, are they—for when the cleansing rain falls, they quietly disgorge it, and send it pouring out on the earth. Meanwhile, the daws chatter aloft; the starlings build in the eaves; everything tells of Conservatism, and looks as if it was to last for ever. There is plenty of room, truly, for gathering mosses inside and around the venerable pile!

The sentimentalist could not fail, doubtless, to note how Time manages to make everything more or less holy. A coin of Tiberius has its value, just as well as a coin of the best king that ever lived. Think you the Geographical Society would not unroll the mummy of a beggar with all the delight in the word? You abuse Pontius Pilate, but if Mr. Barnum was to bring him alive to London, do you suppose that all Pimlico wouldn't have him "in the evening?"

Thus it is (might our imaginary author reflect) that the antiquity of Dr. Muffin's office saves him from being properly over-hauled. Like a lean old goose, his safety from being roasted is in his "venerable" character. And what is there that won't get "venerable" with due luck? Do you know the natural history of a Fairy Ring? That magic circle, that charmed enclosure sacred to the supernatural dance, is—(Woollaston has proved it)—is—that holy ring, we say—is formed by the growth of mushrooms and toadstools in the grass!

Election Returns.

We do not wish to be severe upon any one who has met with a misfortune; but the best thing Lord Derby can do with these "Returns" is to put them in his pipe and smoke them.

SOME REALLY ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

CUSTOM and our copy-books have always taught us that comparisons are odious, but why they are more odious than Superlatives, or half so odious as positives, we have never had any definite idea, nor have we been at much pains to inquire. It did, however, occur to us a few days ago, while walking near the River Thames and inhaling an odour for which we could find no comparison half horrible enough,—it did, we say, occur to us, and we said to ourselves in the words of the "nonsense poet"—

"At such a moment let us ask"

why comparisons in general are unanimously voted odious?

We immediately began to turn over in our mind, and rummage in the untidy drawers of our memory, or turn out the higgledy-piggledy cupboards of the past, where old recollections are put away to be sorted at some time or other—which never comes—and we managed to muster a few "comparisons," which are certainly enough to bring odium upon the whole of their order. They are deficient in aptitude or truth, and we have only to cite three or four to show that if comparisons are generally odious, there are some of them that deserve to be so, on account of their endeavouring to obtain credit under false pretences.

As merry as a grig is a comparison with which every one is familiar, but we will venture to lay fifty pounds—of atmospheric air—to a plum, that in the first place nobody ever saw a grig, and that if such an unusual interview has ever taken place as the meeting of one of our readers and a grig, the former perceived in the latter no signs whatever of merriment. A grig is defined by JOHNSON as—first, "a Bavarian duck," and then "a small eel,"—an option which displays a good deal of the old showman spirit of "whichever you please, my little dear, you pays your money and you takes your choice," on the part of the great lexicographer. The merriment of a Bavarian duck is a question we cannot, "in the absence of the party," be expected to go into; but, as to the other representative of the grig—the little eel—we defy the keenest observer to extract from its contortions, which seem dictated by an instinctive desire to wriggle out of the way of getting skinned, the least spark of merriment.

As regular as clock-work is another absurdity, as may be ascertained by inquiring at almost any of the public clocks; for even the Horse Guards, which has enjoyed some reputation, has been once or twice caught in a state which proves that *Nullum horologium omnibus horis sapit.*

As sure as a gun is another of those comparisons that cannot hold good in a country like ours, where, in the first place, our old military muskets are sure of nothing but of missing their aim; to say nothing of the frightful uncertainty of so many of our sportsmen's guns, which are often as dangerous in the hand of a friend, as in that of an enemy.

As clear as the sun at noon-day may be all very well for a few weeks in June, but such a comparison is by no means adapted even then for everyday use; and the little truth it contains savours much less of the rule than of the exception.

As drunk as a lord is another comparison against which we are happy to be able to protest, for we think that sobriety and decency have found their way upwards even to the once dissolute portion of the aristocracy; the other version of the comparison, *as drunk as a pig*, may be allowed to pass without objection.

We could go on multiplying instances by the yard, or even by the mile, by the day, week, month, or year; but we think we have cited quite sufficient to show why it is that comparisons have come into disrepute, and have been pronounced generally odious.

WE DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT.

THERE is a youth at the diggings so tarnation fast that he lights his cigar always with a flash of lightning.

HUMAN KITTENS AND BLIND PUPPIES.

AMONG the female fashions for the present season, the Assize reports indicate infanticide as very prevalent. One LOUISA WALBORN, indicted at Dorchester Assizes for the murder of her little boy, was acquitted on evidence so conclusive—if true—of her guilt, and after a summing up so decidedly against her, that the jury must either have thought the witnesses perjurers, and the judge a blockhead, or have looked upon the child as a flea or a rat—or preferred breaking their solemn oaths to concurrence towards the dislocation of a woman's neck. "We may do what we like now!" was the jovial exclamation of several young mothers out of Court, on hearing of this satisfactory verdict. Soon, in Dorsetshire and elsewhere, we shall have maternal affection displaying itself at the druggists' counter, by requests for strychnine and prussic acid, "just to poison the babies."

To prevent this consummation, it will be of no use for *Punch* to write leading articles. Common jurymen take in beer only, and not *Punch*; besides, the very strongest *Punch* never would get into their heads.

It is greatly to be feared—for the sake of MR. CALCRAFT and his friends—that the only way out of this difficulty is the repeal of the gallows. When this tree virtually affords a shelter to criminals, had you not better cut it down? Now that the Black Drop is found to stupefy the juryman's moral sense, is it not time to leave off that physic?

"*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*," translated "neck or nothing," is your present criminal law maxim in regard to child-murder, and impunity results. Now, sure transportation is clearly preferable to fortuitous hanging and probable escape: and one casual gaol-bird in the hand of the law's finisher, is not worth two certain convicts, out of the bush.

It is useless to try and build buttresses to the scaffold, and to hold on by the rope any longer: you had better turn JACK KETCH himself off. We shall still have plenty of popular entertainments when you have abolished the spectacle of executions, with the yelling crowds, busy pickpockets, brutal jests, jangling knell, solemn parson, pompous sheriffs, revolting hangman, ghastly culprit, grotesque nightcap, white handkerchief, plunge, check, death-struggles, last dying speech and confession, and all the fun of Hang Fair.

LAY OF THE RABBLE.

AIR—"*Lilla's a Lady!*"

THE church rates and poor rates and road rates pay we,
And house tax, and horse tax, and dog tax, all three,
But because we've no vote 'tis cramm'd down our throat,
That we are, we are, we are the Rabble.

We may drink the best liquor, and eat the best grub,
Keep our cab and our tiger, and live at a club,
Independent may be, but because we're not free,
Why, we are, we are, we are the Rabble.

On juries we're summon'd to serve and to work,
And are swingingly fined if the duty we shirk,
We may seal a man's doom, yet to vote not presume!
For we are, we are, we are the Rabble.

Physicians, or lawyers, or parsons, although,
To the hustings for counties they won't let us go,
With a house if content under fifty pounds rent,
Oh! we are, we are, we are the Rabble.

If we want county votes we must certainly not
Be such fools as to think about love in a cot,
Though our lot may be bliss, yet the franchise we miss,
As we are, we are, we are the Rabble.

Whatever his income, his house, or his coat,
Give each honest man, of fair learning, a vote;
Then we little shall care, although you declare
That we are, we are, we are the Rabble.

Gas from the Green-Grocer's.

A RECENT Money article in the *Times* makes mention of a new undertaking for the promotion of the happiness of private families, by supplying them with cheap, brilliant, and portable gas, rejoicing in the name of the Vegetable Gas-light Company. The pretensions of this society are so noticed by the *Times*, as to make them appear deserving of some consideration; and we, always overjoyed to hail the increase of enlightenment, shall be transported beyond measure if this new Gas-light Company—though Vegetable—shall prove to be no Plant.

DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT.—A canon in a cathedral town lately burst, in consequence of being loaded with a bishop's charge.

THE MUDLARK OF PHILANTHROPY.

TRADING philanthropy, like a certain other kind of monster, is addicted to the making of the food it lives upon. There is a certain—or rather, uncertain—MR. CHARLES COCHRANE, who, in 1847, might have added the misrepresentation of Westminster to his other misrepresentations, if we had not prevented him. He has since been seeking "popularity" through the cheaper medium of a soup-kitchen supported by charitable contributions, and a staff of street orderlies, engaged in some very dirty work, which is too often the fate of those who are engaged in the service of a pseudo-philanthropist. These "orderlies" have been employed in the ignoble occupation of picking up every impurity they could find in the streets; but, when a chance presented itself of assisting pauperism to rise to a state of dignified industry in another country, MR. COCHRANE began to feel that in the absence of misery and destitution, his occupation as a puffing philanthropist would be gone.

To give to the poor the means of putting bread into their own mouths, would be figuratively to empty MR. COCHRANE'S mouth of all those frothy clap-traps upon which he has lived for the last three or four years, as a professor of the art of philanthropy, which may be ranked in these days as one of the humane sciences. A proposition having been made to give to some paupers the benefit of a boon, for which thousands of respectable working men are willing to pay—the boon of emigration—has thrown MR. COCHRANE into a state of rabid alarm and excitement, lest the material of misery upon which he has carried on his trade of philanthropy at home, should be converted into comfort in the colonies. A philanthropist who would keep up a supply of wretchedness and poverty as food for his philanthropy, is like a parson who would encourage wickedness in order that he might have something to preach about. MR. COCHRANE may as well shut up shop as a trading philanthropist forthwith, now that he has shown that he cares less for the sufferings of those who labour under the disease of poverty, than for his own notoriety as a quack in finding nostrums for it.

We are happy to find that the ratepayers of St. Martin's have decided against MR. COCHRANE'S theory that wretchedness ought not to be converted into prosperity, lest the philanthropist should be left without a theme for his own self-glorification. After the display he recently made of his qualifications for taking part in a public discussion,—when he apostrophised the chairman as "old fellow," and met the refusal to put a libellous resolution with an exclamation of "Won't you, by Jove, but we'll make you though,"—the electors of Westminster will be doubly grateful to us for having saved them from the disgrace of sending such a person to Parliament.

Scotch Mineralogy.

THE *Glasgow Mail* says, that some workmen employed in making excavations in front of the Infirmary of that city, found, among other curiosities, "a stone strongly impregnated with sulphur, of a similar description to that which was recently mistaken in Fifeshire for the genuine gold ore." Vulgar English prejudice would scarcely have supposed that Scotchmen could have mistaken anything else for gold—certainly not anything of the nature of sulphur. It must now, however, admit that the Scottish appetite for the "yellow dross" has been over-estimated, and that the sons of Caledonia have been a great deal too "much condemned to have an itching palm."

THOUGHT ON TIPTREE HALL.

MR. MECHI will eclipse his own magic strop if he shall succeed in sharpening rusty agricultural blades.

THE DERBY VOTER'S SOLILOQUY.

(*Spoken in a darkened doorway, with his face to the wall.*)

Is this a sovereign which I feel behind me,
Slipp'd gently into my hand? Come, let me sack thee:
Art thou not, precious metal, sensible
To vision as to touch? or art thou but
A sovereign of the mind, a false sensation,
Proceeding from the beer-oppressed brain?
I feel thee yet, a coin as palpable
As this I now produce.
Thou hint'st to me the side whereon I'm going;
And such a candidate I am to choose.
My conscience is the weakest of my senses,
Which should rule all the rest. I feel thee still—
A blade that has no gudgeon in his blood,
I ne'er was sold before. Pooh! no such thing:
It is the freeman's privilege which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now throughout all the land
Protection 's dead; and wicked bribes abuse
The voter's trust: now COPPOCK celebrates
Corruption's offerings; and cunning EDWARDS,
Subduing easy principle with pelf,
Prowls on the watch, and thus with hidden face
The stumpy lavishes wide towards his design,
Mute as a post. Ye men of sense and worth,
Mark not my course, which way I vote, for fear
My very looks show I 've been tamper'd with;
And take the present honour from my name,
That now rests with it. Whiles I yet shall live,
Votes I for treats and feeds and gold will give.
I go and plump anon: the chink invites me.
Hear it not, BERESFORD! for 'tis a knell
That summons thee to follow JACOB BELL!

THE LAW MILITANT.

THE "Church Militant" has long been a familiar term; but there seems to us to be a very considerable analogy between the practice of the camps and the practice of the courts—a striking resemblance between an ordinary field of action, and the field of an action at law. Most of the military expressions in use at the present day are applicable to lawyers' as well as soldiers' practice; and, indeed, before going into legal action, it is customary to inquire whether the party to be attacked is "worth powder and shot." The drilling of a corps of lawyers for sharp practice might be carried on very nearly in the words of the drill sergeant, the only alteration that would be necessary being shown by the following examples:—

For	Draw Swords	*Read*	Draw Bills.
,,	Fix Bayonets	,,	Fix Clients.
,,	Recover Arms	,,	Recover Costs.
,,	Present Arms	,,	Present Writs.

There are several directions which are equally applicable to either service, and we need only mention "Charge" and "Fall Out," as familiar instances: for "charging" is the lawyer's delight, while "falling out" is the client's privilege. There is, however, one exception—perhaps the one necessary to prove the rule—as to the analogy between legal and military practice, for though it is common in the latter to hear the word given to "stand at ease," we know that with those engaged in law the operation of standing at ease is quite impossible.

THE CHURCH AND THE CONSERVATIVES.

AT the BERESFORD Braintree dinner, held at the White Hart, the REV. MR. MAGENDIE said, responding to a toast—

"There was a *charm* which he could *not describe*, and a *warm feeling* which *came over them* when the affairs of this country were administered by a purely Conservative Government."

Could not describe? This was at the White Hart. Now, we understand that the Rev. Gentleman's clerk, supping the same night at the Black Pig, *could* describe what his master could not. The clerk said—

"I tell you what it is—it's just this. When the Tories is in, the loaves is bigger, and the fishes is sweeter. Rolls is peck loaves, and sprats is whales."

We put it to the Rev. Gentleman,—is not this his meaning, more happily as more guilelessly expressed?

The Grand Possibility.

WE hope we now see the possibility, which MR. DISRAELI alluded to as looming in the future, not farther off than the next session of Parliament. A recently published report, proposed to a Parliamentary Select Committee by MR. HUME, abundantly shows that it is perfectly possible to effect an equitable adjustment of the Income-Tax.

HINTS TO YOUNG YACHTSMEN.

Remember, my dear young friend, that there was an epic written by the second master (whom, in our playful way, we called the "Bung,") of the *Vulture*. Only two lines of this composition remain in my memory—for, indeed, we could never stand anything like a lengthened quotation from it, and poor Cudson was "cobbed" with a sword-scabbard before he got into the second book. They described the meeting of two vessels at sea, and ran thus:—

"From Buenos Ayres to Liverpool were we;
From Liverpool to Buenos Ayres was she."

Ah, how much of what seems fine in life reduces itself, when experienced, to something as common as this! Yes, my young friend, on life's ocean we are some of us going to Buenos Ayres while the others go to Liverpool—backwards and forwards on petty objects of trade. Apply this moral reflection, dear boy, and don't expect too much from your brilliant life in the *Bubble*. At all events, avail yourself of my experience, and spare yourself future disappointment. Experience—to use a nautical metaphor, which I can't help thinking a rather felicitous one—is like a *dog-vane:* a thing that shows us how the wind is very well, and is made from the feathers plucked from gulls.

It is natural, to be sure, that you should be a little exultant, at first. There you are, pacing the deck of the *Bubble*—and handsomely got up she is—spars as trim as fishing rods, delicate painting, the tiller (like the naval affairs of the country) with an ornamental wooden head to it! You, yourself, are an ornament to the *Bubble* as you pace backwards and forwards in a straw hat (don't have "Bubble" on the ribbon though) with a sharp eye to "windward," (where, however, there is no possible danger to be apprehended) and your telescope carried with peculiar knowingness. By the way, I don't know any test of the finished yachtsman better than the way in which he carries his "Dollond." Be not betrayed, on the strength of all this, into too hasty a reliance on your acquirements. If I went up in Mr. Green's balloon, it would be very absurd in me to dictate to that "veteran" as to throwing the ballast out, and the like: remember that you are still in the same innocence about seamanship. There can be no harm, for the present, in getting a very big chart and pricking it all about with a pair of compasses. You won't prog your fingers above once or twice at first, and meanwhile you will be in the way of learning something. "Gunter's scale" (need I caution you against jesting on "Gunter's *carte*," &c?) is a most useful scientific instrument, and ought to be carefully studied by all who pretend to navigation.

Then, a harmless fund of entertainment presents itself in the signal department. The Argonauts use, I think, Blogg's system; I know that many a fine intellect has employed itself in perfecting signal communication.

Indeed I was once signal midshipman myself, in the *Sea Cook*, 16, but, from hopeless perplexity of intellect when the flags went up, was justly described by Captain Gunne as "unfit for the important post."

At all events, you can give yourself no end of amusement—and, shall I say, a little importance?—by working your signal flags. Thus: "Forward there!" you cry; "send Hug aft!!!" For the *Bubble*, we will suppose, is lying a couple of cable's lengths from the *Parvenu*—young Plebson's cutter; and you are going to communicate with P. (who is sprawling on a Persian rug aft, with a pipe in his mouth, and watching the claret cooling in flannel bags over a green tub.)

So Hug comes running aft, and touches his hat, of course—(confess, my dear boy, that you feel a thrill of command then)—and, forthwith, you commence signalling to Plebson, whom you could inform of all your wishes in three minutes *per* dingy:—

"3 2 4 2—'Look out!' B. 4. 2. X.—'Salad!'"

and Plebson, the wag! hoists in reply a strange combination, which, after much puzzling, is discovered to be "Walker!"

Meanwhile, the people on shore are thrown into great excitement by all this display of flags, and conclude that they bear some important reference to the sailing of the *America*, or the witch-like movements of the *Poppet*. Of course, you are profound already on the *real causes* of the superiority of the *America?* Sometimes it is her "rig," and then it is her "build," and then she is only a "New York pilot-boat," and again, she is "only fit for a stiff breeze." But everybody agrees that if some one thing—nobody agrees what in particular—were somehow other than it is—*his* craft would beat her? Don't you think the *Bubble* would? To me, the way in which you fellows talk about the *America* is like the way one sometimes hears ladies talk about a pretty girl. To be sure, her mouth is nice enough, or there *is* something attractive about her eyes, to be sure, but— Meanwhile, like her sea prototype, the mystic charmer is going ahead of the whole of them!

I know you to be naturally a good-natured fellow, so it is perhaps hardly fair to warn you how to act in the matter of electing new fellows into the Imperial Argonauts. It is not necessary, I believe, to beg you not to say—swaggering about the club-rooms, or carelessly lounging at the balcony—"Oh hang it, you know, what does *he* want to be in for?" It is all very well for Fitz-Offal to be going about shrugging his shoulders, and saying the club's not what it used to be, when we know that he offered his interest to get in a pork-butcher on condition of the poor fellow's buying the *Diddler*, at goodness knows how much over the value! Oh, that *Diddler;* how the deuce does she swim with all those bills on board? Leave this kind of thing, I say, to Fitz O., and to those extraordinary "swells" who haunt sea-port places, and torment honest fellows who "pay their way"—"swells" who drawl out, "Ah, Forbessy!" when you are introduced to them, "What Forbessys are you of?"—or who, if your name happens to be Russell, ask you if you are going to stay this autumn at Woburn!

"WE FORBID THE BANNS!"

Louis Napoleon asks, "Who forbids the banns?" determined upon marrying, and making his bride empress; bone of his bone, and purple of his purple. "Who forbids them?"

"I forbid 'em," growls the Russian bear.

"I forbid 'em—I—I"—screams the double-headed Austrian Eagle.

"I, too! I, too!"—cries the Eagle of Prussia—"I forbid 'em."

That is, Louis Napoleon may take a wife who shall be Madame Napoleon, even Princess Napoleon—but not empress. And why? Oh, the Bear and the Eagles have parchment warranty. When Napoleon abdicated at Fontainbleau, he surrendered for himself and all of his blood in direct stream or collateral runnings, all right and title to the imperial throne of France. This is a hard historical fact. So much, too, did Napoleon the Great venerate the act of abdication, that, for what is known to the contrary, he may have headed one of his drums on his return from Elba, with *his* parchment copy of the deed. It is, however, certain that he whistled at his promise; the said whistling being echoed by a few hundred thousands of bullets,—whistling not at times to be laughed at.

However the quarrel may turn out, we are at least glad that there is a petticoat in it. For it seems that the President would be permitted—France vehemently insisting—to grow into an Emperor; but then he must be Emperor Solus. A crowned and anointed Adam in the gardens of the Tuileries with never an Eve; for the stony-hearted Three Powers, like lodging-house landladies nice in furniture, "object to children."

And so it is the old story over and over again. To make the hubbub complete and universal, there must be—bless her!—a woman. Napoleon Emperor makes Caroline Empress, and millions of swords flash from their scabbards. Now isn't it hard that Napoleon's wedding-cake must be flavoured with gunpowder, stuffed with balls, and moulded in a mortar?

"A Deluge of Nonsense."

Lord Maidstone's prophecy about the Deluge is so perfectly in the style and spirit of an old woman, that he should, out of compliment to those he imitates, alter his name to "Lord Old-Maid-stone."

SCENE.—ROOM IN COUNTRY-HOUSE.—BREAKFAST-TIME.

Master Tom. "OH, ROBERT!"

Robert. "YES, SIR!"

Master Tom. "OH, I SAY, ROBERT! THE LADIES WANT ME TO TAKE 'EM OUT FISHING TO-DAY, SO JUST TELL YOUNG EVANS I SHALL WANT HIM TO GO WITH ME TO GET SOME WASP GRUBS; AND—LOOK HERE! TELL THE GARDENER HE MUST GET ME SOME LARGE LOBWORMS DIRECTLY, AND A FEW SMALL FROGS, AS PERHAPS WE SHALL TRY FOR A JACK. AND—HI! ROBERT, TELL HIM TO SEND 'EM IN HERE, THAT I MAY SEE WHETHER THEY'RE THE RIGHT SORT!

[*General exclamation of "Nasty Monkey!" from the Ladies. Old Gentleman, being rather deaf, wishes* MASTER TOM'S *remarks repeated.*

A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR BUTCHERS.

THE *Manchester Guardian* reports a Grand Vegetarian Banquet, which took place last week at Salford Town-hall. The bill of fare was the following:—

"Savoury dishes:—omelette pies, savoury fritters, mushroom pies, rice fritters. Sweets:—tous-les-mois, farina, semolina, sago (all in shapes), cheesecakes. Fruit:—grapes, strawberries, pines, apples, cherries, preserved fruit. The beverages were tea, coffee, milk, iced water, &c."

In hot weather, when the human mind naturally inclines to salad, and its instincts are herbivorous, such a *carte* as the above is certainly rather inviting. But what should we have to say to it five months hence? Would rice fritters, and even mushroom-pies, stand comparison, at Christmas, with roast beef and turkey—nay, with mince pie and plum-pudding, whereof suet and other fat are ingredients? However this may be, vegetarianism is evidently progressing. It is remarkable that the scene of this banquet was a Town-hall; and the *Manchester Guardian* also informs us that the company included MR. ALDERMAN HARVEY. An alderman at a vegetarian feast!—what are we coming to? Who knows but that one of these not very distant days the LORD MAYOR of London himself, on the ninth of November, may hold a similar festival? And then the newspapers will tell us the next day of three or four hundred tureens of green pea soup, instead of as many of turtle, forming the principal item of the bill of fare—truly the green pea, in one respect, will be equal to the turtle in expense, as it will be out of season. Farina, semolina, and sago, which, so to speak, are made game of now, will then actually take the place of venison, partridge, and pheasant. If, too, the farina, semolina, and so forth, are all in shapes, they will probably correspond a little with the members of the Corporation, whom a lighter sort of diet will perhaps reduce to some measure of shape also. It will be a strange sight to behold a great civic magistrate discussing his currant jelly without his haunch: and, at the termination of the repast, over which FATHER MATHEW, of course, will preside along with PYTHAGORAS, to witness the circulation of the loving tea-cup.

DERBY ELECTION DITTY.

AIR—"*Sing a Song of Sixpence.*"

SING a song of Bribery, a pocket full of gold,
For a brace of sovereigns a voter here is sold:
When the House is opened, the Inquiry will begin,
And won't there be a fuss about this DERBY-dillying!

The candidates were canvassing, with speeches sweet as honey:
The Agent "in an upper room" was counting out his money;
Upon the scent the Peeler went, disguised in his plain clothes—
And what will be the end of it the Carlton only knows!

Maidstone's Demi-X.

AN injurious report having got abroad that the singularly mild and harmless beverage offered to the Public by MAIDSTONE as Bitter Beer, contains strychnine, some samples of it have been submitted to a distinguished chemist, who has been unable to detect in them, by the most minute analysis, the least trace of that deleterious alkaloid. Indeed, the quantity of ordinary bitter contained in this Beer is estimated by him to be considerably less than what enters into the composition of the weakest Swipes.

THE RECENT ABSURD CASE OF PLEDGING.

Dizzy. "IT'S THE PORTRAIT OF AN EMINENT PROTECTIONIST I'VE OBTAINED TO ILLUSTRATE MY GREAT NATIONAL WORK."

Pawnbroker. "AH, I DARE SAY! BUT I COULDN'T LEND ANYTHING UPON IT! IT ISN'T THE SORT OF THING THAT'S WANTED NOW-A-DAYS."

AN ASS IN A LEOPARD'S SKIN.

PERHAPS there never was a more startling instance of what it is to live, not merely by the sweat of one's brow, but by the perspiration of one's whole body, than is shown by the individual who stands at the door of CUMMING'S Exhibition in a complete suit of leopard skins. The Exhibition is intended to illustrate the triumph of human courage over brute force; but the man in the leopard skins should be endowed with a heart of stone and nerves of iron, to resist the furnace heat to which he is daily subjected. If the thermometer is 80 in the sun, we should like to know what it is in the pocket of this poor creature's paletot? We expect to see him drop down some day a mass of human tallow, with the flame of life dimly flickering in his eye by way of socket. The unhappy victim creeps occasionally on to an adjacent railing of iron, as if he would fain place himself on a sort of save-all, but we fear the thread of his life is reduced to a wick, which is being rapidly consumed by the burning fever into which he is thrown by the furs that envelop him.

We often feel that it would be an act of mercy to place him under the adjacent pump, and though he might object to the proceeding in the heat of the moment, he would appreciate it upon cooler reflection. We have heard of a person being ready to jump out of his skin with joy, and we are convinced that the happiest event of this individual's life will be his jumping out of his leopard skins. We trust we have said nothing to hurt the poor fellow's feelings, but having daily opportunities of observing that he is by no means thin-skinned, we have not scrupled to make him the subject of a few remarks, which we hope will be for his benefit.

THE DOUBLE-FACED MINISTRY.

A GENTLEMAN, connected with a very reputable card-cheating case that has lately edified the sporting-houses and betting-offices of the metropolis, was taken up, and several coins with two heads were found in his possession. These coins had evidently been used for gambling and deceitful purposes. This is, of course, very dreadful, but we know a Ministry that has lately been playing their game upon the same gambling principle. They have been sending their money far and wide into the country, and every piece of it has been stamped with two heads. These two heads were Free Trade and Protection. If a county cried Free Trade, up went the coin, and it was sure to come down with the face of Free Trade turned uppermost. If, on the contrary, the county cried Protection, nothing was easier than to turn the coin the opposite way, and to let that side be uppermost which the electors were anxious to see the winning side. In this way the ministerial coin did double duty, and won twice where, otherwise, it could not have won more than once. The Ministry came down, it is said, with thousands in playing this game, not only at Derby, but at several other places. In most instances the trick was successful, but in a few it was exposed, and the parties practising it were hooted with contempt out of the town.

It, remains, however, to be proved whether they will gain much eventually by the fraud, for when Parliament meets, and the Ministry has to face it, it will be quite a toss-up, whether, with their two faces even, it will be able to stand after the first throw. The country's eyes are opened, now, to the imposition, and we are afraid the first throw will be for the Ministry what in tossing is called "Sudden Death." We should have stated before, only we thought it quite unnecessary, that the name of this Ministry, with two heads, is, as the reader knows well enough without our telling him—"THE DERBY MINISTRY." Its game is completely up.

The Vote Market.

ALTHOUGH the influence of the Crown may not have been, to any very great extent, unduly exerted at the late election, there is too much reason for fearing that some ministerial candidates have awfully abused the power of the Sovereign.

MOTTO FOR A POSTAGE STAMP.—"A penny for your thoughts."

HOMAGE TO PANIZZI.

IT is impossible to speak in terms of too strong eulogy of the activity and zeal which have been lately displayed in the execution of his office, by

SIGNOR PANIZZI,

LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

For years past the papers have teemed with unreasonable complaints of the chaotic and incomplete state of the catalogue of that national institution, the arrangement of which was the duty of the Signor. He, all the while, was labouring with preternatural diligence at a task comparable only to that of the DANAIDES, or to the job assigned by the celebrated MICHAEL SCOTT to the importunate demon on the sea-shore. We are happy to announce that he has now completed his great work, having thus entirely snuffed out the glory of JOHNSON'S Dictionary: and now, having nothing else or better to do, than to go on continually bringing his stupendous performance nearer and nearer to perfection, he has been assiduously, indefatigably, and inexorably summoning before the magistrates every delinquent publisher who may have omitted by some oversight to transmit to the Museum, as by law required, a copy of a twopenny-halfpenny pamphlet.

VANITY *VERSUS* EMIGRATION.

SONG FOR A COCKROACH.

COME, all of you whom BERESFORD perhaps would call the rabble,
I want you to create a row, to halloo, hiss, and gabble;
Run at my heels, ye ragged rout, whose class the paupers yields,
Follow me to the vestry of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

You know there is a scheme a-foot to raise a penny rate,
To help you to transport yourselves—they say, to emigrate,
To quit your alleys, courts, and lanes, wherein you love to be,
And go to far Australia from your parish—and from me.

They'd have you leave the soup-kitchen where *gratis* you are fed,
To work and drudge in other lands for mutton and for bread;
They want you to desert the streets which you with ease can sweep,
To rake in other mud for gold, or slave at tending sheep.

Can highest shepherd's wages, richest diggins, make amends
For being torn from cherished slums, and pals, and public friends?
You love your old back settlements, though full of sinks and drains,
Far more than those new colonies, for all their golden plains.

Attend me to the meeting then, called, with designing views
Of ousting you from British Yards, and Rows, and Rents, and Mews;
Interrupt it, bawl and bellow, strain your throats in making noise,
And with hubbub and with clamour put discussion down, my boys.

Their object 's to get rid of you, as you, of course, must know,
But don't let them come over you—I'd not consent to go:
Because 'twould suit their purpose—though I might, in distant lands,
Earn a comfortable living, and be taken off their hands.

Pack off the parish poor, indeed!—oh, that will never do!
I can't at any price, my friends, afford the loss of you;
Your shoulders, needy multitude, to stand on I require,
An eminent philanthropist, for people to admire.

If you were gone, there soon would be an end of all my fame,
And never in the papers more should I behold my name;
No longer, by the stir I make, attract the public gaze,
Nor live, of notoriety surrounded by a blaze.

Then stay at home, my ragged friends—dear objects of relief—
Desert your benefactor, and he'll die of very grief;
Whilst you, in independence fed and clad, are far away,
And nobody for COCKROACH will be left to cry, Hooray!

Encouragement for (Chevaliers of) Industry.

SOME alteration must be made in the laws which regulate speculative societies. The operations of the "Australian Gold Mining and Emigration Company," exposed the other day at the Mansion House before SIR ROBERT CARDEN, strongly suggest the necessity of taking measures for providing the members of fraudulent joint-stock companies with joint stocks.

THE EXTREME ANIMAL.

A CERTAIN gentleman is so great a stickler for the combination of spiritual with secular teaching, that he never gives instructions to his attorney without at the same time delivering him a lecture on divinity.

PITY THE SORROWS OF THE POOR POLICE.

"Lor, Soosan! How 's a Feller to eat Meat such Weather as this. Now, a bit o' Pickled Salmon and Cowcumber, or a Lobster Salid *might* do."

A GRAVE ACCUSATION.

Most of the recent changes in the law have been such as we can approve, but we cannot say as much for a new rule which will take effect on the 24th of October, by which a suit is not to cease on the death of either the defendant or the plaintiff. To continue litigation in the name of or against the dead, is to carry a quarrel beyond the grave; and, surely, when a man has paid the debt of nature he may be allowed to rest in peace, even though his other obligations may remain unsatisfied. If he could be brought to life again by a bill of reviver there might be some reason for the new rule, but to call upon a deceased party to "appear," is a proceeding worthy of an invocation of Zamiel. There is something awful in the idea of carrying on a suit against the dead, which will include the service of notices at his "last place of abode," and perhaps the filing of all sorts of documents on the railings of the cemeteries, which will be hung henceforth with writs by way of *immortelles*, or other funereal appendages. We hope the first lawyer who undertakes to carry on a suit against a dead man will be met by the defunct with "spirit," and the entry of an "appearance" after a fashion that the man of law may not anticipate.

Calling Persons by their Proper Names.

The name of one of Louis Napoleon's aide-de-camps is Roguet. If the last letter of this name were dropped, it would then be beautifully appropriate for the servant of such a master. This might easily be done, as we all know that Louis Napoleon, in the choice of his associates, has never been "particular to a *t*."

Blue-bottle's Motto.—"Blow high, blow low."

BLENHEIM SPANIELS AND WOODSTOCK PUPPETS.

It is a strange fact that has no less strangely escaped the vigilance of Dod, that at certain seasons, certain folks in Oxfordshire, at other times biped, sentient men, become, for a time, spaniels and wooden puppets. They can bark, can just bow-wow yes and no; and can squeak the like syllables. How the transformation originated we cannot rightly say; but the olden time of fairy, as Mr. Keightley will testify, is full of such changes; witness the seals that, when they list, can take off their seal-skins and appear as young ladies. We wish, before the next edition of the Fairy Mythology, that its learned author would take a trip into Oxfordshire. For we should like to know the origin of the transformation above spoken of. In the meanwhile, we have merely to give a correct copy of the Marquis of Blandford's address: an address that, we grieve to say, has been shamefully garbled. However, the Red Lion of Brentford *may* blush, but not—no, on second thoughts we will give the Marquis's address, and not be personal.

"Spaniels and Puppets—I have delayed addressing you, because I hadn't determined whether I should or not. However, as I have a few words to throw to the dogs—here goes.

"You know that I always advocated your interests. No man has been louder in praise of the length of your ears, oh spaniels; no one more readily allows the suppleness of your joints, oh puppets.

"The connexion has been long between us. I hardly remember the time when you would not sit upon your hind legs at the word—when you would not respond to the wire at the pull. For you have ever been spaniels of the right Blenheim breed—puppets of the same wood that grew the baton of the first Marlborough.

"I have taught you to jump over a stick at the cry of 'Church and State,' and to howl at democracy. You have squeaked, 'Up with the loaf, and down with the Radicals.'

"When our Church—that is, my Church—for, as I crushingly observed to a certain person at Brentford, I have all the Church to myself—well, then, when my Church is assailed even in its weathercock, I take the attack as personal. Kick but a tombstone, and I feel it all over.

"But in these times men wear masks. Indifference to Church rates is called philosophy; and the Liberal, to show that he will tolerate all religions, would embrace the infidel who has none.

"The ultra doctrines of democracy are fascinating, but dangerous. There are men who would invade the hearth of property, like black-beetles; and without paying a half-crown at the gate (five shillings, if a party of three) wander insultingly through the halls of Blenheim.

"Against these doctrines I stand, gentlemen. I have been much abused—but I like abuse. The swallow builds her nest with mud. The true saint warms himself in the dirt that 's cast upon him.

"Gentlemen—I mean, spaniels and puppets—my feelings may have been wounded; but what of it? Crush spices, and they smell the sweeter; my feelings have been pounded, and—but you will judge what follows. It becomes not me to make an inference.

"Had I been as fortunate as my merits and my humility entitled me—(but I can wait)—at Middlesex, our connexion would have ceased. You would still have worn collars; you would still have been pulled by wires: the only difference would have been this—the collars would have borne another name; the strings would have been twitched by other fingers.

"I have the honour to be your—no, I mean you have the honour to be my—obedient spaniels and puppets, "Blandford."

This address, when read at the Marlborough's Head—a house ordinarily empty enough—was met with sundry bow-wows and roo-ti-toos; after which the spaniels resumed their two legs; and the puppets became flesh.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESS.

It is expected that the *Moniteur* will shortly contain the following:—

Decree.

Considering, 1.—That all descriptions of leading articles but one, contain reflections.

Considering, 2.—That those reflections may be reflections on the Government.

The Prince President of the French Republic Decrees:—

That henceforth no leading articles shall be permitted in France but leading strings.

The Minister of the Bed Chamber and Boots is charged with the execution of this decree. Louis Napoleon.

Political Paradox.

In general, it is necessary that a Peer should be of age in order to be enabled to take his place in the Legislature, but the Earl of Derby has a seat in the House of Lords, although he has not yet attained his majority.

THE DEMISE OF DOE AND ROE.

(*Obierunt July* 15, 1852).

IN Westminster Hall it is darkness all,
And solemn the strokes of midnight fall
From out the neighbouring Abbey tower,
The echoes call, from roof and wall,
And pass the record of the hour.

The first has died, the last replied,
That 'twixt the far roof-ribs doth hide,
And midnight hath been signalled round;
When the Court doors wide, on the western side,
Fly open all, without a sound.

From each doth troop a shadowy group
Of forms that 'neath a burden stoop—
A heavy burden like a bier.
Mournfully their heads they droop,
Their sobs and sighs are plain to hear,

Doleful and drear about the bier,
Whereon two shrouded forms appear
Laid out, like corpses, side by side.
No corpses, though, for lo! they rear,
Two grisly heads—all hollow-eyed!

Heavy as lead, from each bier-bed,
Is lifted up a stricken head.
But, hold! methinks those heads I know—
Law-bred, law-fed, but now nigh sped—
It is John Doe and Richard Roe!

Well I know them; nought I owe them;
Oft, in an ejectment (blow them),
Roe I have cursed, and Doe have demmed;
Law that made doth now o'erthrow them,
And now to die they are condemned.

Now, erecter, grisly spectre,
Roe, the casual ejector,
Sadly sits up and strives to speak;
Doe, that once stormed like a Hector,
Bears to his comrade burden meek:—

"Legal fictions, our afflictions
Should to you be as predictions
To tell your quickly coming fate;
New Reforms and fresh restrictions
Are gathering all about law's gate.

"Ye are many, yet not any
Brought the lawyers such a penny
As we great fictions used to do;
Never cats of famed Kilkenny
Such battles fought as did we two.

"The great glory of our story,
On the page of year-books hoary,
In old black-letter may be read;
Gallant were our fights and gory—
For in the purse our victims bled.

"In the nation's declarations
We have ruled for generations—
Still at our will, unjust or just,
We flung the proud from their high stations,
We raised the lowly from their dust.

"Although we were not things, but names,
All in our keeping left their claims,
Inspired with reverent awe—
Deaf to men's praises or their blames,
We sat—lies throned on law.

"Till the bold ways of these new days
Dared question of our use to raise,
And insolently sought to know
If justice *must* walk in a maze
Led by the ghosts of Doe and Roe?

"Still bolder grew the impious crew,
And more and more the veil withdrew
That hangs before the shrine of law;
And, though we stood revealed to view,
Stoutly declared they nothing saw.

"Reckless they swore they would no more
Be dupes of fictions, as of yore;
And on this frivolous pretence,
Into the cave of legal lore
Let the coarse light of common sense.

"Our sand is run—our reign is done,
The accursed light we may not shun,
We sink beneath its fatal ray;
You, minor fictions, every one,
Before it soon must melt away.

"With Doe and me soon men will see
Poor formal colour in a plea;
And you, ye Common Courts, also;
You, forms of action, soon will be,
Where Doe and I are going to go.

"Rules to Compute, you 'll soon be mute—
Special demurrers, keen and 'cute—
Your quibbles will not save you long;
You, too, Venires, branch and root,
Will fall before the reckless throng.

"In this last hour, with prophet power,
I see, as one sees from a tower,
Law, shorn and shaved, and short,
Driven from her ancient state, to lower
In cheap and nasty County Court.

"Gone pleaders' sleight, to prove wrong right:
Gone subtle forms to make black white,
Gone every quibble, quiddit, quirk—
All that made suitors' purses light,
And all that found the lawyers work.

"To end doth draw the reign of Law—
Merits shall win, despite of flaw
Whether in process or in plea—
Justice comes in, rude, coarse, and raw,
And so, friends, out go we!"

AN EXETER SCOLLARD.

At the late Exeter Assizes, the following summons is stated to have been handed up to the judge, Mr. Baron Martin, by the special juryman on whom it was served:

"I am to sumon an warn you to speir at the Castle at Exon on Wednesday the 26 day of July instant comming by 8 o'clock in the morning to sarve on the spical jury at the assize on the trile of Harding and Lady Roll."

It is scarcely credible that an example of ignorance such as the above should have been afforded by the diocese of Exeter, in which so many educational institutions have been founded for the instruction of the people, such pains have been taken to inform and expand their minds, and to impart to them a sufficiency of necessary learning, independently of all sectarian views; wherein, in short, such active and gigantic efforts in the cause of popular enlightenment and for the diffusion of useful knowledge, have been made under the auspices of Bishop Philpotts.

A Vehicle of Progress.

A Coachmaker is advertising as a great novelty an article he calls a "silent and easy Brougham." This must, indeed, be something new, and very different from the old original Brougham, which can never be silent for long together, and certainly can never be silent and easy at the same moment. There seems to be something more like the genuine article advertised under the title of a "Brougham with pole for a pair," inasmuch as our favourite Brougham has indeed "pole for a pair," or head enough for two any day.

"PLEASE, SIR, DID YOU WANT ANYBODY TO *KEEP ORDER* ON THESE HERE HUSTINGS ON POLLING DAY?"

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

THERE'S a snug little tap at the Royal Hotel,
That looks on the Southend pier;
And your "own correspondent" is going to tell
Of a singular matter which lately befell,
As he sat in it drinking his beer:

For there came in a maid who a pitcher had got,
A maiden right comely to view;
('Twas a Saturday night when I sat in that spot)
And she said, "Please, Sir, Missis has sent for a pot
Of stout, and a family Pew."

"What Dissenters are these!" in amazement I cried,
"Who hither have managed to creep?
In this diocese, surely, must PHILPOTTS preside,
Since the pasture of souls from the inns is supplied,
And the tapsters look after the sheep.

"I have heard of free churches, indeed; but this new
Free and easy the whole of them beats."
"Not so fast!" cried the waiter. "Pray give us our due:
Our church, for we have one, is there in full view,
And we sell the tickets for seats."

"By Dissenters," I said, as I quitted the place,
"If arrangements like this had been made,
How soon would each zealous, True Blue British face
For the low, ranting, mad, Muggletonian race,
Its scorn and contempt have display'd!

"That 'twas sinful religion so far to profane,
From the pulpit we often should hear;
And be warn'd from the meetings of those to refrain,
Who were willing their doctrine, poor things, to obtain
At the bar where they purchased their beer.

"And the sons of the Church, be they high, be they low,
More careful should be, I opine;
Lest their union with inns rather closer should grow,
And the Mitre, proved useless, except as a show,
Should only be seen on a sign."

THE PEOPLE'S CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE 5th of August, 1852, will shine a day of light in the History of England. For on that day the People's Crystal Palace—rolled away like a silvery vapour from Hyde Park—will begin to take form, to tower and expand in greater brightness and fuller beauty in Penge Park, Sydenham.

We are enabled to give a brief outline of the ceremony to be enacted on the national occasion.

The QUEEN will not be present; as HER MAJESTY reserves to herself the right of opening the Palace for the People on May Day, 1853.

Nevertheless, the ceremony, though simple, will be touchingly impressive.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON will cut the first pane of crystal. And here we are happy to record a most gracious act on the part of a sympathising Government. The Koh-i-Noor will be lent for the purpose of cutting the crystal. Yes; the Koh-i-Noor will be allowed to quit its bed of lead—(where it has of late been confined to undergo an operation for the benefit of its beauty,)—and reposing on a black velvet cushion covered with a glass dome, will be brought in custody of MR. SWIFT, keeper of the Crown Jewels, mounted on an elephant magnificently caparisoned for the occasion.

At two o'clock, precisely—all preparations being made—the Koh-i-Noor will be delivered into the right hand of SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, who, bare-headed, will bow to it thrice, in acknowledgment of the courtesy of HER MAJESTY. Then, SIR JOSEPH, tenderly, yet firmly holding the diamond between his two fingers and his thumb, will approach a sheet of crystal duly propped for the occasion, and along a yard rule, draw the diamond, cutting the first crystal!

As the Koh-i-Noor runs along the glass, and the quick, musical *ting* breaks from the cutting diamond, fifty silver trumpets will throw a triumphant flourish to the winds. The people will of course shout, and —the first crystal will be cut!

SIR CHARLES FOX will then step forward. An anvil wreathed with flowers—(the roses of VENUS adorning the strength of VULCAN,)—will be placed upon the ground. A hammer and a piece of iron will then be given to SIR CHARLES, who, for a few seconds, will ceremoniously hammer the first piece of iron destined for the People's Crystal Palace.

This done, trombones and ophicleides will rend the air; the people will shout as before, and the first piece of iron will be struck.

After this, a tree—the first of the thousands of trees that are to grow and blossom under the crystal roof—the first tree will be planted. This will be done, and very properly, seeing what an Eden we are promised in the garden of May next, by a female hand. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON will, of course, select the tree; and he will then have to select as the planter of the tree, the most beautiful woman present; and we heartily wish him—among such contending beauties—well out of his difficulty. There is no doubt, however, that in his selection of the one, he will please all.

The tree being planted, MR. OWEN JONES will hang upon its branches a garland of many-coloured flowers; illustrative of the lovely hues he knows so well to select and harmonise.

This must be taken as the merest outline of the approaching ceremony; but, as far as it goes, we believe it will be found rigidly faithful.

Dancing will, it is expected, be kept up until the nightingales begin; and talking of nightingales, there is no doubt that the voice of the Champagne will be heard in the land.

National Corn Plaster.

AS LORD DERBY and his colleagues profess to be great corn-doctors, they ought to know where the shoe pinches, and to beware of the ill effects of unequal pressure: it is therefore to be expected that they will give us a specimen of their abilities by putting the Income Tax on an equitable footing.

TRANSPORTING THOUGHT!

THERE is a set of rascals who get their living by practising swindling tricks upon poor emigrants. It is to be hoped that these fellows will be obliged to emigrate themselves—with this difference, that their emigration shall be involuntary.

Looking to the Main Chance.

DIRECTLY it was known that the elections were going unfavourably to LORD DERBY, the directors of the principal Water Companies in London waited upon LORD MAIDSTONE; and, handing in their terms, said they should be very happy to supply his lordship with water—for the Deluge.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 7th, 1852.

HANSOM CABBY.

"What's this, Sir? It's only Two Shillings. Why, my *fare*'s One and Eightpence!"

PUNCH'S POLICE COURT.

Last week *Mr. Punch's* Police Court was crowded to excess. On the Bench we observed several of the most distinguished Booksellers and Publishers in London. The body of the Court was filled, principally, by the most respectable newsvendors and publication-sellers of the metropolis.

The subject of this great excitement was one Antonio Panizzi.

Mr. Punch. What are you, sir?

Prisoner. I am the librarian of the British Museum.

Mr. Punch. Well, sir, you are charged with neglecting to complete a certain Catalogue of that Museum, and so doing grievous injury to the interests of literature, besides bringing that national institution into contempt in the estimation of all foreigners. Now, sir, answer me. How many years have you been engaged on that Catalogue?

Prisoner (*who spoke English remarkably well for a foreigner*). I'm sure I do not know; it may be ten, or fifteen, or twenty years—but really I cannot tell.

Mr. Punch. In fact, you have been engaged upon it so long that you have lost all calculation as to the exact time? Is it not so?

Prisoner (*with great coolness*). Precisely.

Mr. Punch. Now, sir, can you tell me in how many years this same Catalogue will be completed?

Prisoner. It is totally out of my power. It may be forty—it may be sixty—it may be a hundred years.

Mr. Punch. Do you expect this Catalogue, of which you have the compiling, will ever be completed in your lifetime?

Prisoner (*laughing*). Oh, no; nor in my children's life-time either.

Mr. Punch. How far have you advanced in it?

Prisoner. Really, you take me quite unawares. I think it is either the letter D or E, or F, G, or H. *In fact*, I can say with certainty it is one of them, but cannot say positively which.

Mr. Punch. Now, sir, what have you to say in your defence? You have taken, on your own confession, "ten, or fifteen, or twenty years" upon merely the commencement of a Catalogue, which any respectable auctioneer would have finished in as many weeks, if not days. What have you to advance in justification of such shameful neglect?

Prisoner (*boldly*). I am engaged all the time upon other business!

Mr. Punch. What business could have been half so important as the one you had already in hand?

Prisoner. Why! I was engaged in summoning booksellers and newsvendors in failing to supply the British Museum with the books and numbers of the periodicals they publish.

Mr. Punch. But that cannot take up much of your time?

Prisoner. Oh, yes! it does—it takes up the greatest part of my time. Why! I was engaged all last week in summoning Mr. Catnach, because he had not sent me in a copy of his recent Ballads; and it took me another week to pull up Mr. Pitts, for not having left, at our office, his last edition of *Mother Shipton's Prophecies*. I couldn't find him at his "Toy and Marble Warehouse," in the Seven Dials.

Mr. Punch. So then, the Catalogue of the British Museum has to wait for Mr. Catnach's Ballads, and *Mother Shipton's Prophecies?*

Prisoner. Exactly! It's perfectly clear I cannot be attending to two things at once. I cannot be summoning these fellows and having them fined at the Police Office, and attending to the Catalogue at the same time.

Mr. Punch. It's perfectly clear you cannot, and so I have come to this resolution. As you say very properly, "you cannot attend to two things at once;" I fairly give you notice that the next time you are brought up before me for neglecting your Catalogue, that I shall take it away from you, and allow you to pursue the other part of your business, for which you seem much better qualified; and I will take good care that your successor is not an Italian.

This decision seemed to give general satisfaction to every one but the prisoner, who, muttering, left the Court for Holywell Street, evidently on a hunting expedition for some unhappy publisher. We may cherish the national hope, therefore, of the Museum Catalogue being very shortly taken out of Mr. Panizzi's hands.

TRIMMING FOR THE TIARA.

We believe we may state that an important change is about to be made in the fashion of the papal tiara. Most of our readers are aware that an enlightened French priest, the Abbé Gaume, a short time since, published a work of genius entitled the *Ver Rongeur*, wherein he denounced classical literature, so called, as anti-catholic. The appearance of this production occasioned a controversy among the French clergy, which the Pope is said, on good authority, to have decided in favour of the intelligent Abbé. "The cause is finished; Rome has spoken"—in a voice that sounds very much like a bray. Accordingly, nobody will be surprised to see his Holiness come out with his triple hat considerably elongated, having a peaked crown terminated by a tassel, and a pair of long ears at the sides.

As it seems probable that the popish priesthood will prefer the latinity of the schoolmen to that of Cicero and Virgil, it will perhaps be necessary that their denomination, to which the name of Latin Church has been hitherto applied, should henceforth be styled the Dog Latin Church.

Lodging-house Logic.

We perceive by a police report that the duty of enforcing the law against the filthy lodging-houses in St. Giles's, has been entrusted to Inspector Reason. We do not wonder at his having found his task almost hopeless, for the inmates were sure to refuse to listen to Reason, when his voice opposed their own temporary interests. We are delighted to see the authorities awake to the subject of these horrible abodes, for the beds they contain are not matters to sleep upon.

Something like a Ball!

A fast young lady, who does not go to Almacks, alluding to the new buildings at the Electric Telegraph Office in the Strand, says "she envies that Company, for they have a large Ball all the year round, and they keep it up like One o'clock!"

The Spirit of the Till.

Colonel Mundy tells us, in his book of the *Antipodes*, that "The Spirit of the Till is rapidly infusing itself into the native dealings and character" at Australia. This is, in one sense, exactly what is wanted in a country where hands are scarce. This spirit will be driving the natives to the Diggings, for if there is one field, which will yield more to the *Till* than another, it must be a Gold Field.

The Distressed Bailiff's Home.

Owing to the great destitution amongst sheriffs' officers which has been occasioned by recent law reforms, and will be increased by the lamented decease of John Doe and Richard Roe, it is in contemplation to establish an asylum for the benefit of that popular class of persons, under the name of the Levi-athan.

An Enquiry.

We wonder if Mr. Disraeli will bequeath to his successors all he sees "looming in the future?" and whether he will bequeath it as an "air-loom?"

PEEL IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

THE statue of SIR ROBERT PEEL—the man of cheap bread; the man whose memory is sweet and nourishing in the mouths of millions—stands unwrapt in the market-place of Tamworth. At a good time was the statue stripped from its coverings; and manifested to the broad daylight. At an excellent and most significant time—at the very time that the Minister DERBY—the man of the dear loaf, could he only send it up—was still folding and swathing himself in politic wrappings: an effigy of mystery—an indefinite thing looming in the haze of the future session.

The market-place, of all places, is the site for the statue of PEEL. His genius, his energy, his self-sacrificing clear-sightedness, has made the English market-place somewhat more pleasantly familiar to the poor. They, with more food for their money, may cast a grateful, thanksgiving look to the genius of the market-place—beneficent SIR ROBERT—as they wend homeward to store the cupboard.

The ceremony of inaugurating the statue passed off very genially; but the memory of SIR ROBERT PEEL demands some penitential offering at the hands of the men who, abusing him to the death, now with brassy cheek and ready tongue acknowledge the benefits of his policy. Moreover we are inclined to think so well of their repentance that, were the manner of penance plainly indicated to them, we think they would hardly hesitate to practise it.

The man who first cured herrings was a benefactor to all future generations. Wheresoever is found a red herring, there is the memory of the man odorous as a bank of spring violets. So thought CHARLES THE FIFTH, by no means the most sentimental of monarchs. For his Majesty, to show his royal sense of the invention of the herring-curer, visited the tomb of WILLIAM BENKELS, and there, in regal state and with thanksgiving stomach, did eat a herring—yes, did solemnly consume one of the precious fish upon the grave of the first curer. It had been well for mankind had kings always banquetted thus wisely. The broiled herring eaten on a grave, and the live gold-fish that, once upon a time, swam adown each side of a Carlton-House table were fish significant of very different reflections.

Well, what CHARLES THE FIFTH did in gratitude, let LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI in some manner imitate in penitence. Let them visit Tamworth market-place on market-day at noon, and at the foot of SIR ROBERT'S statue, that shall "all the while run blood" of barley-corn, let them bare-headed and upon their knees consume a humble-pie made for the occasion; the pie of tariff rumpsteak, and the crust of Free-trade flour. If the PREMIER and the CHANCELLOR will only promise this, *Mr. Punch* will, in return, promise to be upon the ground with a new ruby-pointed pen to chronicle the historical event.

We trust, at least, to MR. DISRAELI, as a brother author—(authors are all brothers; CAINS and ABELS!)—for the courtesy of an early notice.

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER XV.

ONE reads in the newspapers that, owing to the political intrigues of PRINCESS ROUGEWRINKLE (who makes morning calls upon Continental kings, with secret treaties in her golden card-case), one dynasty is not to be "recognised," and another is to go into a state of "fusion," and a third is to retract its "reclamation," and, in fact, all sorts of wonderful tricks are to be played upon nations with the cards that come out of the Princess's card-case. And one hears, with even more surprise, that if the wives of any of the next new Ministers should happen to be ladies of Dissenting or Quaker persuasion, there will be another Church revolution or two; DR. WATTS's hymns will drive out BRADY and TATE; and when DR. SUMNER asks after the health of DR. WILBERFORCE, he will be ordered by the Privy Council to use bad English, and say, "How is thee, HENRY?" And yet some people assert that ladies have no power in public matters. As for myself, I do believe that the more I develope my own character on paper, the less worthy I prove myself of anybody's attention. All the ingredients prescribed for the composition of a heroine slip away from under my pen one after another. I have just discovered that I have no ambition. Had it been otherwise, who knows but that one of these days I might have prevented a "fusion," or insisted on my husband's abolishing all the Bishops? For I have had an offer of a "destiny of distinction," or at least an offer from a gentleman who has quite convinced himself that he is entitled to make such a proposal. Had I pleased, I might have been the betrothed bride of the new Member of Parliament for the Muddlegrub burghs. This gentleman has fully made up his mind that he is one of the master-spirits of the age, and that his return for Muddlegrub is by no means a result of an extraordinary outlay by his confiding papa, but a special interference of Providence in favour of a helpless nation. I understand that several gentlemen, holding similar views, are anxiously waiting for the assembling of the new House, all regarding themselves as Coming Men. But MR. MURKIE GLIMMER, I am certain, conceives that he has come much more forward than any of his competitors. I shall watch the reports of the debates with great interest, and look for MR. GLIMMER'S speeches with a curiosity which the wives of few Members, I am told, exhibit in regard to their husbands' orations.

We had a dinner party, and for some reason or other—certainly not with any view to what followed—papa asked MR. GLIMMER. He came late, but apologised by saying that he had been so engrossed by some Blue Books that he had forgotten the flight of time. I thought I saw a slight smile on the lips of two or three shrewd old City men whom the student had kept waiting, but perhaps it was only from pleasure that they would be kept no longer. At dinner, I was placed between one of these gentlemen and the new Member of Parliament. He is a large, fresh-coloured person, with rather an arrogant expression of countenance, and a voice which he obviously labours to render as soft as he can, but which becomes harsh and unpleasant when he loses his self-possession, or grows angry.

"You don't read the papers, I suppose," he said, indulgently, in the course of dinner; "it is not to be expected that a lady should take that trouble."

"O yes, I do, very often," I said, adding, not quite civilly, "I like them so much when Parliament is not sitting, and they have room for reviews of books, and pleasant information."

"Well, perhaps you are right," said MR. GLIMMER. "Indeed, I wish the writers would keep to books, and operas, and things they can

understand. I assure you, as a public man, it is quite painful to see how ignorantly they deal with more important topics. I make a point myself of never reading a leading article."

"Better if he did, sometimes, perhaps," muttered my other neighbour to me, "and then he would not have told you that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA was a foolish old man, completely governed by his wife."

He had said so, certainly, but I had set it down as one of those mistakes which people make in conversation, and which gentlemen, who make them in conversation with young ladies, often think not worth correcting—"dare say the girl did not notice it, or knew no better if she did." But when I mentioned that a friend of ours was gone to fish for salmon in Norway, I was rather surprised to hear the Member of Parliament assert that the fisherman must have obtained a Russian passport.

"Good again," growled the City merchant, who knew every place in the world, I believe. "And these are the people who cram for foreign debates, and take upon themselves to speak up for commerce and its interests. Ask him whether there will be a good supply of humming-birds from Odessa this year."

But this I would not venture, though I to think he would have answered, vaguely, that the official accounts could hardly be depended upon, or something of that kind. He favoured me, during dinner, with an outline of the course he intends to take in Parliament. I should misuse his technical words, but their effect was that he intended to have our foreign policy entirely remodelled, and that no despatch of any kind should ever be sent to anybody until the sense of the House had been taken upon it. He should take his Atlas down to the House—

"One step in the right direction," murmured my neighbour. "Another would be to begin to study it."

And he should say to the Foreign Secretary, "Now, either Sicily (for example) *is* an island or it is *not* an island. If it *is* an island—"

"It is a piece of land surrounded by water," said the City gentleman aloud. "You won't impeach the poor Minister if he answers so, sir, will you?"

"Sir," retorted MR. GLIMMER, "if our constituents treat such matters lightly, it is for us to set them a better example."

"Evaded my question, by JUPITER," muttered the old gentleman to a piece of preserved ginger. "Be hanged if I think he knows a niland from a nismus."

Just before the ladies retired, MR. GLIMMER got a more general audience, and declared, very frankly, that if he lived through the session, we should see some new leaves turned over in the Government book. He had pledged himself to reduce the national expenses one-half, to regulate the taxation so that nobody would feel it, even if it were doubled, and to compress the whole of the laws into a code which should not be larger than the Handbook of Etiquette. These were trifles, some of which he was aware had been already promised by several candidates, including members of the Government, but these were only stepping stones to what he meant to effect. He should throw the National Debt upon the East India Company's shoulders, confiscate the Railways to the use of the nation, sell all the Colonies by auction, and enact that every child, born after next New Year's Day, should be sent out as an emigrant as soon as it could walk. But this last proposition caused rather a sensation among the ladies, and before MR. GLIMMER could defend his views, AUNT RATCHET got us away—my City neighbour growling (as he handed me a handkerchief I had dropped):

"By George—I trust the Bottle-holder will have one chance—just one—of illuminating your friend."

The great statesman had been a bottle-holder himself before he joined us, and when he came up, his political ardour had been a little drowned in some wonderful Madeira of papa's, which "went out" in 1816—the year, MR. MURKIE GLIMMER insisted, of the battle of Waterloo. I hardly know whether anything that might have been said down-stairs about me had opened his light-coloured eyes to my merits, or whether, as is more likely, papa had talked so cleverly that MR. GLIMMER had been charmed with the idea of a connexion with somebody who could give him so many new ideas. At any rate, he was "marked in his attentions," as the books say, and after several calls, none of which found us at home, he sent a formal declaration of his sentiments, as regarded myself.

Now, if MR. GLIMMER should not be unseated on petition—papa says he will—and make a brilliant figure in the House of Commons. If, while the eyes of the nation are watching him with eagerness, a most important debate should come on, and while parties, balanced to a nicety, are wild with excitement, a splendid speech from MR. GLIMMER should turn the scale. If Ministers should resign, and their successors should instantly secure MR. GLIMMER as one of their Secretaries of State. If, after a brief period, during which the duties of his office should be discharged more superbly than was conceivable, the Queen and the country should unite in calling upon MR., or, more pleasantly, the MARQUIS GLIMMER, to take the whole destinies of the country into his hands, and he should kiss those of his sovereign on his becoming Premier of England. If LORD GLIMMER, having for years made his own country happy and prosperous, and defied or conciliated all the other kingdoms of the world, should be created DUKE OF GLIMMER, with a pension of half a million for himself and his heirs for ever—if all these things should happen, MR. GLIMMER will not be surprised, for he is not of a nature to be surprised at any recognition of his own marvellous merits. Indeed, something of this kind is the future to which he considers he has a right to look. But though he may not be surprised, I know who will—and that is the young lady whose papa, at her request, declined her chance of becoming DUCHESS OF GLIMMER, regulating dynasties, and compelling bishops to speak Quakerly English.

SERENADE TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(As sung during the Illumination in honour of the Noble Lord, at Callander.)

TUNE—*Familiar Bagpipe Melody.*

HECH, JOHNNIE! hoch, JOHNNIE!
Wow, JOHNNIE! hoot, mon!
Ye 're the best chiel of ony,
Though noo ye 're oot, mon.
JOHNNIE, JOHNNIE, JOHNNIE, JOHNNIE,
Dinna despair, mon;
DERBY'S prospacs are na bonnie;
Ye 'll be back ance mair, mon.

But JOHNNIE, LORD JOHNNIE,
When in again, mon,
Gin ye wad wish mony
Months to remain, mon:
JOHNNIE, JOHNNIE, JOHNNIE, JOHNNIE,
Just look alive, mon;
Dinna slumber like a dronie,
Gif ye want to thrive, mon.
Hech, JOHNNIE! hoch, JOHNNIE! &c., *(ad lib.)*

JENNER-OSITY IN A YOUNG LADY.

UNCHY DEAR,—There is a certain object which I do confess I take great delight in contemplating. It is—excuse female vanity—the reflection of my own face in the looking-glass. But do not imagine, my sweet *Punch*, that I am entirely absorbed in the pleasure of thinking how pretty I look. No: I often consider how many accidents and illnesses there are, that at any time may deprive me of that gratification. And then it occurs to me that my features might have been seamed and marked with the small-pox—if I had not been vaccinated—and I bless the memory of the inventor of vaccination, whose name I shall never forget. Dear JENNER! In reading the *Athenæum* lately, I saw that thereis a talk of erecting a monument to that duck of a man. If the idea is carried out, I declare I will make one pair of gloves last as long as two; and subscribe the saving towards the statue.

"Ever devotedly,
"Your constant reader,
"ANGELINA."

VEGETABLE GAS.

SOMEBODY has discovered the art of extracting gas from vegetables, and we may therefore expect to have our streets lighted with green peas in summer, potatoes in winter, onions in autumn, and during the remaining season we may look for our illumination to nice spring radishes. If, however, green-grocery may be turned into gas, we may look for a tremendous explosion some day among our friends the Vegetarians. We never knew until the present day how close is the analogy between the potato and the coal, which are usually found in the same humble shed, and which, it seems, share in common the same gas-producing qualities.

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr. Brown. "PRAY, JANE, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE REASON I AM KEPT WAITING FOR MY BREAKFAST IN THIS WAY?"

Jane. "PLEASE, SIR, THE ROLLS ISN'T COME, AND THERE'S NO BREAD IN THE HOUSE!"

Mr. Brown. "NOW, UPON MY WORD! HOW CAN YOU ANNOY ME WITH SUCH TRIFLES? NO *BREAD*, THEN BRING ME SOME *TOAST*." [*Exit* JANE *in dismay.*

GINGER-BEER FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

ANOTHER fountain has been started recently, for the ostensible purpose of sending a supply of imaginary ginger-beer into the eyes of the Londoners. This new ebullition of froth is to be found immediately in front of Buckingham Palace, in what is called the "ornamental water," whose adornments consist of an iron pipe or two, through which the element is laid on: the surface being decorated with a dark crust, of which London smoke forms the chief ingredient. To enhance the ornamental character of this opaque pool, a fountain has been recently added, which sends forth a gush of artificial ginger-beer among the surprised and sprinkled water-fowl.

We are becoming curious to know why there should be such an inseparable connection in this country between fountains and ginger-beer, that no fountain can be erected which does not seem designed for the sole purpose of supplying ginger-beer, and no ginger-beer is considered genuine unless it comes from the fountain?

Not a Pin to Choose.

THE worst sort of law is Lynch law; and, indeed, there is no safety in progress when a Lynch pin is required to secure the Common-wheal.

RELIGIOUS PUFFING.

EITHER the science of puffing has risen very high, or the ministers of religion are stooping very low, when we find people invited to places of worship by such advertisements as we might expect to see employed in an attempt to "pull 'em in"—as the minor theatrical phrase runs—to the Grecian Saloon or the Victoria. The following advertisement emanates, it is true, from a Roman Catholic concern; but we are sorry to say that this practice of religious puffing is confined to no particular denomination, and pervades Exeter Hall as much as it does the humble meeting-house where a pious tea and muffins form the inducement held out to the visitors to join the local faithful at some popular bathing-place.

We must, however, admit that we have seen nothing that comes nearer to the Mosaic order of puffing than the following, which appeared one day last month in the *Times* supplement:

TO THE CATHOLICS OF LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS.—Have you seen the truly beautiful new church, dedicated to our "Lady Star of the Sea," on Croom's Hill, opposite the west side of Greenwich Park? If you have not, you should pay it a devotional visit. Next Sunday, there will be a special source of attraction, as the Rev. H. E. MANNING, M.A., late Archdeacon of Chichester, PREACHES in the morning, on behalf of the Poor Schools. High mass at 11. Vespers at 6. The indefatigable priest having, after many years of extreme toil, succeeded in erecting a glorious temple, is now anxious to extend the educational arrangements for the poor children. The good and generous must and will help him. Pray cheer his pastoral labours. Address your communications to the Very Rev. Canon North, Croom's Hill, Greenwich; or, if you wish it, go by the railway from the London Bridge Station, or by the omnibuses from Charing Cross, Elephant and Castle, and Gracechurch Street, or by the steamers from the various bridges or Blackwall Pier.

The puff interrogatory has long been a favourite with professors of the art, and "Have you seen the new church?" may rank, henceforth, in the literature of puffery among the well-known questions, "Can you speak French?" "What shall I do with my money?" and other clap-trap queries, with which the public eye is familiar. The "special attraction" for next Sunday may be classed with the popular fictions of the "million additional lamps at Vauxhall," and the "extra talent" at a theatre which is trying to struggle on with half a company.

The appeal to the "good and generous" is only a slight variety of the formula which is so continually addressed to the eye of "the Benevolent" by some anonymous widow, often to be found in male attire over a pot and a pipe—who is "plunged in distress," and who makes a desperate plunge, by means of a five shilling advertisement, into that favourite plunge-bath—the pocket of the kind-hearted portion of the community. The announcement of a combined attraction, consisting of High Mass at 11, and Vespers at 6, is strongly suggestive of the tea-dealer's invitation to "try our Black at 4*s.*," or "our Green at 5*s.*;" and the notification that "the good and generous *must* help him," reminds us of the various uses of the word "must:" among which the piteous cry of "*must* have cash," and the sinister hint of "*must* be cleared off," are most frequently met with. "Pray cheer his pastoral labours," is in the nature of a reminder similar to that of "Don't forget the nobby shop;" and the wind-up, which sets forth the places of starting by boat, omnibus, or rail, for "the truly beautiful new church, dedicated to our Lady Star of the Sea," savours strongly of the paragraph in the bills of Cremorne, wherein the easy accessibility of that popular place of entertainment is insisted on.

We are quite sure that all the honest friends of true religion, without reference to the denomination to which they belong, will thank us for our exposure of this disgusting specimen of religious puffing—a practice which can only bring scandal upon the cause it pretends to promote and give a handle to those who seek to turn serious matters into ridicule.

Coming to a Bad End.

A "YOUNG MONKEY," whose name and address will be printed if he dares to write to us again, has had the audacity to ask us whether the *Finis*, whose signature appears at the end of so many books, is the worthy alderman of the City of London.

REASONING WITH AN IRISH FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

Priest. "THERE, YE RASCAL! STOP THERE TILL YE'RE CONVINCED TO ONLY VOTE THE WAY I TELL YEZ; OR IT'S NIVER MARRY OR BURY YE THAT I WILL?"

AUGUST 14, 1852.

MONSIEUR COMMUNIQUÉ.

AT the present moment he is a great writer in France: we may say he is the greatest writer. Scarcely a newspaper appears without something signed by MONS. COMMUNIQUÉ. He is the only person who is not expected to sign his contributions—for COMMUNIQUÉ is not his real name. What his real name is, we cannot say. It is only known that he is the nephew of his uncle, and that he wears moustaches. His style is sharp and *tranchant*, like a sword. There is a military perfume about his writing, as if it had been dried with gunpowder instead of sand. His meaning is as pointed as a bayonet. The consequence is, no editor dares refuse his copy. If COMMUNIQUÉ is paid for all he writes, by this time he must be one of the richest men on the French press. And justly so: no one is so well informed as MONS. COMMUNIQUÉ. He knows everything long before it is going to happen. Rumour, who knows no small quantity of things in England, is a stupid, dull-informed person by the side of COMMUNIQUÉ. And where does he get all his information from? Persons say it is from living so close to the Elysée. The walls of that Elysian building, it seems, like all others, have ears; and it is whispered that COMMUNIQUÉ has got hold of two of them. Be it as it may, all he says is authentic. Imaginative or not, let it be as true as a gentleman's word or as false as a President's oath, directly it is printed it is received as history, and read with the same gulping faith. Not a soul dares contradict it. Not a pen has the temerity to raise a doubt against it. For this reason COMMUNIQUÉ is a very safe writer. No writer on the French Press is half so safe, excepting those who are out of the kingdom. COMMUNIQUÉ has never received a single warning from the Government. No journal is likely ever to be suppressed for inserting his contributions. His favorite organ is the *Moniteur*, and its lively pages have greatly benefited by his communications. His articles have a pithy dryness about them, which, directly you see the signature, make you laugh. You know at once the wag who has written them. The tone of mock authority he puts on is very amusing. He fancies he is not known—and yet every one sees the big moustaches bristling behind the transparent mask. The Imperial, too, peeps through every line.

We will give a few specimens of this celebrated author's style:—

"It is publicly reported that all the horses in the PRESIDENT'S stables are English horses, and not French. As this is a libel on the man who was the elect of upwards of five millions of voices, we hasten on the best authority to state that there is nothing English in the stables of the Elysée, not even a *groom*—no, not even a pot of blacking. The PRESIDENT knows the French nation too well to think of mounting to power by any other means than French means, upon any other horses than French horses. "COMMUNIQUÉ."

"It is confidently rumoured that the PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON has paid all his debts. The object of these rumours is too evident; but luckily they contradict themselves. "COMMUNIQUÉ."

"We are authorised to state that the PRINCE PRESIDENT has not proposed to MADEMOISELLE CIRQUE OLYMPIQUE, the eldest daughter of the MARECHAL FRANCONI, who won his spurs in the most distinguished military circle of the Empire. We have reason to know that this method of marrying the Prince without his consent, is extremely unpleasant to him—more especially as he has no intention of getting married, until such period as he has got rid of his dreadful cold. This answer must suffice for the 2,197 duchesses, actresses, and *vivandières*, to whom our respected Prince has been privately married within the last fortnight. "COMMUNIQUÉ."

"Once for all, the PRESIDENT does not keep a *Boule-dogue*, nor is there one about his premises. Our noble PRESIDENT has no greater ambition than to see his throne surrounded by nothing but French dogs. "COMMUNIQUÉ."

We hope some day to see all the contributions of MONS. COMMUNIQUÉ collected in one thick volume, with a Biography (how we should like to write it!) and an authentic Portrait. The Portrait would then reveal the mighty secret who MONS. COMMUNIQUÉ was. We wonder who it can be? One thing is very certain—it cannot be LOUIS NAPOLEON!

A JOKE ALL HOT.—We have been asked what race the unhappy individual belongs to who is enveloped during the intense heat in a full suit of leopard skins. As far as we can judge by the look of the poor fellow in a broiling sun, we should say he is a *Hot*-an-hot.

A VOLUNTEER FOR THE SHRIEVALTY.

OH, I will the Sheriff of London be;
Let others pay the fine:
For I shall rejoice in the dignity
In the Guildhall when I dine;
And with buckles and sword at my LORD MAYOR'S board,
More bright than a beadle shine.

My heart will swell like a huge balloon—
Will bound at a glorious rate—
Whilst, blazing as the sun at noon,
I ride in my coach of state;
Blue, crimson, and gold, so grand to behold,
With my consequence elate.

And then to strut at Court in bag,
In ruffles, and in tights;
And evermore have through life to brag,
That with dukes, and lords, and knights,
With my lips I kiss'd the Royal fist—
Oh, bravest of delights!

For Sheriff of London, then, I'm your man,
I love the pomp and show;
And stand the expense I also can,
But others cannot do so:
Unable to pay, not fond of display,
Contemptible snobs, and low.

THE PRECIOUS MEMBER FOR MEATH.

AN Irishman signing himself RICHARD J. KELSH, C. C., has published a political epistle, wherein he avers that

"Meath, in her priesthood, sat in calm council, and selected as her representative one of the purest, best, and most gifted of this earth's children."

Who is this great, good, and holy man; this extremely talented and immaculate individual; this ornament of his species; who is this fellow—not foul-mouthed, abusive, vituperative, slanderous, mendacious fellow—but this fellow of ALFRED THE GREAT and SHAKSPEARE, and, as MR. KELSH must think, of ST. PATRICK himself?

This particularly fine fellow is MR. FREDERICK LUCAS, editor of the *Tablet*.

MR. LUCAS, it seems, is a representative of representatives. The priesthood represent Meath, and MR. LUCAS represents the priesthood. Note this: because it shows that the charitable sentiments, the veracious assertions, and gentle remonstrances of the *Tablet* may now be considered to represent the charity, veracity, and meekness of the Meath priesthood.

Amiable and excellent—nay, most excellent, most amiable MR. LUCAS, superlative son of the earth, has been returned for Meath by Meath's priesthood, sitting in calm council—calm, doubtless, as ADDISON'S hero—whilst he was riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm.

MR. LUCAS, famous for gentlemanly language and veracity, will go to Parliament, the delegate of the Meath priesthood; their mouth-piece, to talk pearls and diamonds, of course, like the nice child in the nursery tale, and not spiders, adders, and toads, like the other. Or, would it not be better to say, he will be sent there as their political fire-engine, to play holy water on the flames of religious discord?—water really holy, pure, sanctified oxide of hydrogen, with no proportion of mud in it "at all at all."

Marvel of purity, goodness, and genius, LUCAS, the papal phenomenon, will go to the House of Commons, and there, it is to be hoped, talk himself and his priesthood into that notice, credit, and attention which they deserve—unless he shall prefer to change his tone, and, after the approved fashion of members for Irish Rome, die on the floor of the House, and then go back to Meath, and get returned afresh to die over again.

In due time, anyhow, it may be expected that MR. LUCAS, by dint of talking purity, goodness, and wisdom, in the *Tablet* style, will talk himself into the Premiership, and then, like a true Ultramontane, forming an ecclesiastical cabinet, he will of course make his priestly eulogist, KELSH, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXQUAKER.

YOUR VOTE IS MOST RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR GORMAN O'SMOTHEREM, THE *PALE* FRIEND TO LIBERTY AND THE POPE.

ODE ON THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

PADDY, PADDY, wild and haggard,
Diddled PADDY, how's your Nose?
Spoilt, I fear, by too much "Blackguard,"
Numb and callous, I suppose;
How's the Nose by which you're led,
Like a stupid quadruped?

Six-foot PADDY, are you bigger—
You, whom cozening friars dish—
Mentally, than poorest nigger
Grovelling before fetish?
You, who like a senseless slave,
Truckle to each priestly knave.

As potato is to pumpkin,
Crammed with nonsense as you are,
Even so, unhappy bumpkin,
You to SAMBO I compare,
Under superstition's rule,
Prostrate like an abject fool.

Simpleton! to think his "riverence"
Holds the keys, as he pretends,
And believe that your deliverance
On his wicked will depends;
When, with curses at your throat,
He exclaims "Your soul—or vote."

THE GREAT WAITER QUESTION.

WE have lately touched a cord that seems to have acted like the wire of an electric telegraph upon all the bells in all the hotels and coffee-houses in the kingdom, whose waiters are answering us in such numbers, that we are puzzled how to answer all the waiters that have appealed to us. We have no desire to put down the waiter, but are anxious to put him up and elevate him in the social scale, by taking him out of the position of a mendicant seeking to be "remembered" as an act of charity, and placing him among those who have a fair and recognised value placed upon their services.

Instead of leaving his casual remuneration to the indefinite estimate of "What you please," we would have him receive, without favour on one side or beggary on the other, that which he is entitled to. We want to see a proper distribution of the waiters' charges over the public in general, instead of the sum being levied largely upon the liberal few, and collected scantily from the mean or economical many. An equalisation of the burdens on travellers is as much required as an equalisation of the burdens on land, and if one is a landlord's question so is the other. We desire to see waiters well paid, and, indeed, we would have them provided for so well, that we should like to see them made the "especial charge" of their employers. We intend for the future, and we urge the same course upon all our readers, to throw out any bill that is laid on our table which does not include a fixed charge for service; and if all bills are rejected until such amendment is made, we have no doubt that the attempt to bring in such bills will be abolished everywhere, as it is already in all the best establishments.

"THE ENGLISH DON'T KNOW HOW TO AMUSE THEMSELVES."

THE English know how to love, and hate, and drink, and fight; and they know well enough how to amass money, and make constitutions which are the envy and admiration of the world—but "they do not know how to amuse themselves."

So said MR. LAING, on Thursday last, at Penge Park, and we must say we do not agree with him.

Why, look how the French have been amusing themselves lately! Haven't they been blessing eagles, and giving Fêtes, where the walls of the ball-rooms (cannon-ball-rooms rather) were hung with the beautiful drapery of war—drapery invariably lined with the deepest crimson?

That is the way the French amuse themselves. They collect a hundred thousand soldiers and as many priests as they can together, and the amusements consist alternately of cannonading and psalm-singing. It is playing at soldiers—a very pretty, but expensive game—of which the people have always to pay the expenses that princes may pocket the glory—providing always there is any glory to pocket.

Now, the Englishman, when he does amuse himself—and it is not often, poor fellow, he has a chance—does not like to have the eagle for a play-fellow. If he ever does look into the mouth of a cannon, it is as the sheep in LANDSEER'S picture, merely out of sheepish curiosity, to see what there is inside. He cares nothing for "Feasts of Eagles:" in fact, he would much sooner dine at any other table than feast with such carnivorous companions.

In humiliating truth, our amusements have not the same melo-dramatic effect as those of the French. They would not, probably, look so well upon the stage. They certainly do not come out so grandly when transferred to the historical pages of the *Illustrated News*. We have not the fierce hussars, or the Abbés, or mounted Arabs, or those magnificent *Archevêques*, or the same bearded and moustachioed background, with fireworks behind to throw them forward. We confess, our national amusements do not make such beautiful pictures, but we flatter ourselves that the letterpress, whose duty it is to explain the pictures, is of a much higher order of literature. The question is, which description will read the best in a few years' time?

For instance, look to the amusements of last Thursday at Sydenham. They were as simple as possible, and with nothing military about them, excepting a band or two of music. They consisted merely of fixing a column in the earth, and of hanging, like garlands round a May-pole, a few flowery speeches round it. There was not a soldier present—there might have been a policeman, only we did not see him—and there were only one or two cannons, and they would have been much better out of the way. Everything was as quiet, as orderly, as at a christening; and, in fact, it was a christening of the old Crystal Palace, which, on this occasion, was re-christened "THE PALACE OF THE PEOPLE." We live in the strongest hope that the child will be in every way an honour to its parent.

The great cause of Peace had every fitting honour paid to it on Thursday last at Sydenham. In its train followed some of the greatest celebrities of the day, all children of the people, who had come to assist at the christening of their new Palace. The Arts and Sciences, of course, were there, and gave the cause their blessing, until such time when they could give it something, if not more pure, at least more tangible. Literature, too, was there, and promised to devote its best pen to the service of the new principle, and Trade and Commerce had already sent off their ships to collect treasures to pour into the lap of their beautiful, but too long neglected child, as soon as its Palace was in a fit state to receive them. And the Poor advanced, and, opening

their hearts, gave the cause their best wishes—and these were deposited with the coins of the realm, and are to form the foundation of the new building. Never was Palace begun upon so strong a foundation before!

If only half the promises are fulfilled that were made at its christening, this Palace of the People will be the grandest palace ever constructed. And, in truth, it should be so! The people have built palaces sufficiently for others: it is but proper now they built one for themselves.

And when it is built, it will be time enough to inquire if the Englishmen know how to amuse themselves? They have had hitherto so few opportunities of learning, that it is ungracious to ask at present. It would be like blaming a man who had been imprisoned all his life, because he couldn't dance. But we think we have said enough to prove, that on certain grand occasions the Englishman does know how to amuse himself, perhaps not so pictorially, but at all events as rationally as a Frenchman, or any other countryman. In the meantime we wish him every enjoyment in his new play-ground at Sydenham. It will be the most beautiful play-ground in the world.

A PEEP INTO THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Taken at its Foundation on Thursday, August 5, 1852.]

1.

SARDANAPALUS was a king,
Extremely fond of pleasure:
His palace was a decent thing,
In style, extent, and treasure.
DARIUS dwelt in marble halls,
That shone with gilding burnished,
With splendid paintings on their walls,
And elegantly furnished.
BELSHAZZAR had a mansion, which
Was viewed with admiration;
LOUIS QUATORZE possessed a rich
And sumptuous habitation;
And GEORGE THE FOURTH at Brighton here
Rejoiced in his Pavilion;
But not a Palace e'er came near
The Palace of the Million.

2.

That Palace *Punch*, with mental eye,
The other day inspected,
For *Punch*, of course, a stander-by,
Saw its first prop erected:
And music's swell and cannon's bang,
With cheers and plaudits mixing,
Proclaimed the act of MR. LAING,
His hand that pillar fixing.
The sky upon the work begun
Smiled bright and clear and pleasant,
But brighter eyes put out the sun,
So many ladies present;
The music, sunshine, beauty, lunch,—
For lunch ensued—did capture
The heart, the soul, the mind of *Punch*,
And put him in a rapture.

3.

It might have been the iced champagne,
Or Beauty's power magnetic,
Or both, that, acting on his brain,
Made him become prophetic—
Gave him a sort of clairvoyance,
Rendered him second-sighted,
So as to see things in advance,
And view, with gaze delighted,
A prospect wider than the daw
Beholds from parish steeple;
And by prevision thus he saw
The Palace of the People.
He saw the Crystal Palace than
The first more lofty, bigger,
And handsomer, as Englishman
Is handsomer than nigger.

4.

As high as to its roof sublime
Gigantic creepers tower,
Some other creepers also climb
To altitude of power.
The lofty transept doth survey
All London—grand to think on—
As Lincoln's Choice perhaps will say,
The Archfiend looks o'er Lincoln.
Whichever way the gazer turns,
He 's met by the stupendous:
Enormous plantains, palms, and ferns,
Colossuses tremendous,
With fountains spouting far beyond
The pitch of BEN DISRAELI;
At either end a noble pond,
Well stocked with tenants scaly.

5.

Flowers, vases, statues, intermixed,
Are in profusion lavished;
So that beholders stand transfixed,
Bewitched, bedazzled, ravished.
The buried Past—the old world too—
It is designed to rummage,
In order thoroughly to do
The sovereign People homage.
Egypt, Assyria, Rome, and Greece,
And eke the Middle Ages,
Located in a court a-piece,
Illustrate history's pages.
Besides the rarest herbs and greens
That Mother Earth produces,
You 've manufactures and machines
For every kind of uses.

6.

Upholsterers with all their fuss,
With gold, and paint, and varnish,
No regal mansion ever thus
In all the world did garnish;
No potentate upon a throne,
With power of axe and gallows,
Can call such furniture his own
As decks the People's Palace—
The Palace where HIS MAJESTY,
When tired of occupation,
In fitting state, right royally,
May take his recreation:
And, whilst amusement he pursues,
His mind with knowledge filling,
Improve his taste—enlarge his views—
And all this for a shilling.

ONE WHO IS DESERVING OF A MONUMENT.

THE threat of LORD MAIDSTONE, that we may hourly expect the deluge, has not shut up our old favourite Vauxhall. This act of meteorological daring is so extraordinary that thousands rush to the Gardens every night to convince themselves of the fact. When they see that the place is not only open, but looking quite smart with a new coat of paint—which coat it sadly wanted, for it has been for years dreadfully "out at elbows"—it is as much as they can do to believe their eyes, even though they have not less than "ten thousand additional lamps" burning before them at the time. The people walk about, staring in the greatest astonishment, and jostle the red-coated waiters and call for plates of ham, to convince themselves it is not a dream. We saw one incredulous old fellow notching the trees to see if they really were trees. We doubt if he believed it was Vauxhall until the fireworks, when the stick of a rocket fell upon his uplifted nose and convinced him of the fact.

We think some public monument should be erected to commemorate the phenomenon of Vauxhall remaining open in the teeth of such strong opposition. There is no doubt that the fulfilment of LORD MAIDSTONE's prophecy would about completely ruin the Royal Property, for there is no place of public amusement which feels the rain so acutely, or receives so large a share of it, as Vauxhall. The lessee, therefore, who keeps the Gardens still open in spite of the tremendous large cistern which is hanging over it must be a bold man, and deserves some public testimonial for his courage. We take the liberty, therefore, of proposing that a large statue be erected in the middle of the firework ground, so that the Roman candles may burn in its glory every night, and we suggest that the subject of it should be "WARDELL DEFYING THE DELUGE."

Australia In-felix.

THE gold-diggers at Mount Alexander having received from the Attorney-General at Melbourne the appellation of vagabonds, have taken to themselves the title of the New Aristocracy. We suppose they will assume, by way of arms, a pick-axe, quartered with a spade, as an emblem of their authority over the soil, and voting everything as *infra dig.*, they will probably take that as their motto.

TUNES FOR TEETOTALLERS.

THE programme of the *fêtes* of the London Temperance League last week, included "Brilliant performances by his ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S Military Band, the Scots Fusilier Guards'," and other Bands. We suppose they regaled the ears of the votaries of the Pump with HANDEL'S celebrated "Water-Music."

MORE CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.

WHEN MR. DISRAELI, quitting the cares of office, finds time hanging heavy on his hands, we cannot suggest to him a better occupation than the editing of a work on the Curiosities of Advertising Literature, as a companion to his father's famous work on the Curiosities of Literature in General.

With a friendly desire to aid him in this task, and a patriotic wish to see him with leisure enough to enter upon it, we beg to offer him a few materials to begin with, which we have recently collected from the columns of the *Times* and its *Supplements*. The two following advertisements, appearing on the same day, in the same paper, and referring to the same address, savour so much of "the same concern," that we cannot help attributing them to the same individual. We therefore print them together.

TO GOVERNESSES.—A LADY is REQUIRED, in the midland counties, to educate three little girls. She would be treated in every other respect as one of the family. No salary will be given. Apply by letter only at Mrs. W.'s, G. K.

PRIVATE EDUCATION.—A lady, keeping a governess and educating her little girl at home, is desirous of RECEIVING TWO YOUNG LADIES, upon moderate terms, who would be treated in every other respect as her own. Apply by letter only at Mrs. W.'s, G. K.

These announcements bespeak a "dodge" of the most despicable kind, and lead to the conclusion that the "lady" wishes to humbug a governess on the one hand to educate three children for nothing, and to humbug some parent on the other hand into paying for the supposed advantage of a salaried governess. The advertiser, in point of fact, desires to turn her house into a boarding school, and to get assistants without paying them. In one advertisement she says "no salary will be given," but is far from saying "no salary will be received." She modestly suggests that for farming out to others the brains she expects to suck gratuitously, her own "terms" will be "moderate."

We should like to see a few more advertisements of this kind, for the *reductio ad absurdum* involved in the monstrous proposition to pay a governess nothing at all, and get a clear profit on her by letting out her services to somebody else, must form a strong argument against the whole of the iniquitous system. It is evident that governesses have reached the minimum point of price, and it is a symptom of their being on the turn, or beginning to look up, when a speculator is found dabbling in the article with a view to making a profit out of it.

If it is beginning to be worth the while of a "lady" to advertise a "governess kept," as a bait to the parents of "little girls wanting a home,"—they must want one very much indeed before they are turned over to the tender mercies of such a "lady"—it is time to consider whether the governess had not better take her abilities directly into the market, without the intervention of the middle-woman being assented to.

While we are on the subject of the Curiosities of Advertising Literature, we may as well refer to our friend the *Lancet*, which sometimes comes out rather strongly in this way on the subject of medical practices. We saw an instance, the other day, in the shape of an advertisement of a surgical connection, the chief recommendation to which was its being "on a line of railway to all parts of the kingdom." Such an opening on the Eastern Counties two or three years ago would have made the fortune of any young practitioner, who was able to put this and that together, when called in to collect and combine the *disjecta membra* of unfortunate passengers.

Perhaps the "funniest" advertisement that has met our eye for some time is the following; and as we like to finish with something pleasant, we will wind up with it. Here it is:—

AUX ETRANGÈRES.—A LADY wishes to find in the middle of September, a young German girl of from 12 to 14, to speak and read German with her. She must speak good French and German. She would be under the care of the lady's maid, and take her meals with the servants. As she would not be required to do anything else, only a present would be made her on leaving. Address, &c., &c.

A lady expecting to find a young German girl in the middle of September is something like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay; and there is an air of wild impossibility about the whole thing that borders on the humorous. The duties required are very vague, consisting of nothing but to speak German with the lady when she happens to be in a mood for a little guttural gibberish; for her own German is of course anything but satisfactory. "As she will be required to do nothing else" her work will be all talk, and we are not surprised that there is to be no salary. She is to be "under the care of the lady's maid," and brought out, of course, for the lady's amusement when her own language becomes a bore, and she requires the excitement of something not quite so commonplace and comprehensible.

We can pardon this advertisement on the score of its eccentricity, and we hope the "lady" will have a successful search into the very heart of September, where she expects to find the "small German," that is to dispel her *ennui* by talking to her in a foreign language.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

Swell Mobsman (reads). "'ARRANGEMENTS ARE MAKING TO CONNECT ALL THE POLICE-OFFICES WITH THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.' WELL, I HAM BLOWED!"

Evasion of Robbery.

IN an article urging the fair and reasonable adjustment of the confiscation called Income Tax, the *Times* remarks, "At present the State and the fraudulent contributor are much on a level." The *Times* is too charitable to the State. The State is the housebreaker who wants to know where all the money is. The fraudulent contributor is the housekeeper who misinforms the thief.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.

THE emigration of the Irish is called an Exodus. We wish its resemblance to that celebrated egress could be completed by their sacerdotal rulers heading the expedition.

Expensive Favours.

THE Derbyites, we are told, spent many thousand pounds for favours to be worn by their partisans, during the elections. They have paid very dearly for them, we are afraid, for it is very clear that their favours have not met with many returns.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, August 14th, 1852.

PROTECTION AGAINST THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE SWELL MOB.

CERTAIN gentlemen, practising as conveyancers in a peculiar line at races, public meetings, reviews, exhibitions, sights, and theatres, or otherwise interested in the irregular and clandestine transfer of property, many of whom were attired in the extreme style of fashion, assembled yesterday evening in a private room of the Old Shop, to consider what steps to take in consequence of the arrangements now in course of being made to connect all the Police Offices with the Electric Telegraph.

The worthy host, MR. IKEY SLOMANS, who occupied the chair, said he felt himself much honoured by the werry respectable body as had come forrads in defence of their common interests on that occasion, and begged to express his sympathy with them as a landlord. (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. MONTGOMERY MORTIMER said, that they had a new and terrible foe to contend with. To the Beak—to the Claw of the Lobster—the Law had now added the Lightning. (*Oh!*) They were to be nabbed through electricity; they were to be collared by the agency of magnetism. Science had enlisted the Levin Brand as a Crusher. (*Shame!*) In the exercise of the arduous profession in which they (himself, and his friends now present) were engaged, the climate of this country often became too warm for their health. (*Hear.*) A brief retirement to Boulogne, or tour on the Continent—perhaps a trip to America—was then necessary. The connexion of the Police Offices with the Electric Telegraph would operate as a most injurious check upon that temporary emigration which was an essential refuge to gentlemen who followed an avocation so extremely trying. (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. BOB SMITHERS, *alias* JONES, understood the gen'lm'n as had just spoke, to mean that this here 'Lectric Telegraph bisnis would hinder hisself and his pals from cuttin' and runnin', by makin' of 'em safe to be lagged.

MR. MORTIMER said the drift of his observations had been correctly appreciated by his honourable friend.

MR. BOB SMITHERS continued. There was no chance for a cove now. The detectives was bad enough; but this here scientific dodge would be a reglar flabbergaster. (*Hear.*) Your mechanical inwentions was spifflicatin' manival dexterity. (*Hear.*) They had long hindered a poor feller from turnin' an honest penny (*Oh!*); and now they wouldn't let him turn a penny nohow. (*Hear, hear.*) He agreed with them werry respeckble old gen'lm'n as held that machinery and all that sort o' thing was the cuss o' the country. (*Cheers.*)

The REVEREND MR. CAVENDISH BELGRAVE, from his observation of fashionable society, and especially from what he had heard at genteel places of worship (*Ironical Cheers*)—he might, perhaps, be better understood if he said swell churches—(*Laughter*)—was happy in being enabled to state, for the comfort of the assembly, that there was a clerical party—not a party in an individual sense, but a party of clerical gents—in fact, of parsons—highly influential in the Legislature, who were all for going back to the Middle Ages—the good old times—when no Electric Telegraphs, or Police Offices either, existed to restrict ingenuity and limit enterprise. (*Loud Cheers.*)

MR. BILL SNIGG, surnamed The Downy, asked, vos there no ope in a appeal to Guv'ment? In connection with Ministers he had heerd mention of Thimblerig. (*Hear.*) Was there no sitch a thing as feller feelin'? Wasn't there no sort of honour, accordin' to the sayin', among certain persons? Wouldn't the Protectionists old out to 'em no elpin' and, that and as they had often met in the pocket o' the people. (*Hear, hear.*) They might at all events try it on: and he proposed that a petition should be sent to the EARL OF DERBY, prayin' for Protection agin competition with the 'Lectric Telegraph on be-arf of that important branch of British industry—

MR. BELGRAVE.—Of which, in point of fact, we are the *Chevaliers*. The honourable gentleman added that he should have much pleasure in seconding MR. SNIGG'S suggestion; but he was afraid the hope of sympathy in the Ministerial quarter was the dream of a too confiding mind. The Cabinet would never legislate against electric wires, unless those wires were used to catch hares. (*Hear.*) All the Government could do for them, he had reason to apprehend, would be to substitute for that temporary emigration alluded to by MR. MORTIMER, an emigration that would afford them an asylum more or less permanent, (*Oh!*) but also more or less disagreeable (*Ah!*) and inconvenient (*Hisses*): a sort of emigration, in short, of which the only advantage was that of being gratuitous. (*Loud groans.*)

MR. CHIZZELL said he feared they must trust to their personal resources. For his own part, if science was sharp, he hoped to prove sharper. (*Hear.*) In the meantime, he would propose "Down with the Electric Telegraph!" (*Cheers.*)

The toast having been drunk with acclamation, three groans were given for PROFESSOR WHEATSTONE; and the time of opening the theatres approaching, the assembly dispersed itself.

ONE OF OUR WOODEN WALLS.

(*To the Admiralty.*)

HER boilers unsafe—overloaded with coals—
About the Atlantic the poor *Harpy* rolls:
Used up all her fuel, the vessel they strip,
And burn every rag, stick, and chip in the ship;
Scarce able to steam, quite unable to sail,
She fares like a loose buoy afloat in the gale;
She tumbles and wanders amid the sea-foam
A hundred and ten days—at last she gets home,
Her crew nearly starved—out of water and grub—
And don't you call this a true Tale of a Tub?

ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

MR. BRODERIP has written a very amusing book on the subject of Zoological Recreations, but he has left out a few of the most popular recreations in zoology, which are known to and indulged in by the inhabitants of the Metropolis. A recent visit to the Surrey Zoological Gardens has introduced us to several recreations which seem to be the most popular with the frequenters, and which MR. BRODERIP takes no notice of.

1. There is the zoological recreation of riding on the elephant's back for twopence.

2. There is the zoological recreation of throwing bits of stale bun to the bear.

3. There is the zoological recreation—popular among the ladies—of poking at the monkeys with the points of parasols.

4. There is the zoological recreation of pelting the ducks at nightfall, when the police are in the dark, in consequence of the forges of the Cyclops being not yet lighted.

5. There is the zoological recreation of seeing the Carnivora dine at five, and the more fashionable pelicans at half-past, in consequence of there being two sets of animals to feed, like two dinners to be got in one lodging-house.

6, and last. There is the zoological recreation of making a donkey of one's self, a recreation which is much indulged in by certain persons at all places of public amusement.

The Queen of the Sea.

THE Royal yacht was somewhat unceremoniously treated by FATHER NEPTUNE last week, and the attempts of some of the lords and ladies in ordinary to stand upon Court etiquette were cut short by their inability to stand upon anything. The functionary most in request was the Lord Steward, who had exchanged his wand of office for an ordinary basin. HER MAJESTY happily has no occasion for the services of this great officer at sea, and the High Steward was therefore free to attend upon himself, or upon any other portion of the suite to whom he might be disposed to extend his good offices.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.—CAUTION!

THE sweet little 'cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch for the welfare of JOHN BULL, has for some time past been continually sweeping the horizon with his telescope to see if he can make out the possibility looming in the distance, that the agriculturists were told to look out for by MR. DISRAELI. It is the cherub's strong suspicion that he now discerns the possibility alluded to, in a shape very much resembling a kettle—which he conjectures to be that pretty kettle of fish likely to accrue to the nation in consequence of the abrupt and unseasonable mission on the part of the Government of a warlike squadron against the American fishermen. The elevated cherub considers that America is one of the chief sources of our supply of bread-stuffs; and that since the possibility of famine by means of a Corn Law looms in the past, the only possibility of ditto that can loom in the future, is contingent on a quarrel with our corn-merchant—in other words, with our bread-and-butter; in which quarrel, the cherub in the high position hopes the people of England will not back the Protectionists.

A PLEASANT WAY HOME.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

WHEN you requested me to act as your own correspondent during my fortnight's tour in North Wales, you could not have been aware of the utter impossibility of my writing you any letters, under the excitement of new scenes, the inconveniences of travelling, and the remoteness from all ordinary means of communication of the district in question. I assure you I have not seen a *Times* during the whole fortnight less than two days old. The staleness of the news, in fact, in these pastoral regions, can only be equalled by the freshness of the eggs. I therefore conceived that I should best act up to the spirit of my instructions by not writing at all. I should have carried out this intention fully, but the circumstances under which I have returned to London appear to me to deserve mention. I write, therefore, from my residence at Paddington, and shall be obliged by your remitting in return my fortnight's salary.

I do not know, sir, if you know North Wales, but if not, as is probable, I have to inform you, that near Llanrwst (you will please put in the vowels *ad libitum*), is a romantic village called Be Hws-y-Coëd, (you will please to repeat the process with the vowels,) which is a head-quarters of artists during the summer and autumn. MR. DAVID COX has frequented the place for half a century, and MR. CRESWICK's umbrella is a conspicuous landmark in most years. Among many other charming pictures of the latter artist, you may remember one, exhibited some three or four years ago, called "A Pleasant Way Home." That picture, sir, represents a landscape near Be Hws-y-Coëd. The same locality has furnished me too with a picture on the same subject, which I propose to present to you in this letter. By my "pleasant way home" I mean the route from the said Be Hws-y-Coëd to London.

If you had seen my fruitless efforts, on several mornings during my stay, to discover by means of *Bradshaw* the route back to town, you would have pitied me, in common with all travellers in these romantic regions. I knew the way to the Llangollen Road Station. This was by coach: for there are still four-horse coaches in this primitive quarter of the island; but here all distinct conception of progress ended, and the struggle with *Bradshaw* began.

I despair of describing the manner in which I floundered through the mazes of that periodical; the wild way in which I plunged from Llangollen Road (p. 64) to Shrewsbury (pp. 43 to 47, 64, 67), thence to Wolverhampton (pp. 42 to 47, 60 to 65), and to Stafford (pp. 42 to 47, 60 to 63), not to speak of mad divarications to Chester (pp. 42 to 47, 49, 50, 60 to 63). I found myself sometimes brought up in a *cul-de-sac* at some remote place, entirely unknown to the civilised world; or more frequently, after a tangled navigation of many hundred miles, succeeded in finding my way back to my starting point at the Llangollen Road. In short, after a series of mental efforts, which left me in a painful state of incipient imbecility, I flung *Bradshaw* on one side, and in a rash hour determined to commit myself to the information of the railway officials, and started, in that resigned frame of mind which, I fancy, characterises the Arctic navigator.

I arrived at the Llangollen Road Station at seven o'clock, and was assured I could reach town *viâ* Wolverhampton and Birmingham the same night, or rather, next morning, at 4 or 5 o'clock. I felt grateful to the station-master, and started. I pass briefly over the incidents of my journey to Wolverhampton *viâ* Shrewsbury. Anxious to study the native manners, and attentive to your recommendation not to spend more money than I could help, I took a second-class ticket to this point. It was the day of Oswestry fair, and the train appeared to be an excursion one provided for the accommodation of the "pleasure-seekers;" and, therefore, extremely overcrowded, drawn by a very wheezy and feeble-bodied engine, and invariably arriving everywhere half an hour after its time: thus providing to passengers the additional excitement arising from the probability of being run into by the next express; which, conveying wealthy people on business cannot, of course, be retarded by any paltry consideration for the lives and limbs of poor people on pleasure.

I may mention incidentally, that during that part of my ride I was a good deal gnawed about the legs by a pig, which travelled with us in a sack, under the restraint of which garment it seemed not unnaturally impatient. Its companion and proprietor seemed highly to enjoy the little diversion afforded by his four-legged friend. I was also much poked in the face by the umbrellas and parasols of unprotected females tumbling into the carriage in a state of excitement, and armed with sheaves of these weapons, which they protruded recklessly. Nor was my enjoyment materially heightened by the playful humour of several large and energetic young gentlemen, whom I found to be iron-workers in various ways, and who, no doubt from habitually talking against the roar of blast furnaces and the clang of steam hammers, had acquired the practice of invariably roaring at the top of their voices, and who made me an involuntary confidant of their amours, adventures, and achievements during the fair, which did not appear to be relished by the unprotected females of whom I have spoken.

We reached Wolverhampton at last, about an hour after our time, but fortunately uninjured. I had anxiously repeated my inquiries at all the stations along the road, as to the possibility of my getting on to town. I had been invariably assured by the station-masters and others high in office on the different platforms, that this was practicable. On making the same inquiry at Wolverhampton of a porter, he was just informing me that I was in error and could not get further than Birmingham, when he was checked by a gentleman very tightly buttoned up in authority and a blue coat, who assured me that it was all right, and that I should find myself at Euston Square at six, A.M. "Take this gentleman's luggage to a cab," he added, authoritatively, in conclusion.—"Don't I go on from here?" "No, Sir. You leave this line here and catch the Birmingham train at Willenhall Heath" (I think this was the name, but I am not sure). I felt awkward, but was re-assured by the porter, who informed me cheerfully that "he supposed the trains was changed, for he knowed I couldn't a' got on last week."

"It's only a mile and an arf," he said, by way of cheering me up, as he turned the handle of my cab door. The night was squally and dismal. Wolverhampton is not, I believe, a cheerful place at any time, to persons unaccustomed to breathe carbonic acid gas instead of the usual quality of atmospheric air. I was trundled along, I think, for some three-quarters of an hour through miry and plashy roads, lit up by blazing chimneys and lurid furnace-mouths, which filled the air with a red lowering light, as if there was an extensive fire going on everywhere at the same time. We stopped.

I found myself opposite a yawning cavern. "Down there, Sir," said my driver, cheerfully.—"Where?" I asked? "The station, Sir," he replied, nodding with his chin towards the cavern.—I walked down. He followed me, bearing the luggage. I found myself on a narrow deserted platform, flanked by a small two-roomed station, with a large board informing me I was 14 miles from Birmingham, 126 from London, and some distance I forget from Liverpool. The information might have been interesting under other circumstances, but here it rather depressed me. I was roused by my driver's cry of "porter," which rang through the cavern we had come through, and along the solitary platform; a railway lamp burnt in a melancholy manner under a bench—but no living soul except our two selves was to be seen. "There aint nobody 'ere," said the driver, putting down my modest baggage. I felt the truth of his remark, forcibly, and proceeded at his request to pay him his fare. It was 1*s.* 6*d.* All my silver was a half-crown: of course he had no change. At this moment a step rang through the cavern. Oh joy! it was a railway policeman, of staid appearance and dignified demeanour. "Can you give me change for

half-a-crown?" I asked him eagerly. "Sir, I've only got three 'apence in the world," was his discouraging reply.

I gave my driver the half-crown helplessly. I heard him drive off. I stood alone with the dignified policeman. He looked vacantly at my luggage. "Where are the porters?" "They've gone to bed."—"Where is the station-master?" "He've gone to bed."—"Where's the refreshment room?" (I had eaten nothing since three.) "There ain't none."—"Where's the waiting room?" "It's shut up."—"When will the train to Birmingham be by?" "Arf arter twelve."—"Does it go on to London?" "No."—"Then I can't get on to town to-night?" "No."—"They told me I could at the other station." "Ah—they allus' does; but you can't."—"The devil I can't!" "No."

* * * * *

Here I omit a scene of expletives on my part, of impassive silence on that of the staid policeman. "But what's to be done?" "I don't know."—"Can I get a cab back to Wolverhampton?" "There aint no cabs here."—"Can I get a bed here?" "I don't know. You may try at the Hotel up yonder."—"Oh! there *is* a Hotel." "Yes."—"Then I'd better sleep there, and go on by the first train to-morrow morning?" "Well, I don't know—pr'aps you may get a bed—but I think they're shut up."—"Shut up at half-past ten o'clock!" "Well—they're rayther unregular people, and sometimes shuts up early."—"At least I can try—" "Yes, you can try."—"Will you carry my luggage up?" "Well, I don't mind."

The staid man took up my luggage and preceded me, wheezing painfully. Porterage was evidently not his forte. We reached the Hotel, a building, as well as the darkness enabled me to make it out, of highly decorated Elizabethan architecture. My conductor knocked at the front door. No answer. We walked round the house and knocked and rang at all the doors we came to. At last, a window on the first floor was cautiously opened—"Who's there?" asked a female voice. "It's me, m'm," answered the policeman respectfully.—"Oh, it's you, MR. MOULDY, is it?" "Yes, m'm, it's me."—"Well, MR. MOULDY, what is it?" "It's a gent, m'm, as wants a bed."—"Oh, a gent as wants a bed?" "Yes, m'm."—"Well, we're shut up—but I'll see." Hereupon the head was withdrawn, and an animated conversation appeared to be proceeding within. Lights moved slowly from window to window. I filled up the time with a few more expletives: the staid policeman remained calm and impassive. At last the female head reappeared. "He *can* have a bed, MR. MOULDY." I felt, then, how entirely I owed this favour to MR. MOULDY. In about five minutes a door was lingeringly unbolted by a slip-shod servant-maid, carrying a small but powerfully smelling dip, apparently swooning away in a dirty brass candlestick. MR. MOULDY carried in my luggage and deposited it solemnly on the passage mat.

The slip-shod maid looked at me uncomfortably and questioningly. "Well, *can* I have a bed?" I asked rather savagely. "I think so." "No supper, I suppose?—"Well, they're all in bed." MR. MOULDY touched his hat and left me alone with the slatternly maid-servant. "You are not going to give me that candle, I hope?" She looked at me wonderingly, then at the candle, and at last slowly moved away with her dip, leaving me in darkness on the door-mat.

* * * * *

She returned in a few minutes with another dip, even more powerfully smelling, and more helplessly inclined to one side, with a more flaring fungus of a wick, and in a more offensive brass candlestick than the other.

"At least you can give me a pair of snuffers?" She gazed at me again with the same wondering expression, and retired, carrying both dips with her.

I stood again in darkness on the door-mat.

* * * * *

She returned, bringing with her a tiny pair of brass snuffers, weak in the joint, with one finger-ring gone, and with a box of insufficient capacity to accommodate half the fungus already accumulated on that atrocious dip.

"I go by the first train at seven in the morning: may I rely on being called?" "Well, they're mostly up in the mornings."—"Can I have any breakfast before starting?" "They'll have to get up earlier to git you breakfast."—I felt it was hopeless. "Never mind, I won't take breakfast."

She seemed relieved by this, and preceded me slowly upstairs into a fusty little room. I found the sheets tolerably clean, and resigned myself to my fate. I need not attempt to describe the night I spent. My room-window opened on to the railway station; sleep-walking engines were wandering uncomfortably up and down all night, sighing, squealing, fizzing, and growling, in the usual depressive manner of these overworked machines. I felt sure no one would be awake to call me, and, of course, counted the clock all night till I heard six strike.

I sprung out of bed joyfully, and began to dress. I pass by the toilet-table. The soap was of the flinty description one might expect in such a place. I had one small and very limp towel, and the wash-stand was one of those inaccessible triangular arrangements, over which washing consists in knocking your head against the wall in the abortive attempt to get it over the basin.

At last I concluded my apology for a wash, and going to the door for my boots, found them absent. I rang. Ten minutes elapsed. The engines appeared to me now to be wide awake, and I inferred the speedy starting of the train. I rang more wildly. The slipshod maid-servant appeared. "My boots!" I exclaimed. She disappeared. Ten minutes more elapsed. I rang furiously. She reappeared with my boots, which she put down with the simple words: "They ain't cleaned 'em."

By heavens—my boots were there, dusty and dirty, as I had put them off on arriving! It was perfect: I felt grateful they had not cleaned them, for then I should not have enjoyed my night fully—and one thing would have been done at this mysterious hotel, as it is done in other places of public entertainment. I paid for my bed; nobody was up in the house but the slip-shod maid.

I felt a grim sort of cheerfulness, as I walked to the station, at the thought that I had passed the most uncomfortable night in the world.

If any *blasé* traveller desire to try this pleasure, he has only to follow my example, to go to North Wales, and take "the pleasant way home," *viâ* Wolverhampton.

2 A. M.

Domestic. "PLEASE, SIR, THE GUIDE SAYS YOU TOLD HIM TO TAKE YOU UP SNOWDON TO SEE THE SUN RISE."

Enthusiastic Tourist. "OH! AH! YE-ES! YOU WILL TELL THE GUIDE THAT I HAVE BEEN THINKING THE SUNSET WILL BE MUCH BETTER WORTH SEEING; SO I SHALL NOT WANT HIM JUST YET."

A MASTER WHO KNOWS HIS WORKMEN.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been giving a grand dinner at St. Cloud, to all the generals of the army of Paris. They were all as jolly as school-boys on a half-holiday. There was plenty of drinking, of course, for what would officers do without drinking? and in the course of the fun, the Prince said to his comrades—

"'I think you do not regret having followed me in my policy on December 2, and since that period.' The Generals were unanimous in their approbation; and some exclaimed, 'To you, Prince, the initiative—to us, the *unhesitating execution.*'"

Execution is just the word for such services. When we recollect the butcheries that took place in December, the Prince may well be proud of having such "unhesitating *executioners.*"

Much of a Muchness.

THE parties indicted for the Stockport Riots were stated in the papers as seven Protestants and eight Papists; but we are enabled to affirm that these figures convey an erroneous impression, the fact being that the rioters were precisely six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

THE SAME THING.

SMITH. "Did you ever look for a needle in a bottle of hay?" JONES. "No; but I have searched for a book in the Catalogue of the British Museum."

EFFECTS OF SALT WATER AS OBSERVED AT THE REGATTA BALL.

— *Weatherspoon, Esq. (of the Oriana, R.Y.S.)* "I SAY, TOM, WHAT'S THAT LITTLE CRAFT WITH THE BLACK VELVET FLYING AT THE FORE, CLOSE UNDER THE LEE SCUPPERS OF THE MAN OF WAR?"

Honourable Binnacle (of the Matilda, R.Y.C.). "WHY, FROM HER FORE AND AFT RIG, AND THE CUT OF HER MAINSAIL, I SHOULD SAY SHE'S DOWN FROM THE PORT OF LONDON; BUT I'LL SIGNAL THE COMMODORE TO COME AND INTRODUCE US!"

A KIND WORD WITH JONATHAN.

PERISH all the cod and mackerel in the Ocean—fine eating as they are—before we go to war with brother JONATHAN for a cause as scaly as any fish can be that have no scales. We can't think of quarrelling with JONATHAN about fish at a time when our general enemy is plotting everywhere to reduce us, in a greater measure than we like, to a fish diet; and would, if possible, move all the nations, and Heaven and Earth, and another place also, even worse than Ireland, against us for that end. We must recollect that JONATHAN is now the only national creature of any importance, except ourself, that is not priest-ridden and soldier-ridden; the Soldier in the saddle, and the Jack-Priest on the crupper. Our natural relation to JONATHAN at present should be that of a league, offensive and defensive, against despotism and papal petticoat government all over the world. We may, however, remonstrate with JONATHAN in a brotherly way on occasion; and we do so remonstrate with him respecting the following passage from the *New York Herald*, on the supposition that it correctly expresses his mind as to the matter between us:

"It is a shame that the great expedition to Japan, for a hydrographical survey of those islands, and the conversion of the heathen therein to Commerce and Christianity—it is a burning shame that the expedition for these great objects should be broken up, from the necessity of detailing the flag-ship of the Commodore to the protection of our Yankee fishermen in the Bay of Fundy."

NOW, JONATHAN, are you not taking this querulous—and audibly nasal—tone rather inconsider ately? Does it not occur to you that you are a little inconsistent in setting out to convert the heathen to "Commerce and Christianity" in one quarter of the globe, and going a-poaching in the other?

Never mind your collocation of "Commerce and Christianity." Success to you in your endeavour to convert the Japanese to both your religions.

How to Make One Dizzy.

TAKE one half Protection, and one half Free Trade, and pour from one Conservative measure to another, until you get a fine head with plenty of froth. It is this mixture of half-and-half, smartly combined, that makes one DIZZY.

WANTED A DIPLOMATIST.

WHERE is the celebrated statesman, M. PISCATORY? He would be the man to negotiate for us with the Americans the settlement of our dispute about fishing.

THE LAST KICKS OF PUFFERY.

MAD attempts are being continually made to give to even the air an air of novelty. A few days ago an individual to whom it is immaterial whether he stands on his head or his heels, lowered himself by going up in a balloon, from which he was suspended so fearfully that it was a moment of horrid suspense to all who looked on, as well as to the aëronaut. He, however, seemed to be quite at home, and neither to care where he happened to hang out, or to feel the inconvenience of being completely tied by the leg, for the time being. It is true that he did it as easily as if he had been "native and to the manner born," for the operation; but a man who is "born to be hanged," even by the leg, is scarcely a desirable person for the public to make acquaintance with.

This, however, is nothing to the ascent of MONSIEUR POITEVIN with a carriage and four—a feat that might terminate rather awkwardly for those on *terra firma*, inasmuch as if the exhibitor were to throw himself on the public, or to tumble on the public, which would be much the same thing, the effect would be far from agreeable. As to science being aided by these pieces of fool-hardiness, the idea is absurd, and we think M. POITEVIN himself, with his carriage and four in the air, would be puzzled to tell us what he is driving at.

No Getting Out of It.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY can get nothing out of LOUIS NAPOLEON respecting the liberation of ABD-EL-KADER; his HIGHNESS having seemingly condemned himself to the silent system for his breach of promise sooner or later to set the Emir at liberty. The PRESIDENT is unable to get out of his unenviable position; but the person most to be sympathised with (not most to be pitied) who can't get out, is the captive chief.

A GOLD MINE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE venerable old proverb tells us that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," but with regard to the strychnine, we think we can alter the proverb to "What is one man's poison is another man's meat," considering the source of profit it has been to the brewers. Never did any body of tradesmen derive so much benefit from a libel as our Bitter Ale manufacturers. They have advertised their innocence far and wide, with testimonials of the purity of their beer, and the price of each barrel. Thousands have been spent in proving that this strychnine was the most bitter calumny that was ever invented to poison honest men's characters. One brewer, we are told, is prepared to spend £5000 in advertisements in order to wash himself as clean as his rivals in the estimation of the public. We are not at liberty to mention his name, but we can safely say that, in this instance, BASS is not "the Slave that pays."

A DIP IN THE FREE TRADE SEA.

"THERE, TAKE OFF HIS COAT LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BEN, AND COME TO HIS COBDEN."

HINTS TO YOUNG YACHTSMEN.

WE will resume our pleasant colloquial advice. You observe, that it was "all PLEBSON'S fault," that the *Parvenu* and *Bubble* fouled each other in the race for the crown. Very possibly. I really must decline going into the inquiry; and had I been at your dinner at the George the day after, I should have been ineffably bored by the discussion. Having seen fifteen sail of the line come into Malta Harbour without an atom of disturbance, I cannot be expected to sympathise with any such bungling. But why would PLEBSON sail her, himself, just at the most critical period of the race? Ah, that's the rub! Why does BUNGLERTON "accept office," and throw his family into agonies of apprehension? Why did JONES write a tragedy on the subject of MONTEZUMA? The truth is, that PLEBSON falls into a not uncommon error. He is not content to be a yachtsman, but must needs be a naval man—must mount a couple of brass guns, and give his poor little *Parvenu* the airs of a man-of-war. By JOVE! everything goes on, on board that cutter, as if she was commanded by COLLINGWOOD, or that ever-to-be-lamented hero on whom all our youth model themselves, in the service—of course I mean BENBOW.

There are two extremes which often meet in harbours—I mean the man-of-war that apes the yacht, and the yacht that apes the man-of-war. Sometimes a line-of-battle ship is seen where everything is paint and polish—where the tompions in the mouths of the guns look so deuced neat, that it would be a pity to take them out to fire. The *Parvenu*, again, is the extreme that meets this; and PLEBSON half fancies that he bears the Queen's commission. You must have heard, I suppose, of one gallant yachtsman who wanted to have power to flog his men. This may be a piece of scandal; but I can fancy the morbid appetite. I believe, indeed, that he formed a contract to that effect with one or two of his crew, and paid them extra wages, accordingly. It seems odd, certainly, to pay for the whistle—of the lash. Keep your eye on your friend PLEBSON, or he will be imitating this great man, and turning the hands up "to punishment," with all the gravity of the genuine performer.

And consider how naval men would necessarily laugh at your friend PLEBSON'S affectation. A better-natured set of fellows as a body doesn't exist—but perhaps their one weakness is a tendency to laugh at any absurdity which sins against orthodox nauticality. To be sure, I don't see how a "tinker" is necessarily, as the naval mind would seem to suppose, a supremely contemptible person,—much less a "cobbler." But they are right in laughing at pretenders in their own line. They most cordially enjoy, I assure you, the beautiful little eccentricities of LORD MUDDLER, when he comes down from the Admiralty to "inspect" a ship, and walks slap towards the stern, instead of the gangway, &c. So, be sure, friend PLEBSON will come in for his share of chaff if this advice does not make him amend his ways.

I am afraid you suffer a good deal from the predatory incursions of "youngsters" from men-of-war. A greater set of vultures than these fellows it would be difficult to find. And the worst of it is, that they look on a "T. G." or travelling gentleman, as they call a civilian, as *their legitimate prey*. The pompous old proprietor of that big yacht, the *Lumberer*, mistook one of these precocious cubs for a matured tar, when he saw him knocking about in a white jacket in summer. He engaged him to sail the *Lumberer* somewhere, and the fellow (who was indignant at being taken for a "plebeian," as he afterwards said,) took the old gentleman a cruise which he won't forget in a hurry, I know.

I have no objection to a certain moderate luxury in the fitting up of your yacht—all within reasonable bounds. I know that the *Diddler* has the armorial bearings of FITZ-OFFAL on the stern—which is clearly intended for the benefit of his creditors, who find that portion of the vessel the one oftenest presented to them.

An Orange Pip.

WE are glad to find that an attempted Orange Procession at Liverpool the other day was suppressed. An Orange Procession is the march of a very forlorn hope, only calculated to lead to a breach—of the peace.

A SQUEAK FOR THE BRITISH DRAMA.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I am one of the swinish multitude. Understand me; I intend no figure of speech: my meaning runs upon four legs; I am in fact, the entire animal; and send you this, writ with one of my own bristles in rose-pink, from the Haymarket Theatre. I am descended in a right line—and no gammon—from *Toby* the learned pig, which may account for my letters. However, what's birth? When one comes to be cut into rashers or put in a playbill, quarterings go for nothing. For here I am in a playhouse! Here I am, as sure as eggs are eggs, and as I myself may be bacon and bacon.

"This, *Mr. Punch*, is a free country; and I do not feel disposed—I never did—to submit to any violence, without having a good squeak for it. I ask it—is my arena the stage? Is my forte, eccentric comedy? When nature gave me four legs—(that is, two hands and two hams)—did she intend that they should run in a drama of grilling—I mean, of thrilling—interest? What have I to do with any *Writing on the Wall*; especially when such writing on a wall is only a play-bill poster.

"My business in life is to do nothing but quietly, soberly, to become pork. Bacon may be my mission. But, certainly, I was never intended to shine in the British drama. Besides, when that drama has all the brutes of the field and all the birds of the air open to it—when your legitimate dramatist may go, so to speak, into the Zoological Gardens, and take his pick and choose of animals, why should he stick his goose-quill into a pig? Why not take an elephant? the more especially as I have heard that elephants and pigs are proved by MR. BUFFON to be of the same family; though, if so, I must say it, the elephants have always treated the hogs as Christians treat their poor relations. But why take a pig? I repeat—I again scream that question—why, in a drama, take a live pig? But I will answer the question, as—yes—as I have already heard it answered on these boards.

"'Why a live pig? Oh, it gives a reality to the scene: makes the thing *real*, you know.'

"Well, then, why not a real blind beggar—why not a real felon—why have any acting—illusion, I believe it's called—at all? Bother art! Let's have real, naked nature.

"*Mr. Punch*, pigs have been greatly honoured in their day. There was MORLAND, the painter, painted pigs that you might almost nose 'em, almost hear 'em grunt. But then this was art, Sir. Yes; but art thrown away. If the real thing is *the* thing, have a real hog in your parlour, and don't hang him on your walls. The stage—I give you what I heard our prompter say—the stage, Sir, should be illusion; not a *real* pig-stye: if real pigs, why not, in the farm-yard, a real dung-cart with everything to match?

"And you will perceive, *Mr. Punch*, that we—I mean myself and my two brothers, who, I'm ashamed to say, not being literary, do not feel as I do the degradation of their present state, making as free with all the actors as if they'd known pork all their days—you will, I say, perceive, that the weight of the play unfairly rests upon us. Now, Sir, it's all very well with horses, or even dogs, but pigs were never made to draw. However, to give you what some of the critics say of us. (I heard one of our brother actors read it from a newspaper, and here it is.)

"When MR. WRIGHT begins to flag, there are some quadrupeds. Three piglings are introduced in the model farm; and they do wonders in escaping pursuit, consenting to a recall before the curtain, and finally leaping into the orchestra, where they contributed an adagio movement of squeak, which brought the house down."

"Now. I ask in the language of the theatre, why should pigs hold up MR. WRIGHT'S train? *We* can't gag: no, we can simply grunt and squeak the author!

"I'm ashamed to say it of my two brothers, they were as happy and as proud as real players; giving themselves no end of airs at the applause, and specially when called for. But for myself, I felt so ashamed when among the fiddlers, that I'd sooner been hissed with eggs in a frying-pan than applauded in the orchestra.

"And, *Mr. Punch*, to end it all—I protest against being used upon the stage. As a pig, I am the born servant of man, to play, I own, many parts. Serious hams—eccentric sausages—light rashers—heavy sides of bacon—tragedy black puddings,! Any and many of these parts I am born to act and double—but, I repeat it, I was not intended to be dragged upon the stage, and as a free pig in a free country, I raise my voice against it.

"Yours, *Mr. Punch*,

"ONE OF THE PIGS OF THE HAYMARKET."

"*Post-Squeak.*—Understand, I don't complain of salary; pollard's fine and pease in plenty. I also hear that we're to have—the actors we've supported could do no less, not that I care about it—we're to have, at the end of the run real silver rings put in our noses (which are to be bored for the benefit night of the authors)—as affectionate testimonials. Well, we've brought a good deal of silver, and we ought to have a little of it."

DEFINITION OF ETERNITY.—"Just lend me your Umbrella for five minutes."

SPECIMENS OF THE DELUGE.

A PROPHECY; BY LORD MUDSTONE.

IN LEAVES FROM THE LOG.

EATHER hazy in the bay. Wind: Downing Street by Somerset House. Took soundings in the hold.* No water; or should have sent HERRIES to the pumps. Ordered MALMESBURY aloft to look out: reported that he could see nothing before him: didn't expect he would. Ship rides like a duck—sounded again, and not a drop of water; but then, as PAKINGTON says, we pitched it so very strong.

—— Hazy weather, with scudding fogs. At 12 P.M. bumped against something: took soundings, with a piece of butter at the end of lead: brought up a bit of stone, which, the B—P OF L—N—N, bursting into tears, identified as a piece of Fulham Palace. Fog very thick indeed. At noon, DIZZY takes an observation. Swears he sees &c. &c. &c. in distance: nobody believes him—laughs, and says he doesn't believe himself.

——Wind, the Bank by Exchange-Change East. Noon: DIZZY protests that, &c., &c., &c. This time, others protest so, too—somebody floating in the distance. We put up the helm, and shake out all red tape—I mean all reefs. Approach the man in the water. Make him out with our glasses—and so he proves to be—PALMERSTON in his Windsor uniform, with his hair curled. What can he float on? We put the helm up again and near him. The B—P insists we shall take him aboard; MALMESBURY opposes, swearing he'd take the ship from us. We hail him through speaking-trumpet. "PAM., will you come aboard?" "See you drowned first." "But, PAM., what do you float on?" Whereupon, PAM held up for a minute the cork—the single one cork—of the bottle which, before the Deluge, he judiciously held. We put up the helm and run afore the wind, PAM singing the "Bay of Biscay," and floating towards Windsor.

—— Wind variable, in all places at once. Dreadful to see everywhere the bodies of Free-Traders—even DIZZY nearly wept! COLONEL SIBTHORP counted two hundred, entering their names in his own pocket-book of ass's skin. Again put the helm up to get rid of the spectacle. Wind light. Called upon WALPOLE to make a joke; and mast-headed him for disobeying orders.

—— Wind anyhow. Free-traders' bodies still float by our gallant craft. WALPOLE swears he sees a man alive. Boatswain BERESFORD declares he's only one of the rabble. Man nears us, and proves to be the venerable and veracious editor of the *Standard*. He calls for a life-buoy, when DIZZY—(that Chancellor in the human shape)—throws him over, but he declares in mistake,—a file of the sinking man's own paper: both instantly disappear.

—— Wind gone to bed. Ship answers everything but her rudder; DIZZY says he's ready to answer for even that. What a fellow he is! Swears he sees next week in the distance. Took an observation: found we were just over Manchester. At 1 P.M. JOHN BRIGHT, floating in his own hat, passed us. SIBTHORP wanted to bring a howitzer to bear upon him, but B—P interposed. Again called upon WALPOLE for a joke: still obstinate, and threatened him with irons.

—— Wind, worst and by worst. Found we were directly over Free-Trade Hall. Saw the top of one chimney at least, with COBDEN distinctly upon it, waving a flag of distress, a Manchester bird's-eye. Saw the Agitator through telescope; but remembered NELSON'S blind eye and the signal, and—though the B—P suggested something—would *not* see him.

—— Wind, squally.—Passed GLADSTONE on a cotton-bag.—

—— Light airs.—Saw MANNERS, whom we forgot to take up when the deluge began, astride a dolphin.

—— Blowing a gale. Passed JOE HUME in a patent life-belt. Going straight for the Exchequer. DIZZY wanted to have a shot at him: B—P benevolently interfered.

—— Wind gone down. Took soundings. Found we were just over the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. Thought we were sinking; to lighten the ship threw MALMESBURY overboard.

—— Foundered on the House of Commons.—

* * * * * *

(*Here log becomes broken and fragmentary.*)

—— "Only a shower," and no deluge after all!

* *Mr. Punch* need not observe even to the most ladylike readers of even nautical novels, that the ship-knowledge of the keeper of the log seems a good deal at sea.

KITCHEN CAPERS.

BARON NATHAN will go down to posterity on a shilling's worth of eggs; but we have lately performed a feat which even his feet might fail to execute. The nature of our achievement may be better understood when we recommend it as the subject of a new *Pas*, which will rival that of *L'Ombre* in mysterious darkness—literally throw the Shadow Dance into the shade, and supersede the *Pas des Patineurs*, or Dance of Skaters, which was popular on an extensive scale, though there is not a stronger instance of a sliding scale than that of public favour.

The *Pas* we propose wherewith to finish the season, is a grand *Pas des Blackbeetles* and *Quadrille des Cockroaches*. We have had recent opportunities of practising this dance in our own kitchen, and we can answer for the extreme difficulty of the steps, and the necessity for a nicety of coming down on the points of the toes which TAGLIONI, in her best days, could scarcely parallel. Accompanied as this dance has been in the obscurity of the night by a sort of Cricket Polka coming from the hearth, the effect has been very striking, and we have felt ourselves as critically situated among the blackbeetles, as ever NATHAN was among the eggs in the brightest day of Tivoli.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE INDIVIDUAL WHO SENDS A FIFTY POUND NOTE FOR UNPAID INCOME-TAX TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Table-Talk for the Times.

PERSONS in a small way of business are hereby informed that the commodities cut of which a penny may be made most easily are bottled fruits and pickles, on account of the quantity of copper which those articles contain.

It has long been familiar to most of our readers that a devilled kidney is a kidney sprinkled with Cayenne pepper; but till the *Lancet* showed that the spice so called is mainly composed of red lead, sulphuret of mercury, red ochre, and brick dust, few perhaps knew how diabolical a thing a kidney devilled is.

MINISTERIALISTS SHOWING THEIR AIRS.

PROTECTION has been at length abandoned by its once staunchest adherents, who have finally given it to the winds. We think it rather unnecessary to give it to the winds, considering how much it has been already blown upon.

SUFFRAGE EXTENSION.

THE Railways ought to return members to Parliament, if limbs continue to be lost, at the present rate, on the lines.

WHAT I SAW AT THE PAWNBROKER'S.

BY NO MATTER WHO.

BY accident I was present at the Pawnbroker's, at the time that MR. COLLINS was "pledging" (I believe that is the term) the portraits that had been entrusted to his care for publication in his abruptly-finished work of *Eminent Statesmen*.

This was what I saw.

The first portrait he handed up was one of LORD MALMESBURY. For this the sum of 9*s*. 8*d*. was offered—the Pawnbroker couldn't possibly give more, he should lose by it as it was; but as payment was tendered in Austrian bank-notes, all dirty and torn and tattered, not unlike his Lordship's reputation, the portrait was withdrawn, after a liberal proposition had been made by MR. COLLINS, but refused, to take half the sum (4*s*. 10*d*.) in English money.

The next statesman handed up for valuation was MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. The peculiarity of this portrait was that it had two faces, one on each side. One portrait had evidently been taken years ago, and displayed a Liberal cast of countenance, round and good-humoured, with a happy smile about the lips, as if the gentleman was pleased with himself and all the world. The other one showed a Conservative turn of face, with all the features narrowed and pinched, and a cunning expression in the eye that seemed to say, "Trust me, and I'll take you in." The Pawnbroker couldn't give more than £1 for the two portraits. It was a great pity they were not larger; they would have made a capital sign-post for an ale-house—for, as it swung backwards and forwards, it would have shown a different face on each side. One face would have attracted the Free-traders, and the other one would have taken in the agriculturists. Ultimately this Janus-portrait of a statesman was taken in for 25*s*.

LORD DERBY was the next "Eminent Statesman" taken in hand. The Pawnbroker took it to the window, held it up, turned it in all possible directions, but apparently could not see his Lordship in a favourable light. "Ten shillings," he said, "and really that's more than his intrinsic value. I know his Lordship will very quickly be on the shelf, and then he will remain there all his life." LORD DERBY was ultimately withdrawn, for MR. COLLINS felt that, as an Englishman, he could not let the Prime Minister of his country go for so small a figure.

The Colonial Secretary, and a bag-full of Under-Secretaries were the next handed over the counter. They belonged to the present Ministry, but the Pawnbroker indignantly rejected them, saying, "They are all a bad lot, and he should be sorry to have anything to do with them."

An honourable exception was made, however, in favour of LORD MAIDSTONE, who fetched as much as 7*s*. 6½*d*. The Pawnbroker thought he should get his money back again by selling his Lordship (who, he had been told, "had some stuff in him," and I, for my part, did not doubt the *stuff* in the least) in Holywell Street, where his portrait would come in well as a frontispiece to the next edition of "JEAMES' SONGSTER."

Other "Statesmen" fetched better prices. A faithful portrait of LORD JOHN RUSSELL brought 3*l*. 15*s*. 6*d*., though the Pawnbroker was afraid "he should have to wait some time for his money, for it was extraordinary how long the people were in appreciating his Lordship's real merits."

A good sum was given for a telling portrait of JOSEPH HUME—for "now that he was better known, and seen in his proper colours, (here the Pawnbroker rubbed off with his sleeve a quantity of dust that had settled upon its countenance,) honest old JOSEPH'S value was, he was glad to say, better appreciated every year." The shopman's liberality warmed with his praises, and he actually gave sixpence more for him than he had done for LORD JOHN.

MR. MACAULAY fetched an honourable price, and LORD PALMERSTON commanded as high a sum as any one. "If his Lordship was not exactly taken up at his full value—and in his opinion there was scarcely a better man for JOHN BULL'S money—at all events his portrait would come in capitally for a sporting-crib. It would adorn the bar of any house where the 'Fancy' congregated."

LORD MANNERS, the MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD, LORD SEYMOUR, MR. SPOONER, MR. GEORGE THOMPSON, and several others better known than admired, were contemptuously refused; "he (the Pawnbroker) would be sorry to have them at any price."

I had nearly forgotten to state that the Pawnbroker, whose remarks and estimates I have been recording, was no less than the celebrated MR. PUNCH, who, from his long experience and connections, knows the value of a political "Pledge" better than any one, and can tell you, to the fraction of a probability, what chance there is of its ever being redeemed.

I conclude by stating that if any statesman, eminent or otherwise, who sets a high figure upon himself, wishes to ascertain his real value, he had better send his portrait at once to MR. PUNCH'S shop, where he will be told in very plain figures the price he is worth, not exactly in his own estimation, but in the estimation of the public.

N.B. No Irish Statesman, no Brass-band Man, need apply.

A SCENE ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.

See the Times, August 4th, 1852.

"DEY must not pass!" was the warning cry of the Austrian sentinel
To one whose little knapsack bore the books he loved so well.
"They must not pass? Now, wherefore not?" the wond'ring tourist cried;
"No English book can pass mit me;" the sentinel replied.
The tourist laughed a scornful laugh; quoth he, "Indeed, I hope
There are few English books would please a Kaiser or a Pope;
But these are books in common use: plain truths and facts they tell—"
"Der Teufel! Den dey *most not* pass!" said the startled sentinel.

"This Handbook to North Germany, by worthy MR. MURRAY,
Need scarcely put your Government in such a mighty flurry:
If tourists' handbooks be proscribed, pray, have you ever tried
To find a treasonable page in *Bradshaw's Railway Guide?*
This map, again, of Switzerland—nay, man, you needn't start or
Look black at such a little map, as if 't were Magna Charta;
I know it is the land of TELL, but, curb your idle fury—
We've not the slightest hope, to-day, to find a TELL in your eye (Uri)."

"Sturmwetter!" said the sentinel, "Come! cease dis idle babbles!
Was ist dis oder book I see? Das Haus mit sieben Gabbles?
I nevvare heard of him bifor, ver mosh I wish I had,
For now Ich kann nicht let him pass, for fear he should be bad.
Das Haus of Commons it must be; Ja wohl! 'tis so, and den
Die Sieben Gabbles are de talk of your chief public men;
Potzmiekchen! it is dreadful books. Ja! Ja! I know him well;
Hoch Himmel! here he most not pass:" said the learned sentinel.

"Dis PLATO, too, I ver mosh fear, he will corrupt the land.
He has soch many long big words, Ich kann nicht onderstand."
"My friend," the tourist said, "I fear you're really in the way to
Quite change the proverb, and be friends with neither Truth nor PLATO.
My books, 'tis true, are little worth, but they have served me long,
And I regard the greatness less than the nature of the wrong;
So, if the books must stay behind, I stay behind as well."
"Es ist mir nichts, mein lieber Freund," said the courteous sentinel.

A FORENSIC FIX.

THE business of the Bar has lately diminished with such alarming rapidity, that the Circuits are nearly abandoned, and the only bar mess that remains in force is the terrific mess in which the Bar now finds itself. Q. C. is begining to stand for Queer Case, in the imagination of every one who peruses that once enviable appendage to a learned name: while, as to the Serjeants, many of them find the coif so unproductive that they would gladly get it off their hands, or off their heads, at a ruinous sacrifice. We have heard it rumoured that some of the Serjeants will apply to the Government to be placed on the list of non-commissioned officers, under the new Militia Bill. They will undertake to provide their own powder, which is now of no use to their wigs, and, though not recently accustomed to go into action, they will resume their old practice with alacrity.

The Parliamentary Races.

MANY riders have been thrown during the recent Election Heats, and have met with various accidents; but for none do we feel so deeply as for the noble HORSMAN who lost his seat at Cockermouth, just as every one made sure that he was going to win. This accident is the more to be regretted, as he will not be able to show at the next Parliamentary meet, where his absence will be severely felt, for there is not another HORSMAN in the country to be compared to him—more especially for a good Steeple-chase.

AGRICULTURAL ABSURDITY.—A Protestant farmer is a most unreasonable fellow: what he wants is, that the Plough should have more than its Share in the national prosperity.

MISS AGRICULTURE CONSULTING THE WIZARD BENDISRAELI ON WHAT "LOOMS IN THE FUTURE."

STRIKE, BUT HEAR.

LORD ST. LEONARDS has spread a perfect panic throughout the Chancery Bar, by the announcement that in certain cases he does not mean to hear more on each side than one counsel. This startling piece of intelligence is dealt to the hundred forensic non-entities, who never did anything but "follow on the same side," which means "feed upon the same pocket." Those rising young men who were in the habit of rising on the back rows to bow their consent on behalf of some helpless infant, or some unconscious "party" several degrees removed from all substantial interest in any portion of the suit but the amount of its costs, will find that their graceful obeisances no longer command a couple of guineas—with half-a-crown for an apocryphal clerk—in the legal market. The mute eloquence of some half-dozen long-winded orators—whose eloquence is so far mute that it really says nothing—will henceforth be dispensed with, and they will be spared the necessity of lazily mumbling—like the dogs of law—the bones of legal contention.

The effect of the silent system upon the Chancery Bar will, no doubt, be very severely felt, but however seriously the penalty may fall on the gentlemen of the long robe—and longer tongue—it will effect a great saving in the time of the public, and in the money of the suitors in equity.

HOW TO BREW MISCHIEF.—Accuse the Brewers of using Strychnine.

CATNACH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"WHAT is the use of teaching girls music?" grunts an old single gentleman. "Ninety-nine out of a hundred never play a tune after marriage; and as many as give up the hope of a husband, also give up the piano. I say, then, what's the use of teaching a parcel of girls—unless you are bringing them up to the playhouse or concert-room—music?"

"Why, my dear sir," replies the nephew or other junior addressed, "for the same reason as that for which you were taught Latin and Greek. You have laid aside the classics for some time, Sir; but you retain their influence. The liberal sciences, as the poet says in the Grammar, have softened your manners, and not suffered them to be brutal. (The old gentleman coughs.) Music refines the feelings, cultivates the higher sentiments, arouses noble emotions, produces kind, amiable, generous, holy, heavenly frames and phases of mind; awe, reverence, unearthly supernatural hope, and triumph, and joy."

"Bosh, Sir!" exclaims the old gentleman. "Listen to this, Sir:" and he reads the following advertisement from the *Times*:—

OH, TAKE ME NOT TO OTHER LANDS. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* The interest of the subject, the beautiful simplicity of the melody, and the splendid illustration, contribute so much to the success of this ballad that it may be safely anticipated it will become one of the most popular of the day. Sent, post free, on receipt of postage stamps.

"There, Sir," the old gentleman continues. "What do you think of that, Sir. That, Sir, is one of your fashionable songs. Will you tell me, Sir, that such music as this—for I suppose the tune expresses the same thing as the words—can inspire young ladies with those fine ideas which you describe? Sir, the only feeling it is calculated to excite in a girl's mind, as it appears to me, is a very improper one; a spirit of disinclination to accompany a husband, or parent, or guardian, who may find it expedient or necessary to take her abroad. Besides, Sir, I strongly suspect that this ballad is intended to pander to a vulgar and morbid sympathy. I apprehend the interest of the subject relates to some recent family exposure, involving hysterics, that has occurred in fashionable life. Sir, such music smells—if music can be said to be odorous—of hartshorn and burnt feathers. Allusion, I see, is made to a splendid illustration, on the back of the song, of course, and consisting, I suppose, of the portrait of some die-away Beauty, in tears and the last new Parisian costume for August. Bah, Sir! 'Will you love me after as you did before?' 'Yes, I will love thee as I used.' 'They've given her to some one else;' this is the kind of stuff you get squalled about through having your girls taught music. This is your fashionable singing."

"Quite so, Sir," says the younger gentleman. "But you see, Sir, they don't teach our girls music. They only half teach them, Sir. They educate their fingers and windpipes; their *lumbricales* and *crico-arytænoidei* muscles: but not their higher senses; their imagination and taste, and that perception of the ludicrous, mortal to spooneyism and snobbery, which should be developed or cultivated by the regular perusal of *Punch*."

LAW AND LUNACY.

AN Advertisement appeared the other day in the *Times*, headed with the remarkable words "INSANITY WANTED!" We did not proceed further in the perusal of an announcement, the first words of which took us so thoroughly a-back, and we therefore cannot undertake to say what the circumstances may be, under which so remarkable a want has been notified. We can only conjecture that the advertisement proceeds from some unhappy individual who is in some way a "party" to a suit in Chancery, and who can hardly be blamed for seeking, even in insanity, a relief from the tortures of equity. If we are right in our guess, the wretched advertiser will find no escape in lunacy from the terrors of Chancery for, as if to preserve its power and allow none to escape who have at any time been within the fangs of the court, those whom it first destroys and then drives mad, it continues to preside over. The desired change from Chancery to Insanity will, in effect, be no change at all, but merely a step from one division to another of the dreaded court—a step, in fact, out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The Newest French Fashion.

THE *Assemblée Nationale* says

"At present in France, irreligion has gone out of fashion."

And religion is fashionable. Very fashionably dressed, too, does Religion come out, blessing colours, eagles, and the like. In fact, this altogether seems to be Religion after a fashion. The *Univers* is the journal of French "Religion:" but it is not an adequate one. The priest party, to do themselves justice, should seek an organ in *Le Follet*.

NO MORE TO BE MET WITH THAN A POLICEMAN.

WE have it on the authority of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, that when Parliament meets, BENJAMIN DISRAELI is prepared to jump into a Quart Bottle. We have but one doubt as to the success of this operation, and that is—the great difficulty of finding in England a *Quart* Bottle.

FAMILY LIKENESS.—UNCLE BONAPARTE believed in destiny. NEPHEW believes in *fêtes*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, August 21st, 1852.

FESTIVE FOOLERY.

SOMEBODY—who happens to be a mere nobody—has just come of age at a place in Salop, and his arrival at years of discretion has been celebrated by an excess of absurdity which, we may hope, he regarded as a sort of farewell to foolery. The programme, which has been forwarded to us, gives an order of procession, commencing with TWO TRUMPETERS and terminating with a COUPLE OF SHEEP, who are expected to bring up their own and the general rear, for the purpose of being converted during the evening into haunches of mutton. The whole thing savours of absurdity, and seems to be, after all, a cheap mode of making a display: for trumpeters are cheap enough in the Metropolis—we have known them as low as eighteen-pence a pair at this season of the year.

The appearance of the "tenantry" in a procession is always a great point; and when our son comes of age, we shall certainly request our first-floor lodger to fall into line with our tenant of the second pair at the first landing, and there wait for the descent of the attic, so that "the whole of the tenantry" may be concentrated on the joyous occasion. We shall then furnish the party with instructions as to the line of route, commencing at the point of starting, proceeding down the stairs, along the passage, out by the back-door into the yard, round the water-butt, passing the dust-hole on the right, pausing opposite the beer-barrel to drink the heir's health, and returning by the back-yard door into the front passage, where a congratulatory address will be spoken by the tax-gatherer, being the last quarter's receipt, mounted on a pencil by way of banner. Perhaps when heirs find how easily the sort of thing may be adapted to the very meanest (pecuniary) capacity, they will cease to make themselves ridiculous in this way, at any rate.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF THE PEOPLE.

To the Home Secretary (Private and Confidential).

A WORD in your ear, MR. WALPOLE. There is treason, hydra-headed treason hatching. Now, we are not joking. Were we inclined to be droll, we would not cast our jokes before certain Home Secretaries. Hush! This way. In a corner, if you please.

Do you ever see the *Morning Herald?* We thought so. Somehow, you look as if you did. Still, we have brought a copy. Here it is. A leader on the treasonous atrocities contemplated by the traitorous projectors of the Crystal Palace in Penge Park! We will read you—when we can get a good mouthful of breath—a few of the lines: the dreadful lines. You see, the Palace is to be open on Sundays after one o'clock. In that fact the *Herald* sees revolution, anarchy, and perhaps—a future republic with JOHN CROMWELL BRIGHT in Buckingham Palace! Listen—

"'Go to mass on the Sabbath morning,' is the Church of Rome's command.—'then, go to the park, the ball, or the theatre.' That is the Sabbath of Paris, of Munich, of Vienna, and we are sorry to say, of Berlin also. And, as *one natural result*, a single month, in 1848, saw the Sovereigns of Paris, of Vienna, of Munich, and of Berlin, *fugitives before their rebellious subjects*. The people of England remained untouched by this sudden madness;—they were loyal to their Queen, *because* they feared their God!"

You will perceive, Right Honourable Sir, that had the Palace existed in Penge Park in 1848, the British Throne would have gone to bits like a smashed decanter. The QUEEN has only continued to reign *because* there has been no People's Palace!

We see, sir, you are moved, but let us go on.

"The Crystal Palace will be the main engine for introducing the continental Sabbath among us. The people may go to church, it will be said, and *then* they may go down to Sydenham and enjoy a walk in the Crystal Palace, and what harm can *that* do? * * * * * * Just all the harm in the world. Open and naked profaneness would shock most persons, but this mixture of religion and dissipation will ruin myriads!"

Myriads, Right Honourable Sir, myriads! And then the drunkenness that will abound will be dreadful. No; not open and naked drunkenness; because no intoxicating liquors will be sold; but there, there the danger. The materials for intoxication will be upon the premises. Drunkenness will be made easy to the senses. And in this manner. There will be no gin, certainly; but there will be the juniper-tree, fatally suggestive to the Sabbath mind of "Cream of the Valley," and "Old Tom." Rum, as rum, is not to be thought of; but—and we wonder, Right Honourable Sir, that the analytical, the logical intellect of the *Herald* has missed it—but, if there be not rum in the glass, there will be the sugar-cane growing; there will be rum in its purely vegetable condition. And can it be thought that "Fine Old Jamaica" will not be extracted—mentally extracted—by the Sunday visitor? Again, we shall no doubt have the tobacco-plant in every variety. Of course the Sunday visitor will—in idea we mean—inevitably put *that* in his imaginary pipe and smoke it!

Therefore, Right Honourable Sir, to imitate the logic of the pious *Morning Herald*, (not one type of that luminous print is, of course, lifted until after Sunday midnight!)—therefore, with juniper-trees, with sugar-canes, and with tobacco growing in the Palace—and that Palace thrown open after one o'clock on Sundays—therefore, nothing will be seen, nothing smelt, but men, women, aye, and even children—(think of that, Right Honourable Sir, the rising generation!) reeling about drunk with gin and rum, and those not drunk stupefied—brutally stupefied—with the fumes of tobacco!

We know that the gin is only in the tree; the rum in cane; the tobacco green and unplucked: nevertheless, the influence, the suggestiveness of their presence will, in the prophetic words of the *Herald*, "ruin myriads." Yes, Right Honourable Sir, myriads.

We have done our duty, a difficult and a painful one, MR. WALPOLE. We have been compelled to make you listen to the *Morning Herald*. But for all that, you will bear us no malice.

We see you are in a hurry to leave us. Things of import—determination strong—crowd and darken in that official face!

You will immediately arrest FOX and HENDERSON, and FULLER, and PAXTON, upon a charge of constructive treason—*i. e.*, building the revolutionary fabric—and thereupon send them to the Tower.

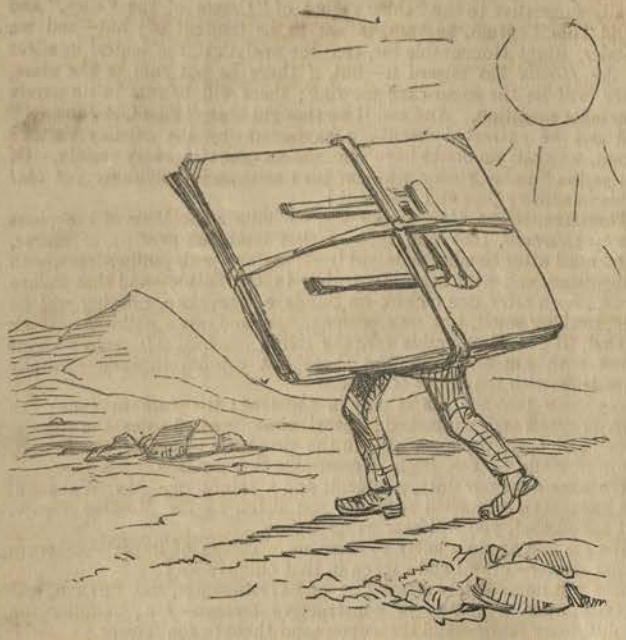
As you please: but we think the Tower too good for them. Try Newgate.

"HALLO, SMITH!" | "HALLO, BROWN!"

MATRIMONY.—The Advertiser, aged Forty, of improving political connections, and being as well known for his independence of mind as he is for his independence of fortune, is anxious to form a MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE with a YOUNG LADY, not older than himself, who might be able to command, if not an army, at least the means of procuring one in the hour of necessity. Temper is of no kind of object, as political influence in the scale of Europe is the grand thing needed. If this influence in the scale can be further increased by the weight of a fortune sufficiently large to turn the scale in the Advertiser's favour, so much the better. Absence from England having somewhat limited the circle of his respectable acquaintance, induces him to take this now not very unusual mode of making known his wishes. Has every reason to believe his name and position would, upon acquaintance, make any one happy who accepted his hand, though it still might bear upon it the stains of recent political events. Any YOUNG LADY answering this proposal, must send with it medical certificates of her having been vaccinated, as well as her Portrait, the likeness of which must be attested by two of her dearest friends.—Address, under the cover of secrecy, to L. N., Elysée, Paris, marked outside, "Tender."

N.B. Young Ladies of the House of Coburg may apply.

THE GOLD FEVER.—The prevalent complaint at the "Diggins" is that people don't know the difference between mine and thine.



OUR ARTIST ENJOYING HIMSELF IN THE HIGHLANDS. * * * *
"ON FINE HOT DAYS, I HAVE THIS TO CARRY ON MY BACK."

"ON WET DAYS, WITH MY WATERPROOF CLOTHING, I AM AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE."—*Extract from a Private Letter.*

THE PALM-TREES OF PARIS.

NOBODY has planted so many palm-trees as LOUIS NAPOLEON; but then, somehow, they will not take root. Either the soil is not congenial to them—they will not flourish in the Elysian Fields of France—or the man is a bad gardener; a bungling hand at his business. For instance, "the palm-trees erected in the Champs Elysées, although supported by strong bars of iron, have been seriously injured," says an observer. One of them "was broken in the centre, and in its fall crushed a wooden house." Broken in the centre, although supported with iron: neither did the iron—the strong bar of iron—save its fall that crushed a wooden house!

There is an omen, there is a moral in these accidents. Somehow, iron will not always work the will of the despot: it will do much, but—whether it is the weakness of tyranny to expect too much of it—the metal will not do all things; will not "go *thorough*." Now the palm-tree supported by iron—a withering palm-tree, with no roots grappling the soil of France, and from the soil drawing no principle of a fruitful vitality—is the very type of that peace that NAPOLEON LOUIS has given to France. It must be supported by iron: and so it is, for a time. And then the winds begin to whistle, and then to roar, and then crack goes the palm in the very centre—the dead, rotten palm—and falling, crushes a house as it were a band-box. Stronger, hardier, is the living palm—the vital type of peace—in its deep hold of the earth; self-grasping, self-maintaining. There is life in it; a life that withstands the tempest. But with no root, it goes in a storm like a rotten birch-twig; even though "supported by iron."

ECONOMY IN ROYAL SALUTES.

"SCIENTIFIC PUNCH,

"GREAT objection is made to the waste of gunpowder which is made in firing salutes. To save this expense, and at the same time preserve for illustrious personages the honour of being stunned, let me recommend to the notice of the Lords of the Admiralty the substance called *Quadrochloride of Nitrogen;* which is one of the most explosive compounds known. You make it by simply setting a jar of chlorine to stand inverted in a solution of sal-ammoniac: materials cheap enough. A drop of it no bigger than a pea goes off with a loud bang; and a very small quantity of it would make a greater noise than a forty-pounder; besides which, it has the advantage of being extremely dangerous, and much more likely than gunpowder to blow hands off; moreover, of smelling perhaps worse. Of the truth of these statements, I am ready to take my

"DAVY."

"*The Laboratory, August*, 1852."

THE END OF LIFE.—The end of man's life is Glory. The end of woman's life is about two-and-thirty.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION OF LITTLE BRITAIN.

THIS learned body has been holding its annual meeting in a lively spirit, with instructive results.

The day before yesterday, a most valuable paper was read by PROFESSOR PUMPKIN, F.S.A., proving that JACK SHEPPARD was a real and not a mythical personage. A parish register produced by the learned gentleman shows that one JAMES SHEPHERD or SHEPPARD was married at Penzance in 1700; and an authentic document of forty years' later date, which can be traced to the great grandson of GEORGE THE SECOND'S Court Barber, mentions one ZACHARY SHEPPARD as one of the Yeomen of the Guard; which ZACHARY, ZACH., or JACK SHEPHERD was clearly identical with the famous hero and saint of the Newgate Calendar.

Yesterday, a highly-important lecture was delivered by DR. RUMMADGE, so well known by his antiquarian researches, demonstrating in the most satisfactory manner that no such person as the highwayman, called by tradition JACK SHEPPARD, ever existed. The SHEPPARDS of Sheppard's Bush came originally from Gloucestershire, and after residing for some generations at Bagnigge Wells, seated themselves in their present domain, where they have long hung out; but it is not the fact that any one of them was hanged at Tyburn. The only person known as JACK SHEPPARD, contemporaneously with JONATHAN WILD, was a respectable Baptist minister, whose real name was STOKES and who was called "The SHEPHERD" as a nickname.

Both lectures were listened to with breathless attention, and appeared to carry conviction to the minds of a crowded auditory.

Honi Soit qui Mal y Pense.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is doing his utmost to bring into popularity the Bee, as the emblem adopted by his uncle. Unfortunately for M. LOUIS, the Bee may be suggestive of the sting as well as of the honey; and as a symbol of Imperial power, the Bee may be looked upon as Buzz.

THE RAIN OF TERROR.

MRS. GAMP opened her window the other morning; and, finding it pouring with rain, exclaimed, in the greatest terror, "Well! I declare if we ain't been and got LORD MAIDSTONE'S *deluge on!*"

SOMETHING LOOMING IN THE FRENCH FUTURE.

WE see that the name of the French Minister of the Finances is FOULD. From this name we augur that the French will shortly be presented with an Income Tax, considering how deliciously the English in that respect have been FOOLED.

MR. JOHN THOMAS AND THE FEAST OF EAGLES.

Vang Doo, Rew de River Lee, Farry, August 15th.

O! MARY HANN, I planely sea
A Frenshman's fate is fitin,
For sham fites, and the Sham de Mars
Is all he takes delite in.

They 've ad a feest of Heguls here;
Lawk! how our foke would stair
If at a LORD MARE'S feest they found,
Such fouls among the fair.

If *he* such caryon did purwide,
His sitty frens, I no,
Would cum prepaired, wen are they dined,
With him to pik a cro.

But, Hontry Noo, French Heguls, Dere,
For wich such blud is spilt,
Is only wooden burds, hadorned
With silver and with guilt;

An wen they 're on the flags, they arn't
Much bigger than a thrush:
Lor! harfter our brave Hunyon Jak
Such flags arn't worth a rush.

However, fifty thousen men,
Parishioners so gay,
This mornin', to the Mad Lane Church
Set hout at brake of day.

Perhaps u think they went to church
'Cos 'twas a day of rest;
But Lor! they only stopp'd outside
To get their Heguls blest.

For here, to make these Heguls fierce,
And give and take no quarter,
They allus get the preests to wet
Their bekes in Holy Warter.

Now wen the standurd-barers got
Them blessed burds agen,
The Prinse hisself cum hout to see,
The Heguls and the men.

Though, raily, harfter wot u no
Sum yeres ago tuk plaise,
I wunder how he dares to luk
A Hegul in the Face.

But still to sea and here the crowds
He seamed huncommon glad:
Ven they cried, "Ve've the Hemperor,"
Sez he, "I vish you ad."

And then free grashus at the play
They shode us, harfter dinner,
How one HAGUSTUS once forgave,
A most howdacious Sinner.*

In corse HAGUSTUS menes the Prinse,
He don't forgive, it 's true,
But thinks that those who like sham fites,
May like sham Pardings too.

And Few de joy we should ave ad
At nite in hevery Rew;
But many fokes were grately vexed
When the wind put out the Few.

For hold NAPOLEON should have sat
Upon a hoss of flame,
To sho the peepul how he thro'
The grate Saint Burnard came.

But when the gass was hall alite,
And Fokes began to shout,
The storm rained in his firy stede,
And snuffed the Hemperor hout.

An so I cam home ere to rite
U word of all the fun,
Well noin u would like to get
A Billy from ure JON.

* Really! MR. JOHN THOMAS! CORNEILLE writes it *Cinna*.

THE QUEEN AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

WE put it to every man, woman, and child who have sedulously read their *Punch*, whether for years past *Punch* has not from time to time—as he was blinded by the smoke—cried out against the bad taste, the bad manners, of blazing away in honour of HER MAJESTY, nay, of royalty of any degree, whenever royalty shall show itself afloat. And now we are happy to find that the *Times* comes to the support of *Punch*. We have again and again given an indignant squeak; and now the *Times* loudly protests:

"From word to word leaps the live thunder."

We had determined to uncork our ink-bottle, bringing it to bear against the blank broadsides—the loud bullies meaning nothing—that followed HER MAJESTY on her late voyage. "Had QUEEN VICTORIA been a pigeon," says the *Times*—and a dove she is!—"a pigeon let loose from a trap in Battersea Fields, she could not have been more sedulously popped at than during her recent cruise up and down the Channel." True enough. Never was there so cruel an exaction of the powder-tax.

But is not the custom wasteful, barbarous? Or if it be not so, why not carry it out on all occasions? Why should not the QUEEN take horse or carriage exercise in her parks to the roar of artillery? Nay, why should not all her movements be reported by word of mouth of cannon? She might rise to a morning-gun, and sink upon her pillow to the good night of a forty-two pounder. It may be very necessary for the state and sublime consequence of the KING OF SIAM—the king of the idol elephants—that his subjects should know by a general clangor of gong and trumpet that—his Majesty has dined! Noise is an element of barbarous life; but the refined civilities of this our mortal condition might be unattended by the roar of cannon; and Englishmen have too deep a respect, too warm an affection for their dear little QUEEN that they should, without a very strong remonstrance, see her thus rudely treated by every gun in her navy. Let us, by all means, when necessary sing "GOD save the QUEEN," but let us protest for all future time against HER MAJESTY—whenever she goes afloat—being saluted by the "adamantine lips" of forty-two pounders. Noise, however great, is *not* greatness.

NOTES AND QUERIES.—Notes of the Bank of Elegance.

A CASE OF CRADLE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"GOLD *is* the root of evil: I never believed it before; and, between ourselves, have therefore cultivated that root—I believe MR. SHAKSPEARE calls it 'the insane root;' but he was only a play-writer—early and late. But, *Mr. Punch*, is it to be borne that men of capital; men who, in the market and on 'Change, have done their regular business, confining their desires to a steady stream—(the stream as deep and as wide as you like)—of profit, should, in their mature age, with as much silver on their heads as gold in their pockets, be confounded, thrown upon their backs, Sir—(you will pardon the force of the expression, for I feel strongly)—by this revolution of the precious metals?

"Gold fields, Sir!—gold fields! The young men talk of them as familiarly as the Copenhagen Fields of my time. As for gold-dust, they do nothing but blind themselves with it—that is, to their masters' interests. Well, what is the consequence? Labour's going up—clerks used to be a drug in the market; but now one has absolutely to look for a clerk—as I live, to seek for the article!

"I have—had, I mean—a clerk. I had him for seven years. He began as junior on 10*s*. a week—(print this, if you please, as shillings; with the roman *s*. not the *d*.)—and dinner, yes, and tea. Well, since then, I have gradually raised him—(making his merit, as a friend of mine finely observes, the thermometer of his salary)—to one pound per week; or fifty-two pounds per year. And—habit grows upon one—I gradually began to like SAMUEL; so much so, that, with proper conduct, he might have staid with me all his life upon those terms: I never told him so—but he might; for as I have said, I liked him.

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, you shall judge of the gratitude of this young man, whom for seven years I had warmed at my desk.

"'Where's SAM?' said I, this morning, seeing nobody on his stool.

"'Gone, Sir,' says the junior clerk, 'to buy a cradle.'

"'Buy a cradle!' said I—'what! has the fool gone and got married?'

"'Oh no, Sir,' says the urchin, enjoying the joke, 'gone to buy a cradle to nurse a golden baby when he gets it. SAM's off in a month to the Diggins, and *I'm* a going to follow him.'

"There, *Mr. Punch*. And this is not a single case. A dozen of my friends are in the like predicament, or I should not have troubled you. Will not Parliament—will not, at least, MR. DISRAELI interfere? If this gold madness isn't put into a straight-jacket, there will soon be no getting a clerk for—no; love is out of the question in business—for money."

"I am, Yours,

"JOHN LOMBARD."

A Blow for Louis Napoleon.

ON the day of the Paris *fêtes*, it was found impossible to light many of the NAPOLEONIC devices which were intended to have illuminated the French capital. The PRINCE PRESIDENT must have been greatly amazed at the failure of his devices; and it must be admitted that, on the day in question, there was certainly something in the wind.

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."—CHAPTER XVI.

"HERE break we off," said papa one morning, as we were walking a little way out of Brighton. "I shall go and take my bath at BRILL'S, and AUNT RATCHET and DAUGHTER VIOLET can prolong their walk according to their own unexceptionable discretion. Only, MISS BROMPTON, don't let your evident determination to reach Beechey Head make you too late for lunch."

We bid him good bye, and he went back for his bath, and an angle of the road quickly placed us out of sight of each other. In a minute—it could not have been more—I heard a hasty step close behind us, and looking back, I saw a gentleman, who instantly raised his hat. I did not recognise him, but thought at the moment, that one of us had perhaps dropped something, which the stranger had picked up.

"Your papa, there, desired that I should overtake you, MISS BROMPTON, and your aunt, and introduce myself," he said, in an exceedingly soft voice. "He declared he would not be stopped from going to BRILL'S. Allow me, therefore, to present to you PRINCE CHARLES NICHOLAS WOLGAROWKOWITCH.

"O, indeed," said AUNTY RATCHET, which perhaps, upon the whole, was as sensible an answer as could have been made under the circumstances. "Are you walking our way, Sir?"

"Unquestionably," said the Prince, again raising his hat. He was a rather tall, middle-aged person, with strongly marked features, which had been handsome, but looked very much worn and haggard. His black hair was scanty, and dashed with grey. He was dressed in black, and the only white he exhibited was a high but rather rough-edged collar. He wore dark gloves, and a small brooch with which the long ends of his cravat were connected was of jet. He had also a black cane. His manner was very elaborate, but this I concluded was a foreign symptom.

"I believe, MISS BROMPTON," he said, by way of commencing the conversation, "that your father is the very best man in the world."

Now, as privately I might have entertained some such idea myself, I only answered that papa was indeed fortunate in securing the kind regards of a great many people.

"Ah," replied the PRINCE CHARLES NICHOLAS; "but some of them are ignorant wretches, others are worthless donkeys, others again are malignant idiots, while a fourth class may be considered as thankless pigs."

He arranged this classification of our acquaintances so rapidly that I had no time to sort them under the different heads, and he hurried on—

"Not one of them would give him a cup of cold water—not one. They 're not like me, not they."

AUNTY RATCHET here looked across me at the Prince in such a funny way, that I concluded she was trying to make up her mind whether the circumstance last mentioned was an advantage or not.

"No, MISS BROMPTON, no," he continued, "I am a spirit of another sort. Your father saved my life, and though I do not set it at a pin's fee, I mean to be as grateful as if I did. I have returned from Russia expressly for the purpose. The Emperor refused me my passports, or I should have been here sooner."

It just then occurred to me that the Prince spoke our language with great facility, and without any foreign accent; but I remembered that Russians are celebrated for what I have seen called "the servile power of acquiring foreign languages."

"You came from St. Petersburg?" I asked, by way of saying something.

"I did," he said, as if catching at the suggestion. "From St. Petersburg. A fine city, built by PETER THE GREAT. A truly great man, PETER. Some people said he was a little cracked, but people always say that of everybody who is in earnest in an age of indifference. Yes, I came from St. Petersburg. I came for the purpose of seeing your father, my benefactor."

"It is odd that he should never have mentioned your name to me," I said.

"Not at all," he said. "I bound him by a tremendous vow never to mention it until I gave him leave. I have now given him that leave, and he may take the biggest speaking-trumpet he can buy for money, and climb to the very top of Mont Blanc, and thence proclaim to earth and seas the name of CHARLES NICHOLAS WOLGAROWKOWITCH."

I could not help laughing to think of my dear, quiet, composed papa performing such a feat. He looked hard at me.

"Of course, I speak symbolically," he said, "and not by the card. You quite understand that I speak symbollically?"

"I imagined so," I said. "Don't you begin to feel tired, Aunty dear?"

"Not a bit, child," replied the stupid honest truthful old darling, instead of turning round towards Brighton.

"Now," said the Prince, "I will tell you what your father did for me, and you shall then judge whether I ought not to be grateful. You are aware that in Russia we all engage in trade. Excellent well, I was a fishmonger. On a gigantic scale, of course. I had eight thousand men fishing for me every night, and any one who failed to bring me one hundred pounds of fish in the morning, was immediately knouted to death. Excuse these trivial details. Upon one occasion, a fisherman in my service hooked a tremendous sturgeon, so large, that it pulled him and four of his companions out of the boat: indeed, they were all drowned, which is of no consequence in my narrative. The fish was captured, and when brought into my palace, it reached from end to end of my principal ball-room."

"Bless me, Sir! do you have fish brought into your ball-rooms, in Russia?" asked matter-of-fact AUNT RATCHET.

"Excuse the jest," replied the Prince; "but why not one sturgeon

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

Punch. "NOW, MASTER BULL, WHAT'S ALL THIS NOISE ABOUT?"

Master Bull. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, YOUNG JONATHAN WANTED MY DINNER, AND A FISH BONE STUCK IN HIS THROAT. BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT, NOW."

where there were so many pairs of soles?" And he evidently waited for a laugh; but as none came, he went on.

"I had been giving a splendid *fête* to all the nobility, gentry, and clergy of my province, and I astonished them by bringing in my big fish in the middle of a general Mazourka. It was the largest fish of the kind ever seen; and, as I need not tell you, we make caviare from sturgeon-roe, I anticipated a large profit. But some of my guests, envious at my good fortune, informed the Czar. The Father of his people immediately demanded my fish."

"Just as the Duke did the Margate whale," said Aunty. "I remember seeing the picture in *Punch*, of His Grace pulling one way, and the poor fishermen the other. I am told that they exhibit it along with the skeleton at Margate."

"Well, the first message I evaded, by causing the courier to be thrown down a precipice. The second I also eluded: my faithful vassals disposing of the messenger—I never asked how, or for the money found on the body. But then the Czar, in a rage, dispatched GENERAL RUBLESKOFF with orders to bring both me and my fish to the capital; and there's no playing with the military in Russia. I sent my 'caviare to the General,' and surrendered myself prisoner. The Emperor ordered that I should be thrown into the Neva. The Emperor was obeyed."

"But you were not drowned, sir?" said Aunty, who was beginning to take an intense interest in the narrative, and always liked to know "whether the executioner got his money."

"Madam, I will not contradict you. But it would have been my painful duty to do so, but for the fact that this young lady's father, then a young man, who was cruising in his yacht on the river in question, hooked me out with a boat-hook, and in defiance of the Czar and all his cannon, set sail, and carried me clean out of the country."

"Papa own a yacht! Papa visit Russia!" And I began to have some strange misgivings; and this time it was I who was tired, and I would turn for Brighton.

"Most true," said the Prince. "For years I dared not return to my native land; and I lived at Peckham Rye, upon your father's bounty. At last the Emperor died."

"Which Emperor?" I asked hastily.

"The EMPEROR PAUL," replied the Prince, without the least discomposure. O how I looked up and down, then; but there was not a single person in sight.

"And he being succeeded by the present man, NICHOLAS, (who always liked me and never liked caviare,) I went back, regained my estate, which had trebled its value, and I now stand here, the richest subject of the Czar, come over to England to show his gratitude to his preserver."

I knew that Aunt's historical information would not make her critical, and I was hardly surprised to hear her say—

"I never heard of this, sir; but your feelings do you credit."

"But BROMPTON—my old friend—makes no allowances for them, and will accept nothing at my hands," said his Highness mournfully. "I have offered him diamonds, roubles, slaves—all in vain. But I have at last hit upon a scheme, and one which cannot fail."

"And what may that be, sir?" said poor Aunt.

"I shall make his lovely daughter, here, the PRINCESS WOLGAROWKOWITCH," said the Prince in a determined voice. "I endow her with two provinces, one million of peasants, three pints and a half of diamonds, a mountain of malachite, an ice palace, a menagerie of bears, and myself. Does the prospect please you, lovely VIOLET, and will you be content to bloom in the shade of the Uralian mountains? I pause for a reply."

And the Prince took off his hat and fell down on his knees before us.

Before we could make up our minds whether to scream or to run, and while we were perhaps thinking of combining those defences, I suddenly saw my Brighton riding-master cantering up at the head of about twenty of his pretty pupils. The cavalry saved us.

The Prince sprang to his feet, and in a respectful, and I may say, humble voice, said—

"It is time the curtain should fall on the farce; but I will hope for pardon and approbation from a gracious public. If, ladies, the little romance, with which I have sought to beguile your hour of leisure, has afforded you any amusement—my benefit (and he pulled out some yellow cards) is fixed at the theatre, here, for the 15th. I have a large and hungry family, and in their names I would solicit you to take a few tickets. Shall I appeal in vain?"

"And you are no Prince? and you don't know MR. BROMPTON?" asked AUNT RATCHET with much indignation.

"I know not which is the greater misfortune," said the poor actor, "but both are mine. I accidentally overheard your parting, and Necessity whipped up her child, Invention, to do the rest."

"But you have a large and hungry family?"

I *knew* the woman would go and say that directly, and, moreover, buy two tickets, like a dear old goose as she is. And I am no better: for when I saw how thankfully the Prince looked at the half-crowns, I must make her take two more tickets for the PRINCESS WOLGAROWKOWITCH.

LINES ON AMALGAMATION.

Two famous Highland "caterans;"
Were chiefs—or chairmen—of their clans,
Which—say "MAC NAB," and "GREGALACH"—
Were wont to spoil the "Sassenach,"
And when not stealing Lowland cattle,
Engaged in internecine battle:
There having raged, five hundred years,
A feud between these mountaineers.
They, eaten up with vengeful pride,
Reciprocated homicide;
And, interchanging theft and arson,
Carried hereditary wars on.
Now DOUGAL'S dirk pierced DONALD'S brother;
Then DONALD went and stabbed the other:
Now HAMISH stole the sheep or cow,
Which RODERICK DHU had stolen just now;
Then FERGUS, following on his track,
By force or cunning stole it back;
And ROB and ALLAN would, in turn,
Each other's crazy shieling burn.
These quarrels were a sort of boon
To what was called the "Lowland Loon,"
On whom the robbers could not prey,
Whilst they were fighting out a fray.
At last this struck the sharper chief,
Who thus bespoke his rival thief:
"Fat gude's this feud our clans between?
Ou, hawks should na pike out hawk's een;
Let's mak' it up, baith t'ae and t'ither,
And gae and raise black mail thegither."
The leader of the other gang
Quick at this sage proposal sprang;
Their bands no more by strife were sundered,
But both together went and plundered.
So has there been, for long, a tussle,
'Twix Clan MAC GLYN and Clan MAC RUSSELL,
Contending line with line of rail,
Thereby foregoing much "black mail."
So has MAC GLYN MAC RUSSELL wooed
To compromise their mutual feud,
And, like those humbugs of the heather,
Put horses—I mean trains—together.
Now should this scheme be brought to bear,
How will the British public fare?
Fare? why our fare may be as heavy,
On Southron as was Gaelic levy
Collected by the breekless rogues
In tartan kilts and cowskin brogues.
When certain folks fall out, 'tis known,
Some other folks obtain their own;
If Railway Boards combine, 'tis quite
Time honest people should unite.

Walking the Plank.

NAPOLEON the Great called the throne "a plank covered with velvet." NAPOLEON the Little is at present busy "walking this plank," and though he has kept himself up hitherto with wonderful good luck, still it would be too much for any one to say whether he will be able to maintain his equilibrium with the same steadiness until he gains his end. And when he does, who can tell whether, at that very point, he may not suddenly fall over and disappear in the "sea of difficulties" that, for some time, has been raging underneath him. Far happier to be PRINCE ALBERT, and "walk the slopes" every morning!

"NO ONE KNOWS WHEN HE'S WELL OFF."

So says the popular saying; and it applies particularly to a Government Steamer, for that is no sooner "off," than it is obliged to come back again for repairs; and it comes back so often, that not a soul on board can tell "when he's well off."

126527

KENSINGTON GARDENS. A POSER FOR PAPA.

"LA! PA, DEAR!—WHAT IS THE MEANING OF 'KOELRUTERIA PANICULATA;' AND WHY SHOULD SUCH A LITTLE TREE HAVE SUCH A VERY LONG NAME?"

THE DISPUTE WITH BRITAIN!

From the New York Patriot.

"OUR readers require, and indeed know well, that they may expect from us the very best and most copious details concerning the dispute with Britain. Yes!

"That this matter with regard to the fisheries may be amicably settled is our dearest wish—but the overwhelming audacity of the British officials will probably lead to awful consequences. A bloody war may ensue!

"WEBSTER and the British representative dined together, and played blind man's buff yesterday. Yet, after all, where are the thirty-two's that the War Department promised? Why has not the brig *Loafer* yet emerged from the Shooterback?

"Peace is the dearest desire of our hearts, but the audacious British, infamous in oppression, march on us. The Volunteers are forming on the common, near our office. JONATHAN loves his brother BULL, but if BULL will be grasped with a bloody hand, and squashed, his blood be on his own head.

"Amity we cry! And where are the fire-ships that BLINKER invented, under the command of CAPTAIN MOGG?

&c, &c., &c."

STOP HIM!—A Scotch gentleman puts the postage stamps wrong way up on his letters, and calls it, with a tender feeling,—Turning a penny!

MELPOMENE, A STAR AT LAST.

As devout worshippers of the lofty and ennobling purposes of the drama of the present hour, we are delighted to find, on the authority of Astronomer J. R. HIND, that the new star discovered by him—a star, or planet rather, "is one of the nearest to us of the group between MARS and JUPITER, the period of revolution being 1269 days, which places it between FLORA and VICTORIA." This star was discovered on the 24th of June, and its discoverer solicited the Astronomer Royal to become its godfather. By the way, what says the immortal SHAKSPEARE—"the divine WILLIAMS" of the enthusiastic French—of such godfathers?

> "These earthly godfathers of Heaven's lights,
> That give a name to ev'ry shining star,
> Have no more profit of their shining nights
> Than they who walk, and know not what they are."

However, the Astronomer Royal has kindly acquiesced in the wish of MR. HIND, and stood a name—(it is all that is necessary; planets coming into the world with their own silver, require no gift of Apostle's spoons or tankards.) The name is—*Melpomene!* There: is not that handsome to the British drama; that, at last, has a star; a planet, we mean, that will shine its best of nights without any salary whatever?

Punch, however, suggests an improvement even upon the name of *Melpomene;* and would avail himself of the starry discovery to prove to America, that the English public do not persecute and crush transatlantic genius. "Unfortunately for me, I am an American," said MR. BUCHANAN, rolling his stage thunder against the *Times* that said he might ripen into utility, but was certainly not a full-blown genius.

Well, as matters are rather ticklish between the countries, and we may have EDWIN FORREST appointed captain of a bomb-ship commissioned to burn down London and set the Thames on fire, let us try to conciliate. *Punch* therefore suggests that the new planet discovered by an Englishman, and by our Astronomer Royal (for it seems there *is* a royal road to astronomy) named *Melpomene*, should be re-christened SUSAN CUSHMAN! And, by the way, should *Punch* himself discover another star—provided the star be no bigger than a brass pin's head—*Punch* here pledges himself to call that star—*Buchanan!* Isn't that handsome?

SMOKED TO DEATH.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS says, "It is to the absence of suppers, and to the universal presence of the cigar, that I attribute the degeneration of the French *esprit*." It seems to be a curious recipe for making a person *spirituel*—he must sup, but not smoke. According to our ALEXANDRE, one of the tombs of French wit has been a cigar-box, and we do not wonder at it, considering the execrable cigars a French box generally contains. They are enough to poison any one. On the lid should be inscribed "*Ici est enterré l'esprit Français*," with an appeal underneath it of "*Une larme, S. V. P.*" But supposing the cigars had been good, French wit, at the present moment, might not only be "alive," but "kicking"—yes, kicking LOUIS NAPOLEON right out of the kingdom. It is for this reason, depend upon it, that French tobacco is so bad. It is made purposely the worst in Europe, to prevent the growth of French *esprit*. The latter is a dangerous insect, known all over the world for its sting, and so Government takes care to smoke it to death with Government tobacco.

Of-fish-al Intelligence.

TAKE our word for it, there will be no fighting between America and England. We have seen a letter from the President to MR. THOMAS BARING, that breathes nothing but Port and Sherry. It is an invitation to dinner, and is couched in the following terms:—"Come and discuss this matter pleasantly. There will only be a quiet little bit of fish, and a small bone to pick afterwards."

THE INFLUENCE OF DINNERS.—"There is no dispute in this world so large that it cannot be covered with a Table-Cloth!"—*A diplomatist of the Old Rocher-de-Cancale School.*

BALLOON ASCENT (NOT VERY?) EXTRAORDINARY!

In consequence of the high opinion which the Proprietors of the Grand Cockaigne Pleasure Grounds have formed of the Taste of the British Public, they have determined on presenting, to-morrow evening, the unparalleled Attraction of the

TERRIFIC ASCENT OF TEN BALLOONS!

To the Car of each of which are suspended by the Heels,

SIX HUMAN BEINGS!!

The number of Ten Balloons has been determined on, because it is the general impression that in a single Balloon ascent the Chances are Ten to One in favour of

A DREADFUL ACCIDENT!!!

and the multiplication of ten chances by ten, will heighten the probability so as to render it almost what may be termed a dead certainty.

In fact, there will be a reasonable hope of several Casualties occurring, thus affording the charm of variety; whereas a single Tumble or Collision would probably result simply in

A BROKEN NECK!!!!

or, in the event of the sufferer's falling from a considerable elevation, in his being only

SMASHED TO PIECES!!!!!

Not only will the arrangement contemplated by the Proprietors of the Grand Cockaigne Pleasure Grounds, in case of a single Balloon happening to Burst in the Clouds, insure the Spectators the gratification of witnessing an

AWFUL DESTRUCTION OF HUMAN LIFE!!!!!!

perhaps of seeing more than

HALF-A-DOZEN PERSONS KILLED AT ONCE!

but the diversified forms of Accident that may be calculated on among so many as Ten Balloons, will include several

FRIGHTFUL COMPOUND FRACTURES!!

constituting Cases of Thrilling Interest; and furnishing delighted Visitors with the Magnificent Spectacle of

TEN OR TWELVE AMPUTATIONS!!!

by the most eminent Surgeons, as originally Performed in the Theatre Royal, St. Bartholomew's Hospital. To which, should the Chapter of Accidents prove propitious, will be added

THE OPERATION OF TREPANNING!!!!

in numerous instances; not to mention the Setting of Broken Bones, the Reduction of Dislocations, and other Lighter Entertainments of a Surgical Nature. The Operative Performances (including feats of the most surprising manual dexterity) will be executed by Professors of the highest native Talent, together with some of the very

FIRST SURGEONS OF THE CONTINENT!!!!!

under the Direction of

SIGNOR TAGLIACORPO!!!!!!

Serjeant-Surgeon to His Majesty the King of Naples, whose services have been retained for an Unlimited Period. During the evening the renowned Incisionist,

MONS. DÉCOUPER!

will exhibit his surprising and unequalled *tours de bistouri*. After which the whole will conclude with a

Grand Display of Fireworks!!

Admission 1*s*. To view the Operations, 6*d*. extra. Children half-price.

Vivant Regina et Princeps.] [*No Money Returned.*

THE SHOEBLACKS' HOLIDAY.

The boy shoeblacks—the infants of the Crystal Palace; the little ones that remotely owe their Day (and Martin) to Sir Joseph Paxton—have had a *fête*. Cleaning their shoes—like Moore's young lady in the *Loves of the Angels*—

"They moved in light of their own making;"

and took their way, in glad procession through the City, in their red costume; the blacking brigade's *rouge et noir*. They bore a standard, surmounted by two brushes and "a blacking-bottle holding a bunch of flowers!" Very pretty and very significant this. The brushes indicating the antagonistic principle to all dirty ways; and the flowers showing how cheerfulness, and perfume, and beauty, arise naturally out of cleanliness.

The boys—says the reporter—"were well plied with pies and cake." We also trust that they had a little beer—nay, frown not, thou man of temperance, chained to the pump!—of course, we mean the beer-of-ginger. Innocent pop!

Any way, the boys were very merry, and very grateful. One shiny-faced clever lad made a speech: and begged to give the health of—Day and Martin (*Drunk, for there was beer, with cheers*).

Another speaker, with a somewhat poetic cast of countenance, begged them to fill their glasses, and—"Try Warren's!" He said that Mr. Warren—to whom they all owed so much—had writ a book called the *Lily and the Bee*. (*Cheers, and cries of "We knows it."*) And what was very curious, and showed how much their old friend Warren thought of 'em—he (the speaker) had with his own eyes, while watching the blacking-bottle and the bunch of flowers in the procession, seen—he would repeat it—with his own eyes, a bee, a big bumble-bee, come and settle upon a lily in the bottle; and when there, buzz like a good 'un! (*Cheers.*) He had no doubt on it in his own mind that that Bee was Mr. Warren's Bee settling on the Lily in his own blacking-bottle (*Cheers*), which he thought was very kind of him. He would therefore end by giving the health of Mr. Warren, with hopes that he would, afore he left off, raise a whole garden of Lilies from the blacking-bottle, and out of his own head let loose a whole swarm of Bees. (*Cheers.*)

The meeting then separated.

CARDINAL'S ENGLISH.

A handbill has been sent about, calling itself a "synodical letter," of which the authors are, "We, the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster in provincial synod assembled." Of this document the *Times* newspaper remarks—

"It is written in a kind of theological slang—in a loose and slippery style, which reads like a bad translation from a foreign language."

True enough. So such compositions always do read. But what wonder? The framers of them are subjects of Queen Victoria, who divide their lawful Sovereign's realm into provinces at the bidding of the Pope and Pretender. Contemning the Queen, her Crown, and dignity, are they likely to regard Her Majesty's vernacular? What can you expect from bad Englishmen but bad English?

How to Lie.

Mr. Jukes, in his lecture at the Museum of Practical Geology, stated—

"Gold-digging is very hard work—just as hard work as you see navigators at in a railway cutting. You must work hard, *lie hard*, and with but little shelter at night."

The instructions about "lying hard," are quite unnecessary. Travellers generally avail themselves of that privilege without being told.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SITTING NEXT TO A FAMILY PEW.

ODE TO THE REGISTRAR OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

WHAT a lucky man you are, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
What a lucky man you are, MR. MOORE,
With nine thousand pounds a year
For the filling of a sphere
Of which the work is done whilst you snore,
MR. MOORE;
All the work of which is done whilst you snore.

Three thousand yearly pounds, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
Three thousand yearly pounds, MR. MOORE,
As Canon you enjoy—
Quite a "PAIXHANS!" eh, old boy?—
Three thousand pounder! that's a biggish bore,
MR. MOORE;
That's a Great Gun of considerable bore!

You have rectories, I'm told, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
You have rectories, I'm told, MR. MOORE,
Which, besides your shovel-hat,
Are so many "bits of fat"—
Over thirteen thousand pounds a year you score,
MR. MOORE;
Altogether, that's the figure of your score.

You say the place you hold, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
You say the place you hold, MR. MOORE,
That same Doctors' Commons berth,
A small annual trifle worth,
Is a patent one, that dates from days of yore,
MR. MOORE;
Was created in the precious days of yore.

So was the Palace Court, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
So was the Palace Court, MR. MOORE,
But the Palace Court has gone:
Doctors' Commons yet lives on—
I can't see for the life of me wherefore,
MR. MOORE;
Upon my word I can't conceive wherefore.

We sure must owe you much, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
Must owe you very much, MR. MOORE,
You've a mortgage on the realm,
Which would Britain overwhelm,
If Australia didn't help us with her ore,
MR. MOORE;
If the Diggins didn't yield no end of ore.

You're an archbishop's son, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
You're an archbishop's son, MR. MOORE,
With hereditary claim
For paternal deeds, which Fame
Unaccountably has chosen to ignore,
MR. MOORE;
For merits Fame has chosen to ignore.

A pillar of the Church, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
A pillar of the Church, MR. MOORE,
You the sacred building prop,
Which without a Post would drop,
And you do the Post in silence, don't you, poor
MR. MOORE?
In any sense if one may call you poor.

How happy is your lot, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
How happy is your lot, MR. MOORE,
Sleeping quietly in your
Undiminish'd sinecure,
Whilst your working clerks dock'd pittances deplore,
MR. MOORE;
The reduction of their pittances deplore.

They crave your helping hand, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
They crave your helping hand, MR. MOORE,
Just to eke their incomes out;
If you know what you're about,
You won't show your petitioners the door,
MR. MOORE;
You will not show those gentlemen the door.

By parsimony blind, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
By parsimony blind, MR. MOORE,
It were not a prudent thing
On your office now to bring
Greater odium than 'twas ever in before,
MR. MOORE;
Odium greater than the place was in before.

Short work of fagging clerks, MR. MOORE, MR. MOORE;
Short work of fagging clerks, MR. MOORE,
Being made—why not of you?
Pay you just for what you do!
Is what the British Lion soon will roar,
MR. MOORE;
That's what you'll hear the British Lion roar.

FIREWORKS FOR THE FRENCH NATION.

MANY dull sensible people want to know what can have put it into LOUIS NAPOLEON'S head to amuse the Parisian people with fireworks? Some recollection of Vauxhall, probably, combined with a notion of turning the Republic of France into a "Royal Property."

It has been a wonder to the stupid why PRESIDENT BONAPARTE should have treated his subjects—or whatever he calls them—to a pyrotechnical display, seeing that he has himself so great an objection to squibs. But M. BONAPARTE only objects to squibs which fizz at his own expense.

Considering how deep a purpose has actuated the ruler of the French nation in playing off his rockets and Roman candles, it is probable that posterity will pronounce that his fireworks are with a peculiar propriety called *feux d'artifice*.

Things that were only Made to be Broken.

Lovers' Vows, | Maidens' Hearts,
Pie Crust, | Boys' Drums, and
Government Steamers.

IRISH JURY.—It deserves to be known that at the late Six-Mile-Bridge inquest, the Coroner had to deal with two juries; JURY and PER-JURY.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, August 28th, 1852.

TWO FULL MOONS IN A MONTH.

Great lunar "double event," "came off" in the month of last July, when there were two full moons. Such an occurrence, we are told, scarcely lives in the memory of the very oldest Almanack. How many score of years must pass before it will again happen, is an astronomical problem which we have not the courage to calculate. But we think we can predict a few of the phenomena which may be expected to accompany its remote recurrence. For instance—

When the Thames has ceased to be the Main Sewer of the Metropolis:

When our Agriculturists have reaped the benefit of what Mr. Disraeli assures them is now "looming in the future:"

When the Caffres are "settled," as well as the Cape Colonists:

When the Admiralty can produce a Steamer that will compete in speed with any ordinary coal-barge:

When London is at length supplied with pure beer, unadulterated water, and natural vaccine milk:

When there are no longer complaints of "over-crowding" in the river steamboats and the City streets:

When we possess a National Gallery that the nation need not blush to godfather:

When farmers cease to grumble, and Betting Offices to "bolt:"

When you can find a "quiet street" without a perpetual Promenade Concert in it:

When a racing prophet's "picks" are no longer simply *of the pocket:*

When the law at length has interfered for the prevention of Balloonacy:

When, from personal experience, you can cite a precedent for your virtuously returning a borrowed umbrella:

When the area of a policeman's duties is no longer confined to that adjacent to the kitchen:

When the most homœopathic eater can hope to dine twice off a leg of mutton at any marine lodging-house:

When at length a process is discoverable by which civility can be extracted from a cabman:

And lastly, when either a lawyer or a distressed agriculturist is seen in the *Gazette:*

Then again we may expect to see two full moons in a month—if only we live long enough.

SECURITY IN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

(Advertisement.)

Killbury and Maimsworth Railway.

The Board of Directors of the Killbury and Maimsworth line of Railway, respectfully announce that they intend starting Excursion Trains during the present season, to run at greatly Reduced Fares, setting out from Killbury in the morning, getting to Maimsworth at 12, and returning, with as many passengers as are capable of being brought back, at 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 a.m. up to 12, or later, according to the state of the engines, and the break-downs and stoppages, depending on management of the engineers, pointsmen, and the rest of the Company's servants. Owing to the prevailing competition occasioned by the overcrowded state of the Medical Profession, the Company have been enabled to secure the services of a Numerous Staff of Experienced Surgeons, who will accompany Each Train, together with a large body of Dressers from the principal Hospitals, to act as their Assistants: thus seeing Practice, for which so large a field is afforded by the Killbury and Maimsworth line. Medical Students will find Splendid Opportunities in these Excursions. Amputations, (under Chloroform) at the shortest notice. Tourniquets, with directions for use, in each carriage. Splints, Bandages, and every other comfort and convenience for the Mutilated in abundance, gratuitously supplied.

FADED PROSPECTS!

Alas! the old green hills, whereon a boy I used to climb,
While summer insects humm'd and sang amid the short wild thyme,
Their aromatic turf so soft, which sweetest mutton nipp'd,
Is gone—the velvet carpet 's up—the dear old downs are stripp'd.

No urchin now, as one was wont, their fairy-rings can tread,
Pick mushrooms, seek for shepherds' crowns, pluck blue-bells—all are fled!
Fled also is sweet marjoram that then perfumed the walk,
Instead of that there 's guano now spread o'er the stone and chalk.

Gone are the hawthorn hedges, too, whereby I loved to prowl
About the snow at Christmas time, in quest of little fowl,
For fieldfare, blackbird, redwing, thrush—(cock-sparrow not to scorn)—
With bowl of old tobacco-pipe to serve for powder-horn.

Farewell the holly and the haw! farewell the ancient yew,
That haply was a noble tree when Tyrrel Rufus slew!
Farewell, old friends! henceforward ghosts to haunt an ancient brain;
You must give place to barley, wheat, and other kinds of grain.

Ah! well I recollect the time when farmers used to say,
To cultivate those barren hills was what would never pay:
And—can it be?—now when the Land is ruin'd—even now—
The whistling bumpkin o'er them drives the unprotected plough!

Where are the fertile acres out of cultivation thrown,
If such as these, with any hope of reaping, may be sown?
Sad havoc on the old green hills has questionless been made
In British Farmers' prospects, by the blight of that Free Trade!

PRO POPERY LEADER BY A FAST PUSEYITE YOUNG MAN.

No doubt the dishonest and ignorant bigots who are in vain labouring to sustain the sinking cry of "No Popery," will make their most of the following paragraph, that lately appeared in the *Times:*—

"Persecution at Florence. (*From a Correspondent.*)—By letters received from Florence, it appears that on the 7th instant, the Court of Cassation rejected the appeal for a reversal of the sentence pronounced against the Madiai. It is generally supposed that this has been obtained in consequence of the urgent demands of the Government, and with the view of inspiring a wholesome fear in the public mind by an example of terrible severity. By the sentence now confirmed, Madame Madiai will be subjected to forty-five months hard labour at the galleys, and her husband to fifty-six months, besides having to defray the whole expenses of the trial; and it will be remembered that their sole crime has been the abandonment of the Communion of the Romish Church; and, according to the literal terms of the sentence, 'for following the pure Gospel,' (*puro Evangelo*)."

The wretched fanatics who will pervert this story into a case of persecution against the Church of Rome are of course stupidly blind to the glaring fact, that the Roman Church has no more to do with the Florentine laws and Government than the Sublime Porte has with Exeter Hall; perhaps not so much as the Church of England has to do with the punishment of poaching. We will not condescend to prove an assertion with the grounds of which, of course, all our readers are familiar. At this time of day, happily, there are few so ill-informed as to believe in a pretended massacre of the Huguenots on the authority of an operatic representation at Covent Garden, or to confound the Sicilian Vespers with the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn. Such zealots, real and rabid, or affected and hypocritical, we must abandon to their belief in fabulous bishops, roasted, Strasburg geese-like in the *cuisine* of a sanguinary Mary, in minced Albigenses, and in Spanish *auto-da-fé*, resounding with shrieks of hideous torment, and redolent of living and human crackling.

Fire! Fire!—The Emperor Napoleon's fireworks were *feux de joie*, in commemoration of some great victory. Louis Napoleon's are *feux d'artifice* in connection with some mock battle.

SHORTLY WILL BE PUBLISHED,

NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.—It will be compiled expressly for

THE USE OF

AMERICAN STATESMEN,

and will contain new and startling definitions of political terms—more especially the terms of treaties.

At the end of the Dictionary will be appended a list of

HARD AND BIG WORDS

THAT CAN BE USED AT PUBLIC DINNERS,

with ample directions how to "make words" between two friendly countries.

It will be embellished with

A PORTRAIT

OF THE

SECRETARY OF THE PRESIDENT

OF

THE UNITED STATES,

who has kindly consented to give his countenance to the work.

"WAS THAT THUNDER?" "NO! IT WAS ONLY JULLIEN'S OPERA."

THERE is no doubt that JULLIEN'S Opera has made a great noise in the musical world. In fact, so great was the noise, that we determined upon keeping away. All the reports we heard were those of thunder. It did not contain an air but what there was thunder in it—and thunder, too, of the loudest description. JULLIEN, we were told, was a sort of JUPITER TONANS, who for five hours kept flinging his musical thunderbolts about in all directions. It was certain deafness for life to go near him!

The accidents of the Opera, we were informed, had already been most numerous. The morning after the performance, the ground about Covent Garden had been found strewed with dead sparrows. No less than 1,967 panes of glass had been broken. Every drop of table-beer in the neighbourhood had been turned sour. The alphabet clock in the Strand had stopped at D minutes to L; and it was said that the MARQUIS of W—, as he was passing the theatre about half-past ten o'clock on the first night, had been bonnetted by one chimney-pot, and grazed by several tiles.

And all the above accidents had been attributed to the thunder that had crashed during the five hours and a half the Opera of *Peter the Great* had been raging. Such severe shocks had never been experienced before. Nor had the effect upon the performers been less disastrous. TAMBERLIK had lost in the thunder-storm his "unrivalled C. in alt." Poor ROMMI's hair in one night had turned completely white. FORMES hadn't slept since. Pretty ANNA ZERR, when asked if she could hear, had answered that "she preferred boiled muttons and turnips," and serious fears were entertained for the safety of poor JULLIEN himself. It was gravely reported that, when blindfolded, he was puzzled to tell the difference between an ophicleide and a Jew's harp.

But we have heard every one of VERDI's Operas. We have recollections of the Row Polka. We have even heard debates in the House of Commons. Was it likely, therefore, that the mere chance of a headache would keep us away from an Opera by such an old favourite as JULLIEN? No! we think we should have gone, even in defiance of the penalty of never having to hear SPOONER again.

Preparing for the worst, however, we stuffed our pockets full of wool. We listened to the First Act, and were charmed. There is a chorus in it that is as fresh as anything AUBER ever wrote. There is some dancing music that makes you long to rush upon the stage, and join in it. There is a little noise in the act, but not sufficient to wake a child. We had no occasion to draw upon the friendly aid of our ear-protector.

The Second Act contains a little more thunder; but when we say that it is loaded full of war—as full as a cannon—perhaps the thundering accompaniment may not be, in a musical measure, altogether out of place. *Peter* has to dictate the plan of his campaign. A series of flutes are not the best instruments to interpret such a martial subject. Then he has to address his troops, and urge them on to glory. This could scarcely be done through the soft medium of a piccolo. After this follows the Battle of Pultawa. Well, a battle was never won yet to the inspiriting sound of a penny whistle, and so we must not blame JULLIEN too harshly if he has sent three military brass bands to follow the Russian army to "Victory or Death." It is not every battle, like the Battle of Prague, that is fought on a cottage piano! But, after all, the thunder is very quiet: what our brothers of Yankees would call "buttered thunder." Compared to thunders we have heard in other operas, it is as soft as one of MARIO's serenades. For instance, it is as mild as milk, or a cigar, compared to the thunder that kept roaring, clap after clap (although none of them came from the audience), in M. HALÉVY'S *Tempest:* we confess that once or twice we were a little stunned, but still our wool was no more exhausted than our patience.

As for the cannonading, it had better be left out. It is not agreeable to sit in a box, and to imagine every minute a cannon-ball will come flying into it!

The Third Act breathes a little more quietly. There are love sighs in it, and tender passages. Occasionally a few black conspirators come and growl in front of the foot-lights, but they soon go about their business, murmuring, away behind the scenes; and then *Peter* and *Catherine* come on and make love so musically, that the old dandies in the stalls must imagine they are wearing their own hair again. After this follows a grand scene in the Kremlin, which, from its splendour, would make the mouth of an emperor water with envy. If LOUIS NAPOLEON ever is crowned, he cannot do better than send to Covent Garden, and borrow the last scene of *Peter the Great*. It almost dazzles you with its excess of splendour. You cannot look at it long without shutting your eyes.

We left the theatre agreeably disappointed. Our stock of wool was not at all diminished, nor have we been deaf in the least since. We congratulate JULLIEN upon his success, and have some intention of presenting him with a lightning-conductor, that he can flourish, by way of a Jovian bâton, in the orchestra. It might draw out the little thunder there is remaining in his music. That taken away, *Peter the Great* would be the best opera produced in England since—since—the *Devil's in it*—since we don't know when!

HORRID PRACTICE.

Louis Napoleon's Campaigns.

As yet they only consist of two—two grand mock battles. The first was fought last year at the Trocadero, and the second only took place the other day on the Seine. THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE can now boast of his two victories: one on land and the other on water. He has thus surpassed his great relative; for it is well known that the Emperor never was triumphant on the latter!

A BAD THING FOR CONINGSBY.

IT is rumoured that MR. DISRAELI means to attempt the reduction of the Three per Cents. to Two-and-a-Half. Should he succeed in this endeavour, we shall speak of him with diminished interest.

A Doubtful Title.

WE see a little work advertised, called *The Art of Dining*. There is, evidently, a flaw in the title here. We cannot allow that there is much art in simply dining. The author clearly should have written it, *The Art of Dining Out*.

PLAYFUL AND TRUE.

A DISTINGUISHED wit, upon hearing that the COMTE DE CHAMBORD'S title was previously the DUC DE BORDEAUX, exclaimed in a minute, "Then he ought to be called now the COMTE DE SHAM-BORDEAUX."

THE B——F——D CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME one has favoured us with an early copy of the correspondence concerning which public curiosity was recently aroused, which passed between an official of the G——T and his agents, in the matter of the management of the Elections. The reader is aware that there is a body called the "Rabble" in this country, which comes in for kicks, but there is another body which at certain periods gets halfpence. To deal with one, was as much the business of the gallant author as to despise the other—and there is no doubt that he performs both duties with the most noticeable ability.

No. 1.—B—F—D *to* MR. SMITH *at* ——.

"DEAR SIR,

"IN conducting the elections for ——, you may rely on the fair and reasonable support of the well-meaning men of the party to which we both belong. Principle is the object of all of us, and the diffusion of the means of plenty and well doing among the poorer classes—those of the good borough of —— not excepted. A body of worthy and compassionate Christian men in London here, have the object in eye; you have, I think, two banks in ——: I have given a memorandum to the MESSRS. OPENEYE which is worth your attention. As a lawyer, you are aware how men's properties are distributed when they go *per capita*. Ten people, we are informed, would have saved Nineveh. Those heads were worth much (humanly speaking)!

"Your obedient servant,

"B."

Note on Letter 1.—This was to a prudent and sagacious attorney of the town in question, bound up with a serious circle and much respected. The reader will mark its enigmatical style. MR. SMITH brushed his gray hair back, after reading it; and dropped casually in on MESSRS. OPENEYE in the course of the afternoon.

No. 2.—B—F—D *to* SINLEY SWELTON.

"DEAR SWELTON, "*The Lodge. Near* ——.

"HEIGHO! This is confoundedly hot weather. Here we are, at the old round of political business, and your queer old town occupies a good deal of my attention just now. I know what a lazy fellow you are, and that since you came into the property you won't do a stroke of work, but do just stir yourself this time for a day or two—for the sake of old days. Ah, shall we ever have such fun again as that time, when we were up in town on leave, and we got the Hansom that morning at four, and put the fellow inside, and drove down on the Windsor Road? Well, well!

"The fact is, my dear fellow, we must carry ——. I have been writing to that sly old fellow, SMITH, in his own sleek canting way, and we 're going to set a tap of gold flowing, and a tap of beer flowing. Our man will show, soon. But the question is, how to get the machinery in motion for tipping the cads? Old SMITH is as afraid of his sleek old paws as a cat is. You're a mere resident in the neighbourhood—not a fixture—and independent of the whole respectable set. Could not you say a word or two with SMITH, and, between you, hit on something? and meanwhile, do a little of the more open "gag" that stirs up the rabble's affections? You used to be the very deuce with some of them, once. Eh, you dog?

"Ever yours,

"B."

Note on Letter 2.—We were scarcely prepared for the versatility of our excellent friend. We have heard the name of SWELTON, somewhere. Was it through the medium of MR. HEMP?

No. 3.—B—F—D *to* ——.

"B—F—D's compliments to ——. The passage from the stables of the Blue Pig opens in SNOGG's Crofts. 9h. 30m. Mameluke. Twice."

Note.—We profess ourselves incompetent to explain this little lucubration. But the fragment has an air of detail. Who or what is Mameluke?

No. 4.—B—F—D *to the* REVEREND MR. MULLIGRUB.

"DEAR SIR,

"PERMIT me to thank you for your sermon (preached on the —th instant), on the touching story of ESAU. Nothing can be more forcible, or more happily expressed. How it must have searched the inmost hearts of the Radicals of ——, who, as I am informed by the excellent MR. SMITH, are again plying the artifices of corruption! Talents like yours, Sir, were never intended for a narrow sphere; but the true appreciators of the merits of a Churchman are the members of a Conservative Government!

"I beg to thank you (and I may say that *greater men*—perhaps not sincerer, but greater men than I pretend to be—join me in so doing) for your support of our candidate in the trying struggle in your town. I often sigh, myself, for a life more rural than politics permit, and exclaim, as in more youthful days—

"'*Oh, Russ, quando te aspiciam!*'

"Dear Sir, yours very truly,

"B."

Note on Letter 4.—This letter (in which we notice the little peculiarity of an additional *s* in our old friend *Rus*) was to acknowledge the services of the energetic MULLYGRUB—an excellent, though somewhat violent clergyman, who, except that he conceives the Radicals of —— to be typified by the Beast in the Revelations, has nothing peculiar about him.

No. 5.—B—F—D *to* MR. SMITH.

"DEAR SIR,

"TRIUMPH then is in sight. We have had a *heavy* pull of it. I assure you the Committee at head-quarters stared when they heard—but never mind. Don't forget the police force; as the rabble may be at their old noises when the poll is declared. Burn the memoranda, and be sure to get the receipt from the Blue Pig man. By the bye, there will be a little bill from the fellow who printed those pamphlets about the family history of the Radical man. They worked his grandfather's failure well!—Ever, &c.

"B."

Observations.—These selections testify to the industry of parties concerned in the —— election, which ended accordingly in the signal triumph of the "Conservative principle." Our writer reminds us of a gentleman in one of THEODORE HOOK's novels, who was observed splashing himself with mud, after a fox-hunt, to give his appearance the general effect of a hard run. He has really mud enough on him to have won anything, at any pace!

BETTY'S BETTING-BOOK.

"MR. PUNCH,—You know everything. Will you tell me what I send you means? I found it this morning in the kitchen—having sent BETSY suddenly out. Is it fortune-telling, or what? The girl used to be a good, steady girl, but has of late—I 'm told—talked in her sleep about 'hedging' and giving away 'the odds.' As for hedging, I can't think what it means; but I allow no followers, if I know it, and permit nothing to be given away in my house. What *is* the book about, *Mr. Punch?* Here 's some of it:

"'*Sir Rowland Trenchard.*—Don't think he 's to be trusted.
"'*Little Harry.*—I *do* believe a duck. *Will* venture.
"'*Lady Vernon.*—They tell me is a "rum 'un."
"'*Sir Charles.*—Showy; but they do say weak on the pins.
"'*Needle.*—Not a brass farden.
"'*Laura Middleton.*—Hear she's a screw. What 's a screw?
"'*Daniel O'Rourke.*—He's for my money. Will sell my gown off my back for him.'

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, what is all this? I 'm never out—(my husband, between ourselves, takes care of that)—so I don't think any gipsy's been here filling the girl's head with thoughts of a fine husband, altogether above her. Still, when a girl writes about a *Sir Rowland;* declares *Little Harry* a duck; speaks ill of her own sex, and that a lady, too; calls *Miss Laura* a screw; and is ready to pawn her gown for *Daniel O'Rourke* (some Irish policeman, I shouldn't wonder);—I must ask you, *Mr. Punch*, as the protector of the peace of families, to tell me plainly what it means, and so relieve the anxious mind of

"Yours,

"A WIFE, A MOTHER, AND A HOUSEKEEPER."

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to his fair correspondent, and begs leave to say that he thinks there is internal evidence of the alarming fact that BETTY keeps a betting-book. *Mr. Punch* is also grieved to add that he has heard that BETTY's book is not the only book of the sort to be found in the nursery or the kitchen.

FASHIONS FOR FANATICS.—If the political priests of Ireland want a trimming for their robes, they will find a suitable one in the ribbons of Ribbonism.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Wife (much startled). "GOOD GRACIOUS, REGINALD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?"

Reginald, (who is very fond of Shooting). "HUSH! HUSH! MY DEAR—I'VE KILLED TWO!"

Wife. "MY GOODNESS! TWO WHAT?—THIEVES?"

Reginald. "NO, DEAR. TWO OF THOSE CONFOUNDED RABBITS THAT ARE ALWAYS EATING THE VERBENA! THERE, GO TO SLEEP, DARLING—I'LL HAVE ANOTHER DIRECTLY."

THE NATIONAL TUTOR'S ASSISTANT.

EVERYBODY knows that the great obstacle to popular education is the agreement of sects, on the one hand, that it is necessary to teach orthodoxy together with secular knowledge, and their inability, on the other, to agree what doxy is ortho-. In consequence of this coincident consent and difference, it is vulgarly imagined that the children of the destitute orders are prevented from obtaining any information whatever of a secular kind. The fact is not so. Many of them are instructed, and acquire great proficiency in the very secular sciences of picking pockets, cattle-stealing, burglary, and even, as the county magistrate will say, of poaching. They are only prevented from learning those secular things which, in the opinion of thinking persons, are the least objectionable, from secular A B C., reading, writing, and arithmetic, upwards, to an altitude so nearly celestial as Astronomy. Such being the case, could not the rival denominationists compromise the education question, having an understanding that orthodoxy shall be taught as soon as it can be determined, and allowing the secular alphabet, and so on, to be taught simply, pending the investigation, in the place of, and as lesser evils than, secular larceny and felony? Educating themselves in the meanwhile, so as to ascertain the meaning of words, which orthodoxy is a question of, if it is a definable thing. Want of dialectics is the cause why theological disputes are not settled, or why it is not seen that they are interminable. So, in point of fact, the long and short of the matter is this, that popular ignorance is owing to clerical nescience, and that the people remain uneducated because contending parsons are dunces. And now for a suggestion, by way of the first step to the combination of spiritual with temporal studies. Let the children of the people be taught WATTS's hymns, and the reverend guides of the people WATTS's Logic.

COCKNEY EPITAPH FOR A COOK.—"Peace to his Hashes."

PUNCH PASSES SENTENCE.

THERE is an animal, with the features of a man—an animal by name CALVIMONT, Prefect of the Dordogne; of whom the *Daily News* writes:—

"This functionary's latest feat was to set up, on the *fête* of August 15, an immense transparency before the Hotel de Ville at Périgueux, representing an eagle with the following inscription, 'God made NAPOLEON, and then rested.'"

Punch whistles, and so calls to him this profane dog, and says:—"CALVIMONT, for your beastly impiety receive this sentence: you have the soul of a spaniel, and for two hours *per diem* it shall not be permitted to you to walk erect, but, under penalty of repeated blows, you shall for two hours *per diem* for two months crawl on all-fours. You shall also, for the time, wear a collar, and answer all reasonable calls to the sound of a dog-whistle."

Coldness of the Weather in Paris.

THE weather was extremely cold in Paris during the *fêtes*. In fact, LOUIS NAPOLEON could not help observing how coldly the entire populace looked as he passed with his *cortège* through the crowded streets. This is the more strange, as nothing had been left undone to get up a little warmth on the occasion. We are informed that the PRINCE PRESIDENT felt this coldness so severely, that he has been heard to declare that he shall not venture in public again until a very great change takes place. He has been confined to his room by the cold ever since.

MORE CRY THAN WOOL.

So many of the much be-puffed "Gold Companies" have turned out such thorough swindles, that we think their most appropriate device would be a representation of the Golden *Fleece*.

TERRIFIC ASCENT OF THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FÊTES.

GOLD IN ENGLAND!!!

THE PRIMROSE-HILL GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Conducted on the Get-as-much-as-you-can Principle, in 5,000,000 Shares, of 5s. each.

NO LIABILITY TO SHAREHOLDERS.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT:

The names of the Committee will be published in a few days, and will be found to comprise some of the most illustrious Captains in the late Spanish Legion, as well as a large number of Irish M.P.s, of the most independent character. A few Clergymen have also consented to lend their imposing names.

THE CONSULTING ENGINEER

is at present in Australia, but as soon as he returns, his name will be announced.

BANKERS:

Directly all the money is paid up, the names of the Bankers will be published. Before then, it would evidently be premature, and highly injurious to the successful carrying out of the Concern.

N.B. The same objection applies to the publication of any other names.

HON. SEC.—JEREMY DIDDLER, ESQ.,
Chevalier D'Industrie, Grand Master of the Golden Fleece, &c., &c., &c.

OFFICES:—COZENAGE CHAMBERS, *CITY*,
AND BOULOGNE.

ABSTRACT OF PROSPECTUS.

THE great absence of Gold in England has long been felt to be a general want. It is the object of this Company to supply that want.

That Gold exists in large quantities in England is a truth beyond all doubt. The only difficulty is to know where to find it. The Directors of this Company pledge themselves not to rest till they have ascertained that point.

Public rumour has long pointed to Primrose Hill as being a mine of hidden wealth. The only wonder is, that the mine has never been worked before. Deposits have been found there of the richest description.

Pieces of copper as big as a penny have been repeatedly picked up; and one old man recollects vividly, as if it were only yesterday, his finding a *morçeau* of gold, which, when washed from the earthy matter that surrounded it, weighed not less than a sovereign. This fact proves, stronger than any evidence, that Gold has been found on Primrose Hill, and, with a little search, may be found there again.

There is a remarkable peculiarity in the nature or quality of the soil, which presents strong indications of quartz, being composed partly of the broken ends of pipes, and partly of fragments of oyster-shells, for it is an infallible law in nature that wherever pipes and oysters abound, that is a rich neighbourhood for Quarts.

In fact there is no telling, until Primrose Hill is fairly worked, what there may be inside it. For what we know, it may be an immense money-box, that only requires to be broken open to astonish our eyes with its long-secreted stores of wealth.

The true locality of "TOM TIDDLER'S Ground" has never been ascertained yet. It will not be strange if Primrose Hill should turn out to be the ground in question, and from the above facts, there is the best ground for believing that it will. We have been walking over ingots without knowing it. There has been a fortune lying at London's door, and for generations we have been doing nothing but kick it away. The Regent's Canal, at the foot of Primrose Hill, may also be a Pactolus that is actually running with streams of Gold, and we do not even send a bucket to help ourselves!

We think we have said enough to prove that there is Gold in England, and plenty of it. In a few days we shall be ready to commence operations, and in the meantime the Directors invite with pride the attention of the public to the following assay on its credulity:—

"This is to certify, that I have examined the sample marked 'Primrose Hill Gold, No. 2.' I find it contains 75·09 per cent. of the purest gold, small traces of silver, oxide of copper, phosphate of iron, the sublimate of mercury, and several other products too numerous to mention. "THOMAS SNOKES."

Future workings of Primrose Hill, however, may afford yet more astounding revelations of its internal treasures. Something turns up every day to justify the most sanguine expectations that an El Dor ado has really been discovered. In the meantime, the motto of the Com pany is

"OTIUM SINE DIG."

Applications for Shares to be made immediately to the above addresses, as a preference will be shown to respectable people.

THE ARCHÆOLOGIST'S PROGRESS FOR 1853.

WE are happy that we are authorised to inform the anxious world of the contemplated investigations of this learned body for 1853. Having successfully traced the bees'-wing in a bottle of port at Newark to the bees that swarmed about the mouth of PLATO; and proved that a ham sandwich—at least the ham—had come in a straight line from the Caledonian boar,—PROFESSOR PINCHY, in the course of an eloquent speech, published the programme of the society for the next year.

The learned Professor—who was much cheered—said they had been called a body with less head than stomach. He would be bold enough to smile at that assertion. Of course the Society in its corporate form was compelled to eat, like any other society—he might allude to the Fishmongers; but he wouldn't. Eating and drinking were the necessities of human nature; and only as such were considered by the Archæologists. Having, however, been so successful with respect to PLATO'S bees and CALEDONIA'S boar, they were stimulated to further exertion. They would, therefore, next year, sit upon Dorking fowls—a subject hitherto neglected. They would also consider the brawn of Canterbury; the bun of Banbury; the cream of Devonshire; the herrings of Yarmouth; the ducks of Aylesbury; the sausages of Epping; the toffy of Liverpool; the turtle, in all its phases, of Bristol; the Sally Lunns of Bath; the salmon of the silver Severn; and the hams of York, with its awe-inspiring Cathedral!

Here the Professor was interrupted by a burst of enthusiasm. When it had in some sort subsided, the learned PINCHY said he would not further dwell upon the comprehensive theme. He would merely add, that it must be evident from what he had said, from even his imperfect description of the contemplated progress of 1853, that it would, like the circling horizon, take in everything. It was his belief, as a man and an Archæologist, that such a comprehensive subject as that he had dwelt upon might be made, with proper time and industry, to begin with turnip-tops, and end with periwinkles.

THE ONLY CURE FOR IRELAND.

PEEVISH, fractious, squalling, shrieking Ireland is a child suffering under protracted teething—certainly having its wise teeth yet to cut. Always ailing—always breaking out, too—Ireland has not yet had that salutary eruptive disorder, the measles, which England had three hundred years ago. Neither soothing syrup, nor physic of the contrary sort, will do poor Ireland any good till it has had the measles over; therefore, they must be brought about for it. The following will be the only feasible steps to take for that purpose:—Repeal of the Union must be granted to the extent of giving Ireland its own Parliament. Then, by and with the consent of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, and not otherwise, the supreme authority of the Crown, under the name of the Lord Lieutenancy, is to be delegated to DR. M'HALE, calling himself Archbishop of Tuam. No attempt is to be made by the English Government to hinder the execution of any laws that may be enacted by the Papal Irish legislature; only vessels shall be provided to facilitate the emigration of such Protestants as may wish to get out of the reach of a statute *de hæretico comburendo*. A few years of unmitigated priestly rule—of the tyranny of Romish ecclesiastics with power of confiscation, fire, and fagot—may be confidently expected to foment that wholesome exanthem, the desiderated measles—that is to say, induce an Irish Reformation: and then, starting from a point in civilisation corresponding to the age of QUEEN ELIZABETH, regenerated Ireland will be enabled to follow the rest of HER MAJESTY'S dominions in the path of progress at the respectful distance of three centuries behind.

Lady of the House. "HOITY TOITY, INDEED! GO AND PUT UP THOSE CURLS DIRECTLY, IF YOU PLEASE. HOW DARE YOU IMITATE ME IN THAT MANNER? IMPERTINENCE!"

AULD LAING SYNE.

SHOULD dividends be a' forgot
Improvements whilst we mind,
And dinna recollect what 's what,
And the days of auld LAING syne?
For auld LAING syne, my friend,
For auld LAING syne:
We 'll just gang in for Five per cent.,
And auld LAING syne.

We twa ha' play'd wi' shares and scrip,
When Bubble days were prime,
And made in Capel Court a hit,
By auld LAING syne.
For auld LAING syne, &c.

And sure for your part ye 'll nae stoop,
As sure I won't for mine,
To gie a bawbee profit up,
And auld LAING syne.
For auld LAING syne, &c.

Now here 's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie 's that leg o' thine;
We 'll hae more Railway Members yet,
If we haud by auld LAING syne, &c.
For auld LAING syne, &c.

The Cloak of Religion.

IF the Cloak of Religion is at all like the black, miserable, funeral-looking article which we have seen certain bilious youths, as yellow as a Margate slipper, called Passionists, wear in Fleet Street, we can only say, that it is, without exception, the ugliest cloak we ever saw, and that we should be extremely sorry to wear it anywhere—even at a Vauxhall masquerade!

By the bye, if we were asked what the Cloak of Religion was like, we should say it must be—"a CARDINAL!"

THE HEIGHT OF PRUDENCE.—*Buying* an umbrella to be prepared against LORD MAIDSTONE'S Deluge.

THE "AUGUST INFANT."

WE were a good deal amused the other day by reading in the *Times*, that the blood-royal of Portugal had just produced a little baby, described in the official bulletin as "the august infant." The announcement set us thinking, and thinking set us writing on this odd paragraph.

The poor little pink darling is visible to our parental imagination at this moment! We feel inclined to dandle it, and say, "Did they call it an august infant then, and make its papa's subjects laugh? Naughty minister, would he call it a high and puissant poppet, and make wicked *Punch* joke?—Lullaby, darling!"

But how dare one, yea, even in imagination, dandle the august infant—the most high and dread baby in arms? Baby, indeed! This "young stranger" is no baby. Even while fresh and warm on his nurse's breast, he has forfeited his claim to the human simplicity of babyhood—and has become a thing for paragraphs and the foreign correspondent. Poor child, he must do his "muling and puking" in the Court Circular!

His "birth" is not "a sleep and a forgetting," indeed. No; the "soul that rises with him—his life's star" already claims the title of august. To be sure, it scarcely asserts itself yet; but all with due ceremonious order. At present, it is *incog.*, and waives its native functions, but it is "august," of course, all the while.

We can scarcely fancy, by the way, how the dignity attaching to an august personage preserves itself through the epoch of babyhood. Of course, the august infant is fed on royal pap, wrapped in imperial long clothes, protected by an illustrious bib, and sucks a serene thumb. All this we understand; but, for instance, will the officials comport themselves with such reverence as the bulletin happily expresses? Can one fancy the nurse chirping out,—

"Hush, august baby,
At Portugal's top;
May 't please your Highness,
The cradle shall rock?"

We shall be happy, if needful, to supply properly respectful rhymes to soothe the awful infancy of this youngster. But what is to be done, if he seriously takes to crying for the moon? "*Quoi! les rois meurent-ils?*" said the young French Prince (before the Revolution, of course). "*Quelquefois, Monseigneur!*" was the courtly reply. But we doubt if Portuguese courtiers have any such *esprit* as the French one had; and when our little august friend does cry for the moon, they will have to make some absurd and evasive answer—such as that the moon thanks his Highness, but is detained by indisposition.

The long and short of it, my dear DON JOACHIM DE FLUNKEYO, or whoever you are, is—that you have been a little too pompous and nonsensical this time! It is always your little states who do things in this high-flown and laughable way. Sense and good-feeling reign in more important ones. These little ebullitions remind one a good deal too much of the pages of TACITUS, whose Annals, by the by, comprise a "Court Circular" of no ordinary interest and instruction.

Moore's Utopia.

RECEIVING nine thousand pounds a year for being the Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury; three thousand pounds a year more for being a Canon somewhere; and something like a thousand pounds a year more for some nice little rectories in the country;—making altogether upwards of THIRTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR *for doing nothing!* That is what we call a very pretty realisation of "MOORE'S UTOPIA!"

PARADOX IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IT is said that the Government contemplate the partial abolition of the duty on Policies of Assurance. This measure, if carried out, will, oddly enough, stimulate a man to insure his life under a diminished sense of duty.

Only a Fair Question.

WE take this from the *Times*:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the halves of two notes for £200, on account of a debt long due to the nation."

This jest has gone quite far enough. As the people have made good so much to the Exchequer, when will the Exchequer return something, "on account of a debt long due," to the people?

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

UNIVERSAL AMALGAMATED.

A General Meeting of Railway shareholders was held yesterday at the Calipash Tavern, to take into consideration a proposal for the amalgamation of all the Companies, with a view to putting a stop to competition between any of them: Mr. Sniggs in the chair.

The requisition convening the meeting was then read. It called briefly but emphatically on all persons whose capital was invested in Railway undertakings, to combine for the maintenance and augmentation of their dividends against an exacting Public.

The Chairman moved a resolution pledging the meeting to devote its utmost energies to effect that union, which would render the holders of Railway property independent, by exempting them from popular control. (*Hear.*) It was through competition alone that they were subjected to such slavery. Where two rival lines existed, the public would naturally prefer that which excelled in punctuality, expedition, safety, and attendance. (*Hear.*) In the contest for passengers, each Company was continually obliging the other to take on additional hands, engage higher skill, institute stricter precautions, execute fresh repairs, provide new machinery—in other words, incur frightful expense for the purpose of avoiding trivial accidents—which would occur (*Hear*)—and sacrifice the highest considerations of profit to foreign requirements of comfort and convenience (*Hear*)—which were never satisfied (*Hear, hear*). In cases where no direct rivalry existed, persons travelling merely for recreation were nevertheless determined in their choice of locality by the superior attractions of the Railway lines in certain directions. It was desirable to place all on a level: and, whatever might be thought of the broad gauge or narrow gauge, to adopt one universal gauge of accommodation and expenditure, which he was sure all present would agree with him—the representatives of the public press (*Hisses*) excepted—should be of the very narrowest description (*Cheers*).

Mr. Jarvoice hoped to witness the speedy establishment of a General Railway Conveyance Association for mutual defence. He should not be satisfied till Railway proprietors enjoyed the same freedom of action as those of omnibusses and cabs, in not being obliged to furnish a higher class of servants than those gentlemen. Union—which was strength—would enable them to hire the cheapest engineers, stokers, porters, they could get (*Hear*): character and all that humbug no object (*Hear, hear*): and as for guards—why, they might have any blackguards. (*Laughter and cheers.*) In fact, they might get most of their servants for nothing, by allowing them to receive gratuities from passengers; and he hoped, for his part, to see the day when a gentleman or a lady would be followed along the platform by a porter touching his hat (*Hear*)—yes, and if that wouldn't do, raising his voice—why not, as well as a common cabman in the street? (*Hear*) and, at the same time, they could dispense with the services of policemen altogether. (*Loud cries of Hear.*)

Mr. Slanger cordially concurred in the sentiments of the preceding speaker. He should like also to hear the money-takers at the stations, when the fares were tendered to them, say, "What's this?" "What's this ere for?"—and so on, like the cabbies, trying to get the passengers to give more than the authorised demand—the wages of those officials to consist in the extras thus obtained, which would be a vast saving. (*Hear, hear.*) Their clerks and such like cost a deal too much—he wished to see what he supposed he must call their civil establishment put on quite a different footing. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Screwall said that the existing competition exercised a most injurious influence on the construction of second and third-class carriages, which otherwise might be so arranged as greatly to increase the resort to the first class. Carriages of the second class might be lined (*Oh, oh!*) with hedgehog skins (*Hear*); and their roofs removed to let in the wet (*Hear, hear*); and in third-class carriages they might, together with passengers, convey pigs. (*Much cheering.*)

Mr. Grabbins would remind the meeting of the bundle of sticks in the fable, and suggested that they should resolve themselves into a fagot, which would resist the united strength of the newspapers and the nation. The advantages of combination might briefly be summed up in maximum fares and minimum outlay; and if they would but put their engines together, they might go on indefinitely raising the former and lowering the latter. (*Hear.*) They were not there to consider the Public (*Hear*), but themselves; still he might observe, that amalgamation would tend to diminish accidents, by enabling them to treat with total disregard all demands for speed, and leaving them at liberty to take their own time. (*Hear, hear.*) It was the pace that killed; and economy of life and limb was economy in damages—therefore to be considered. By uniting—by opposing a firm front—a front of brass—to remonstrance and agitation, they would be empowered to hold their own (*Hear*)—and more than their own (*Hear, hear*)—against all opposition—take everything coolly—make all things pleasant—and defy everybody. (*Tremendous cheers.*)

The resolution having been carried by acclamation, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman passed *nem. con.*, the worthy gentlemen adjourned.

THE MAN WHO OUGHT NOT TO EMIGRATE.

The man who cannot shave without hot water, or pull off his boots without a bootjack; the man who cannot get up without a glass of pale ale in the morning, or go to bed without a "bashawed lobster," or devilled bones; the man who has never carried anything heavier than his cane, or cut anything stronger than his beard; the man whose only sowing has been limited to his wild oats, and his only reaping to Eisenberg cutting twice a year his corns; the man who has never handed any other bill but a tailor's, and only knows what a spade is by seeing it in a pack of cards; the man whose only knowledge of "hedging" has been derived from the race-course, and of "harrowing" from a Victoria melodrama; the man who only cares for a horse as something to bet upon, and looks upon sheep as "creatures from the country" that are fleeced at *écarté;* the man who imagines a bull walks on two legs like those he has seen on the Stock Exchange, and whose skill in shooting has been restricted to a few shots at the moon; the man who merely knows a bank and a rake from what he has seen at a *rouge-et-noir* table; the man whose footing in society has always been upon the very best polished leather boots, and whose longest walk in life has been through the Insolvent Debtor's Court; the man who has never known what it is to earn a dinner, or to enjoy one without French wines; the man who would think himself degraded if he was seen carrying a parcel:—such a man of all others ought not to emigrate. Better far for him to lounge and loll on sofas, and lisp, and smoke, and yawn, in a country that can appreciate him, doing no harder work than digging occasionally in the morning papers, or in the gold districts of his mother's pocket, than to carry those same qualities to a distant land where they would only be thrown away, like early purl before quakers. Such a man, we repeat it, ought to be the very last in England to emigrate!

DEVASTATION FROM THE CLOUDS!

By the tremendous thunderstorms that occurred some weeks since, considerable damage had been done to the crops, when a few days of genial sunshine, opportunely succeeding, reassured the faint heart of the desponding agriculturist by a promise which, as regards the harvest generally, has not failed. But in the districts about the metropolis the hope which spoke thus smilingly to the husbandman has, alas! only "told a flattering tale." The showers and thunderbolts had no sooner ceased to be hurled on their fields of corn from an angry sky, than they were visited from the same quarter by a plague still more destructive than cats, dogs, and electric fluid altogether. In the midst of their ripe ears, now here, now there, always somewhere every evening of late, down has come a Balloon: with horse perhaps, and also ass, attached, the latter riding the former, being biped; or with ass alone, hanging by his heels.

The havoc which has resulted has been frightful. A single donkey would do more than sufficient damage in a wheat-field; but a donkey appended to a balloon, of course does incalculably more. In addition to the ravages made by the whole asinine arrangement, there is also the ruination that has been occasioned by the "Great Attraction" of a Balloon descending in a populous neighbourhood. One intrepid aëronaut makes many of that class of persons, who resemble the intrepid aëronaut in the quality which is the basis of his intrepidity: these all flock together to see him alight, and the consequence is, that the fruits of guano and industry are trampled beneath the feet of a concourse of boobies.

Heroes in Blue.

A. 100, writing in the *Times*, animadverts on a report that certain of the Liverpool Police are to be decorated with medals and bars, according to their length of service. Why not, as well as soldiers? Each of them who has seen any length of service is the hero of a hundred fights with hordes of savages infinitely more dangerous than the Caffres: the ruffians of the Liverpool Irishry; and if the veteran is to be decorated who fought at Waterloo, surely he deserves at least as great an honour who has conquered enemies of whom it may be said that one Irishman is equal—in ferocity at least—to three Frenchmen.

"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TOMMY?"
"Boo! Hoo! I'VE CUT MY FINGER WITH AUNT'S SCISSORS."
"THAT'S A GOOD BOY! ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH!"

THE AMERICAN EAGLE SUPERSEDED.

BROTHER JONATHAN ought to make the Sea Serpent do the same duty for him—*vice* Eagle—that the Lion does for JOHN BULL. The monstrous ophidian of the deep would be the fittest emblem of the gentleman who, after his late gulp of cod-fish, has been trying to bolt the Lobos Islands—guano and all. Moreover, the analogy would be the more remarkable, inasmuch as anybody who did not know JONATHAN would never believe there could be such a fellow.

"THE PRINCES OF THE PEOPLE."

"WE are the Princes of the People," said JEROME BONAPARTE a few days ago to the people of Brest. "We are the King of the Frogs," said the stork; and then he swallowed a couple of his subjects to prove his royalty.

Assessment made Easy.

THE difficulty in the way of the equitable adjustment of the Income-Tax has only to be known. It consists in the real and personal possessions of noble lords and honourable gentlemen, who, if their estates were immediately confiscated, and themselves obliged to get their own living, would soon enough discover how to tax uncertain earnings in reasonable proportion to fixed property.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI has been offered an extremely liberal engagement by the proprietors of *Bell's Life*, if he will undertake the prophesying department of that paper as "A LOOMER OF THE FUTURE."

AWFUL CASE OF SMUGGLING.

From the HON. MISS ——, *Maid of Honour on duty, to* LADY ——, *in the Highlands.*

"OH, my dear! You *will* be shocked to know that the yacht, the dear *Victoria and Albert*, has been caught smuggling! And only to think, tobacco—filthy tobacco! FITZ, as Captain, is in such a way! Talked of court-martials and I don't know what; and to be sure it was enough to put the dear soul in a pucker—(and you know what a good-tempered creature it always is; and how kind and considerate when the wind blows!)—but it was enough to vex a saint, if he was post-captain, to have the Custom-house officers board us, and rummage from one end to the other the Royal yacht. I'm told it was quite shocking; and that FITZ's good-tempered face went blue and red, and pink and yellow, and all colours like a dying dolphin, to see the coarse, uncivil revenue men—the disloyal creatures, I call 'em!—rolling about everything in the cabin, and, as the newspapers this time truly say, 'even the most private apartments'—tumbling about like porpoises among the billows!

"Well, I almost faint to write it, but 80 pounds of filthy tobacco were absolutely seized on board of us. It 's a wonder that FITZ didn't draw his regulation sword, and cut off somebody's head—eighty pounds, my dear; and there was a talk of forfeiting the dear yacht, with all on board of her.

"Smuggling is, no doubt, very bad, and very disloyal under the circumstances; but to be found out is shocking. But then, how 's it to be wondered at? Men, who call themselves the lords of the creation—men, who know everything—are, I must say it, the merest babies at smuggling.

"Would you think it, my dear! The foolish fellows—I mean the audacious criminals—went about Antwerp buying tobacco by the hundredweight in broad open daylight. Thousands of pounds of the nauseous weed were sold over the counter—positively over the counter—to our brave crew, that is, to our hardened offenders! And what was the consequence? Why, some spiteful, mischief-making person wrote to the QUEEN'S Customs in England, telling 'em how HER MAJESTY was cheated by her own sailors, and so we had no sooner arrived—the anchor was hardly cold in the water off Osborne, before the revenue officers boarded us, and began to rummage. I 'm told they even searched FITZ's tin cocked-hat case, but mercifully found nothing in it. The dear little midshipmen, too, were overhauled—I believe that is the expression—but came safely through the fiery furnace. But when the officers at last fell upon the tobacco—eighty pounds of tobacco—dear FITZ was in such a way that he said—in very strong language—he 'd run somebody up at the fore-yard; which happily he *didn't*.

"However, there's to be a court-martial on board the *Victory*; and we are all, without any reserve whatever, to be examined. Of course this can't affect the innocent; nevertheless it is vexing; although, between ourselves, his dear little R—L H—GH—S has had a joke upon it. "Pa," said he, seeing the P—E about to light a cigar—"Pa," said the sweet little fellow, "have you paid Mamma's duty for that?" Wasn't that good? Well, I won't tell you *who* laughed the loudest; but though vexed she *did* laugh.

"Still, the discovery is annoying, because—because it might have been prevented. But to smuggle in such an open, audacious, sinful, and disloyal manner! When of course every motion of the gallant crew is watched ashore! To buy five thousand pounds of tobacco—as much as that, my dear, I 'm told; quite—in open day. What could be expected? But men are such simpletons!

"Now, my dear, let us suppose that instead of nasty tobacco bought at Antwerp it had been some darling Brussels lace; and suppose that somebody that both you and I know had only wished for a little Mechlin point—I do think that the purchase would have been made with a reserve that would have proved how much we respected the yacht of our royal mistress; but men—I am sorry to be compelled to write it—men have no delicacy.

"Well, I do envy you in the Highlands; but it is always my luck. We've had such weather. They tell me, though I was too ill to see 'em, they tell me it blew great guns. Any way we heard 'em! Between ourselves, I was a couple of days before I could hear myself speak—isn't that dreadful? But we were fired at—*they* call it saluting—from Osborne to Antwerp, and from Antwerp to Osborne back again. Had we all been shot out of guns, we couldn't have felt more of the noise and the smother. I never was in all my days so powdered!

"Good bye, Yours affectionately,
"——."

"P.S. Between ourselves, it was lucky I got ashore before the Custom-house officers began their search. I won't tell you how very much it would have *annoyed me* to witness their insolence. But on all that, for the present, I'll *drop a veil*."

PARTY COLOURS.—The colours at most of the Irish Elections were black and blue—worn principally on the legs and arms of the contending parties.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1852.

WALKING THE RAILWAYS.

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS, PARENTS, AND GUARDIANS.

THE Directors of the Great North Southern and East Western Railway, have the honour to announce that they have now completed arrangements for establishing a SCHOOL of SURGERY, the WINTER SESSION of which will commence, simultaneously with the LECTURES at the several HOSPITALS, on Friday October 1st. It is unnecessary to point out the peculiar advantages which this Establishment offers to the Student in affording him a FIELD of OBSERVATION and EXPERIENCE in FRACTURES and DISLOCATIONS, which it would be impossible for him to find elsewhere, except, perhaps, in Actual Warfare. An Infirmary containing a HUNDRED BEDS has been fitted up at all the principal stations, where the CAPITAL OPERATIONS of Surgery, as well as those of a minor description, will be performed, and CLINICAL LECTURES given, by the Most Eminent SURGEONS. Terms:—ADMISSION, for the SEASON, £10 10*s*. Perpetual £21.

*** No additional fee demanded for entrance to the

SCHOOL OF ANATOMY,

which, constantly supplied by the SECOND and THIRD-CLASS Trains' affords PECULIAR and ABUNDANT FACILITIES for that STUDY.

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER XVII.

I CERTAINLY will persuade my dear AUNTY RATCHET to go out to the Diggings, before she gets me into any more disagreeablenesses. Those GITTINGSES again! I know that everything has its use in the order of nature, but I do not understand what GITTINGSES are for.

Papa sent us into the City, in the brougham, that we might leave some papers, which he said were important, at the Fireside and Circumnavigating Life Assurance Office. Having left them, Aunty must needs go to BIRCH's for a "warm jelly," which she has an old world conviction can be got nowhere else in London. While she was enjoying her jelly (which I thought was a little out of season on a hot day in August), I was amused at seeing dreadfully stern old men, great, huge, Scotch merchants, keen-eyed stock-brokers, and all kinds of pushing and overbearing people, perpetually coming in and darting at penny tarts, like schoolboys, and looking greedily at what others were eating.

"Well, I *will* be flopjisticated," cried a loud, laughing voice behind me. And I, and indeed everybody in the shop, turned to see what sort of an operation was going to be performed. To my dismay, a little round red man, in a blue coat and brass buttons, and such a flaming waistcoat, pushed his way up to Aunty.

"MRS. RATCHET come into the City again! Wonders will never cease." And he added something about a sight of Aunt being serviceable in an opthalmia case.

"Luckiest chance in the world," he went on. "I'd 'a given a tenner rather than not have looked in here. You know the gal's married, our MEG—spliced to SAM POINT?"

"Lor, VIOLET, my dear," said Aunt, looking at me, "Do you hear that?"

"O, this is VIOLET my dear, is it?" said the gentleman, who of course was MR. GITTINGS of Rotherhithe. "I've heard of MISS VIOLET, rather," and he looked elaborately sly. "So have some other folks—a certain crow was plucked a good many times with Master SAM, I can tell you. Tried to take the wind out of MEG's sails a little, eh? Well, all fair among girls—no harm done—she only laughs at it now."

I, I, VIOLET BROMPTON—accused of trying to supplant MISS MARGARET GITTINGS in the affections of MR. SAMUEL POINT! Was not I a good girl not to flash my eyes at him, but to answer civilly, and indeed laughing, that there was some little mistake, and that I was sincerely glad to hear that the wedding had taken place? *Was* I not a good girl, I keep asking?

"Well, that's said very kindly, and I am sure sincerely," answered MR. GITTINGS. "And to show it is sincere, we'll all go up and see MEG. It's close by, in a street just out of Finsbury Circus. I know she's in, and she'll take it deuced kind."

"I *should* like to see her now she's settled," said dear Aunty, who has all an old woman's funny hankering to examine a young woman's *ménage*. What was I to say? We went to pay the wedding visit.

We found MRS. SAM POINT in a comfortable little house, in which everything looked new and showy, and as the blinds were drawn up to the very top, and the curtains pulled back almost into ropes, we had the full sunlight upon each article. But MARGARET's red cheeks defied the sunshine, and she looked as petulant and self-willed as ever. Stiff, cheap portraits of MR. and MRS. POINT (he in the celebrated red cravat, and she in red satin, with two colossal brooches) already stared from the wall. She received me very graciously—I really believe she thought that there had been a *lutte*, and that she was victor. Wine and cake were handed and AUNTY RACHET made a little set speech, wishing the young couple (MR. SAM was absent) "all the happiness they could wish for themselves." And, as it seemed to be expected, I ventured a humble echo of Aunty.

"Bears no malice, you see, MEG," said the abominable MR. GITTINGS. I was not so sure of the fact, at that moment.

Several people came in, and they were all introduced to us. Three or four girls, rather pretty, were among them, but they were difficult to talk to, being a little *clique*, and when one made the commonest observation, they would look at one another, and laugh, as if one's words reminded them of some secret joke. And they talked a good deal among themselves about certain TOMS and JOHNS, and were generally mysterious. At last, MR. FERDINAND SWINK was announced, and his name created a sensation. MISS JARVIS (I think) seized MISS BOWKER (I think) by the arm, squeezed her, and made a face like that of a child when it intends to denote extreme ecstacy.

"Clever young man, pleasing writer, very superior person," said one of the elder ladies.

"Not a bit," cried MISS JARVIS, "he's good for nothing. Now FERDINAND," she exclaimed, as the gentleman entered, "I have been abusing you, so come and sit on this footstool by me, and defend yourself."

"Worth while, I should say, considering my assailant," returned MR. SWINK, civilly. He looked hard at me as a new member of the circle, and then at MRS. SAMUEL for an introduction. But she did not respond. I fancied I saw one of the girls make a sign to her not to do so. MR. SWINK, however—rather a good-looking person, over-dressed, and with a familiar manner, which I suppose passes in his world for careless ease—was not to be discomfited.

"I like to know everybody, MRS. POINT. Will you introduce me?"

"MR. SWINK, MISS BROMPTON," said MARGARET, with the worst grace in the world.

"Magic words," said MR. SWINK, dropping himself heavily upon the sofa close by me, and leaning himself back. "The *Open Sesame* of society. Now, girls, what have you got to say to amuse me?"

"Well, I never!" said MISS JARVIS. "Why don't you amuse us? What have you been writing lately, you idle creature?"

"Nothing you would understand," replied the courteous author.

"A great writer, that, next you, MISS VIOLET," said MR. GITTINGS.

"Indeed," I said, with great politeness. "May I ask in what department—"

"There," snapped MISS JARVIS, "you see, MISS BROMPTON has never even heard of your name. I always told you that you never wrote, except for rubbishing magazines that nobody reads."

The author looked so sincerely annoyed at this smart sally, that I determined to relieve him.

"So many of our best writers are anonymous," I suggested; "newspapers and periodicals employing so much talent, that one may be ignorant of the name of an author to whom one is constantly indebted."

"Just so," said MR. SWINK, catching at the idea. "And," he added, confidentially, "one does not always think it necessary to mention everything one does."

"O, of course," said MISS JARVIS, "now that notion is put into his head, he will go about hinting that he writes the whole of the *Times* every morning before breakfast."

This style of repartee seemed popular, and we had a good deal more of it. But at last MR. SWINK, who listened very attentively to the little I said—they fought too hard for me—appeared to discover, for the first time in his life, that there must be circles in which people can talk without snapping at one another's words, and "catching one another up." He made not the slightest scruple of affording his friends the benefit of his discovery, and by no means softened the mode of conveying it.

"By JOVE!" he said, when MISS JARVIS had given him what the other young ladies called a regular set down. "What a blessing it is to hear somebody speak without trying to be witty. MISS BROMPTON,

whom I never met before, has talked more sense in half-an-hour than you girls in all your lives."

"There's praise for you, Miss Violet," said Mr. Gittings. "You ought to be proud of that."

"The new face always has *him*. We know him," remarked Miss Jarvis.

"You talk disgusting nonsense," replied the author, getting very red, and quite forgetting any good manners he might ever have had. The girls quite screamed.

"There's earnestness," cried Miss Bowker. "The young lady has made an impression, that 's clear; and had better prepare herself for the worst."

"She might do much worse than listen to my friend Swink," said the premature Mr. Gittings. I suppose he thought he owed me a helping hand, in consequence of my losing Mr. Point to Margaret.

"See how he colours up!" cried Miss Jarvis. "Why not make the offer at once, Ferdinand? So famous a man as you has only to ask. What do you say, Mrs. Point?"

"I dare say Miss Violet will give him every encouragement," said Margaret, spitefully.

"What does Miss Brompton say to that?" asked Mr. Ferdinand, I really believe a great deal more in earnest than in joke.

"O, Miss Brompton means to take very good care whom she encourages—for the future," was that young lady's reply, given with a smile, and the least look in the world at Mrs. Samuel Point. She was in capital order for taking the slightest hint, and her red cheeks instantly lighted up with a brilliant illumination.

"Before people talk of encouraging," she sniffed out, "they should be sure that other people desire anything of the sort."

"You used the word first, Mrs. Point," said the author, who began to take a tender interest in me, and would not see me ill-treated.

"I suppose I am at liberty to use any word I please," returned Mrs. Margaret, "without being responsible to Mr. Ferdinand Swink?"

In short, that little speech of mine—and really I think she drew it on herself—made Mrs. Samuel so fierce, that the *séance* became quite uncomfortable; and I was so glad when Aunty was quite satisfied with the immense amount of information she had elicited from the married ladies about their children's teethings, forwardness, fat legs, hooping-coughs, and willingness to take grey powders. What in the world was it all to that tiresome old creature?

Mr. Swink sent me, for a long time, cuttings of country newspapers, pages from magazines, and other specimens of his genius, but I never took any notice of them; and finally he discontinued the practice, and married Miss Jarvis.

THE MANCHESTER CRUSADE.

PUNCH is glad to see that Manchester is astir again. Manchester has begun a new Crusade. The object of this Manchester New Crusade is to throw open to all manner of poor pilgrims the Holy Land of Knowledge.

It is expected that an enormous number of captives, enslaved by drunkenness, ferocity, pauperism, and other evils, will be delivered by the efforts of the Manchester Crusaders. That distressed damsels, now shirt-making in garrets, or elsewhere slaving on miserable terms, will be rescued or succoured to an immense extent. And that the Mahound of Darkness and Termagaunt of Ignorance will be discomfited: so that they shall no longer plunge benighted wayfarers in dungeons, and lay them by the heels in durance, particularly vile, of hulks and gaols. Saracens—foul Paynim—black bands of enemies of light of various "denominations," all comprehensible under the one "denomination" of bigot, charged by our Manchester chivalry with lance of steel—or quill—pen, and likewise, if possible, with an education rate—will bite the dust.

More than one Godfrey—we may venture to say, of Bullion, at least of what amounts to the same thing, opulence—several wealthy gentlemen, in short—have placed themselves in the van of the expedition, by contributing to the funds thereof in the handsomest manner. The Crusade, moreover, has—what is wonderful in these days, especially when you consider what a Crusade it is—a real prelate among its preachers—Manchester's Bishop.

This Crusade has commenced in a rather different manner from that in which Peter the Hermit got up his. Its promoters do not go about flourishing crosses and banners, ranting, raving, collecting mobs, and causing obstructions in the street, but they meet in well-ordered assemblies, speechify with gentle enthusiasm, draw forth no swords, but simply their purses; flourish no weapons but those of good stump oratory. However, their zeal will bear a comparison with that of Peter's most ardent recruits; and its contagion, indeed, has extended to the softer sex, who attend their gatherings, lend the inspiring aid of looks and smiles to their design, and, in some cases, even give it the help of subscriptions.

The Manchester New Crusaders broke ground on Thursday last by the opening of an entrenchment against Ignorance, to be called the Manchester Free Library, whence a continued fire will be kept up upon the enemy in vollies of volumes gratuitously distributed by loan; or, if he prefer coming to close quarters, where he will be received by a fixed array of authors of tried prowess, who will astonish and enlighten his weak mind.

An indulgence in the brightest anticipations is granted to all persons who will join or assist the Manchester New Crusade against Ignorance.

A Question upon which Hangs a Fine.—Whether Mr. Barr at the Hippodrome has taken out a Hawker's License?

ODE TO FATHER CAHILL ON HIS LAST EFFUSION.

My rabid, reverend, Father Cahill,
What makes you rave, and rant, and rail
So like a traitor?
Say, is it brandy, gin, or ale?
Or is't the "crater?"

What have the sons of Albion's isle
Done, to excite your papal bile?
We 've but protested
Against your "titles;" you, the while,
All unmolested.

I think I know, abusive sire,
What 'tis that so inflames your ire
Against our nation,
And drives you to evince such dire
Exasperation.

It is that we, my priestly boy,
Such cool and temperate means employ
To check your pinions,
So that your Pope shall not enjoy
The Queen's dominions.

You 're vex'd, because you want a cry
Which we continue to deny
With resolution;
And you can't goad us—though you try—
To persecution.

You wish we 'd strike the kind of blow
Which would enable you to show
The heads and quarters
Of fellows like yourself, who 'd go
For Popish martyrs.

Not we; but recollect, the cowl
Excuses not sedition foul:
Listen to reason;
Be warn'd in time: and cease to howl
So much like Treason!

The 50,000 Cures.

In the advertisements of some quack medicine—no matter how deleterious, how poisonous—the marvels that are related of its wonderful effects are always headed with the above number of cures. The number is always 50,000—not one more, not one less. The wonder is, not that they are so numerous, for if the statement had been put at 500,000, or 5,000,000, we should have no means of disputing the truth of it: but that the Cures have not increased by a single unit for the last three or four years. This is curious; but we can only infer, that during that period the medicine has not worked a single cure, or else it would have been added to the amount already recorded. It is not often one meets with so much honesty in a quack advertisement!

THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

(A Column erected to all matters relating to Debt.)

It is very strange! there are some creditors who are always unlucky—they always call a day too late! If they had but called yesterday, they might have had their money.

There are many men, who, as they pay one debt, invariably contract another—in the same way that tinkers never patch up a hole in a kettle, without leaving another one behind it.

One of the French words for a bill is *Mémoire*.

This title of *Mémoire*, however, would suit many dishonest tradesmen, who, not content with collecting a debt once, actually try to re-collect it.

The ancients raised pyramids; in the Middle Ages our ancestors raised cathedrals; but in modern times it would be difficult to say what we raise, unless it is the wind.

If States were made to answer for their debts in the same way as private individuals, there 's many a kingdom that would be in the Insolvent Debtors' Court at the present moment.

A man begins finding out faults that he was blind to before he borrowed your money.

We are often asked, "What 's in friendship but a name?" Yes, but it 's a name that friendship is frequently called upon to put on the back of a bill.

A bill is described in dictionaries as "A sharp instrument, with a wooden handle." The sharp instrument, we suppose, is the man who cuts off with the money, and the "wooden handle," we slightly imagine, is the man who holds the bill.

In fashionable life, the men most run after are the men deepest in debt.

Debts grow the fastest, like artificial mushrooms, when kept quite dark; and this is the reason why tradesmen will never send in their bills.

The French word for a receipt is *reconnaissance*. There 's deep satire in this word—satire fully accounting for the little gratitude there is to be met with in this world!

The house in the street at whose door you hear the most knocks, is generally the house that owes the most.

England is bound down so heavily to keep the peace, that she cannot afford to recover the payment of her just debts.

The man who has mortgaged all his property is a slave who walks about in Bonds.

If a gentleman refuses to repay what he has borrowed, it is called Swindling; but if a State refuses the same thing, it is called "Repudiation."

A man can often tell you how much he has, when he would be terribly puzzled to tell you how much he owes.

The Money Market is occasionally cleaned out, when a little whitewash makes it all sweet again.

The abundance of chalk in England's cliffs fortunately enables her to write up the many loans and debts that are owing to her by Chili, Mexico, Spain, Columbia, Peru, Portugal, and almost every insolvent State (not forgetting the State of Pennsylvania) in the world.

In modern mythology, the Three Graces are *L. S. D.*—the Three Furies, *I. O. U.*

A poor creditor calls the Duke of York's statue "The Statute of Limitations," for ever since it has been erected, it seems to have entirely cancelled his debts.

Credit is one great advantage which the rich have over the poor, for running into debt.

One of the slang words for money is "ready," but there is a very wide difference, as creditors can tell you, between "ready" and "ready money."

A Mortgage-deed sounds quite grand; but it is nothing more than a Duplicate.

Patience is described as "sitting upon a monument, smiling at grief." The monument, then, should be one like the Duke of York's, and she should be smiling at the "grief" of the creditors waiting below to be paid.

The Duke of York's principal military exploit was a rapid retreat, in which the greater part of the British Army was left behind. This was not the only honourable instance of his leaving thousands in a-rear; and we suppose the Column in Waterloo Place was erected to commemorate the double event.

The Bull in the Sky.

The last flight of aëronautical folly—according to a letter in the *Times*—was that of Madame Poitevin astride on a Bull. It has been suggested that the Bull thus elevated into the sky, might have been confounded by some observers with the original Taurus, the sign of the Zodiac; but no, Madame Poitevin's Bull figuring in the heavens, could not possibly have been mistaken for any sign but the sign of the folly of the rider, and her admirers.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Koh-i-noor is still continuing its quiet little rubber with the gentlemen from Amsterdam. The finish is not yet known, but the game is said to depend now upon one point merely—whether the Koh-i-noor at the next cut turns up a Diamond or not. There is more than a million dependant upon the result.

Curious Experiment.

Two French chemists have been trying experiments with the poison of the toad. It would be interesting to send them Dr. Cahill's letter to Lord Derby, to see what amount of poison they could extract from it, and how virulent it would be. We have no doubt that if a drop of it was put on a sparrow (a Protestant sparrow), that it would die instantaneously.

NURSERY LESSON.

Two interesting children were amusing themselves—in childish fashion—by "playing at railways." "What do you call your Locomotive?" says Tom. "Carelessness," replies Harry. "What 's the name of yours?" "Collision!"

Patriotic Fishing Sentiment.—If England would keep her laurels, she must Preserve her bays.

Contemplative Man (in punt). "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE ABOUT THE SPORT, IT'S THE DELICIOUS REPOSE I ENJOY SO."

PEARLS OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT.

To the Editor of PUNCH.

"SIR,

"Your known love of fair play will, I am sure, allow me to deprecate the very indelicate details which have lately been published in reference to the income of the REVEREND MR. MOORE, the Registrar of the Prerogative Court, and the holder of diversified preferment in the Church. We all sufficiently know the value of this gentleman; and I am convinced that his modesty must have been severely pained by all those public demonstrations of his great worth. I beg more particularly to offer a reply to one of the statements made by a writer in the *Times*, signing himself "MEMOR." MR. MOORE is stated by this extremely explicit person to have occupied, for the last forty-eight years, a stall in Canterbury cathedral, of the value of £1,000 a year; so that, during the above period, he has thus received £48,000. MEMOR —whom in point of refinement I should rather term IMMEMOR—then enters into a rough, indeed, a coarse, calculation, to the effect that MR. MOORE has, in the course of his life, preached about 4 times 48, or 48 times 4, sermons, for the last-mentioned sum. Now, 4 times 48 sermons are 192; and 192 sermons at £48,000 are £250 per sermon. Of course it is the vulgar intention of MEMOR to insinuate that this figure is too high—that MR. MOORE has, in fact, been receiving very much for doing very little. But, Sir, what if a totally different aspect of the case be the correct view? How, if each of MR. MOORE's sermons were really worth £250, payable on delivery? Surely, when we consider the high remuneration accorded to an opera-singer for a single performance, and the relative importance of the stage and the pulpit, we must admit that a sermon deserves a liberal pecuniary reward, if it deserves any. Now I, for my own part, would venture to infer from the circumstances just adverted to, that MR. MOORE is a gentleman of extraordinary self-denial. He has been preaching sermons to the number of 192, which, merely to hear, were worth £250 a-piece; yet he has never published these valuable discourses!

"The profits that would have accrued to him from their sale would have been enormous—nevertheless he has foregone a safe and legitimate speculation that would have enriched him to an extent beyond the dreams of HUDSON! For the sake of mankind, however, I must confess that he ought no longer to withhold from us these precious homilies, which, flowing from his lips at the rate of £250 each, must have absolutely *gilt* them: rendered him positively a modern GOLDMOUTH or CHRYSOSTOM. At a moderate computation, a sermon at £250 might be valued at about eightpence the spoken word: such words, copyright, in type, are gems, and might be issued from the press under the title of "Pearls of Great Price." Unless the pearls should prove to have been cast before swine, their proceeds would enable the author to endow several colonial bishoprics, and build an indefinite number of churches and schools.

"It may be urged that four sermons in a year are not many; but when it is remembered that their value is 1000*l*., it will be admitted that they ought to go a great way, and that a larger number of such rich discourses might have been too much of a good thing.

"In conclusion, Sir, let me observe that perpetual allusions to MR. MOORE's opulence may very possibly entail unpleasant consequences on him. They have already procured him the world-wide reputation of inhabiting an Ophir, a California, a Garden of the Hesperides. In the not improbable event of a French invasion, the first place the enemy would go to plunder might be the Bank; but the next would certainly be—MR. MOORE's!

"Or never believe me to be, &c., &c.,

"PHILO-PROBATE."

A Defence for the Derbyites.

THE Ministers have postponed the meeting of Parliament to the remotest period. As no plausible reason has been offered for this proceeding, we beg to suggest that the Government, in postponing the assembly of Parliament, may be actuated by the feeling that, as the harvest has been rather late, the thrashing—which is inevitable—may as well be put off as long as possible.

CAUTION FOR THE COUNTING-HOUSE.—It is peculiarly unadvisable for the partners of any mercantile firm to travel all together by railway, as in that case the whole house runs an imminent risk of being smashed.

RAILWAY AMALGAMATION—A PLEASANT STATE OF THINGS.

Passenger. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, GUARD?"
Guard (with presence of Mind). "OH, NOTHING PARTICULAR, SIR. WE'VE ONLY RUN INTO AN EXCURSION TRAIN!"
Passenger. "BUT, GOOD GRACIOUS! THERE'S A TRAIN JUST BEHIND US, ISN'T THERE?"
Guard. "YES, SIR! BUT A BOY HAS GONE DOWN THE LINE WITH A SIGNAL; AND IT'S VERY LIKELY THEY'LL SEE IT!"

"NEWS FROM VERONA!"

(*Vide Times, August* 30, 1852.)

E simple English travellers, who rave of sunny Italy,
And long to see the many gems that in her every city lie,
Take warning by my hapless fate, lest, by a like mishap, you let
Yourselves be caught, as I was, in the city of the Capulet.

For in Verona recently, I chanced awhile to tarry, Sirs!
And there, while sketching quietly the Porta de Borsari, Sirs!
"Spiatore!" said a voice behind; and, looking o'er my shoulder, I
Beheld myself surrounded by a troop of German soldiery.

"Spy a Tory! that you don't, my friends," said I, "for I'm a Liberal!"
But, bless you! at the word they soon began to rave and gibber all;
I cannot sketch in company, and strove from them to clear myself,
Which made them jabber more and more, till I could scarcely hear myself.

One swarthy fellow seized the chalks I bought in town of ACKERMAN;
My drawing-book, with all its "bits," was collared by a blacker man;
They took me to their officer, and, in a mighty tiff, he sent
Me off to muse in prison *on* "Verona the Magnificent!"

They put me in the common cell, damp, filthy, dark, and dreary, Sir!
They gave me nought to eat or drink, though I was faint and weary, Sir!
They kept me in the dirt all night to study Entomology,
And let me out next afternoon, without the least apology.

And though they've not the slightest right a Briton to oppress at all,
From ne'er a fellow in the place could I obtain redress at all;
Though SHAKSPEARE wrote about the town, he never could have known her, Man!
For you couldn't find "*Two Gentlemen*" to-day in all Verona, Man!

If at the Foreign Office, now, we had but good LORD PALMERSTON,
Each blustering Austrian officer would soon be forced to calm his tone;
But MALMESBURY, in jobs like these so wofully miscarries, Sir!
Complaints to him are little more than complaints to *Mrs. Harris*, Sir!

And so I pocket up my wrongs, and strive to take them coolly, yet
I'm sure whene'er I look again on *Romeo and Juliet*,
When poor Verona's civil strife *Mercutio's* wrath arouses, Man!
More vex'd than he, I shall exclaim, "A Plague on *all* your houses, Man!

USE FOR UNION WORKHOUSES.

IT will soon become a question what to do with the Union Workhouses throughout the country, if, as is the case in Dorsetshire, agricultural labourers, generally, get paid at the rate of 3*s.* 6*d.* a day and a gallon of beer. These institutions—these, at any rate—seem likely to be ruined by Free Trade.

They had better, perhaps, be converted into Assembly Rooms, because, though the returning days of Merry England in the olden time will bring back Maypoles, yet Maypoles, in a changeful climate, will not afford those facilities for merrymaking which will be required by a happy peasantry.

It is not perhaps likely that every village will want its ball-room; one, upon a reasonable computation, will be sufficient for each union of parishes; and there are the workhouses ready to the peoples' hands—and heels.

Who Wants Whiskers?

IN an advertisement commencing with the tender inquiry, "Do you want luxuriant hair!" we find the following testimonial:—

"I have now a full pair of whiskers. Send me another pot. MAJOR HUTTON."

What! another pot of whiskers? Now, we have heard of Potted Hare, and several other luxuries that are potted, but we never recollect hearing of Potted Whiskers!

THE RESULT OF GOOD LIVING.

WE wonder MR. MOORE is not afraid of holding so many good livings, lest he should die some fine morning of *pluracy*.

SEA-SIDE AIRS.

(*As shown by Young Gentlemen at a Watering-place.*)

WEARING hats and coats they would never think of wearing in London.

Sporting their elegant feet in buff-coloured slippers, or *bottines*, or pearl-buttoned boots, or shoes of the most dazzling colours, such as would draw all the little boys after them in town.

Affecting a nautical appearance altogether, carrying a long telescope under their arm, which every now and then they pose against the parapet to take a sight at some invisible object "in the offing."

Affecting a nautical language, also, so as to impress any one with the notion that they had a whole fleet of yachts under their command, and talking of young ladies as if they were ships, such as—"She's a fine young craft," and "By H'v'ns! in steering for the pastrycook's, she's run foul of the old gentleman."

In short, making their appearance as "ship-shape" as possible, and their conversation also, taking "*My Poll and my Partner Joe*" as the nautical model of the latter.

Smoking cigars along the pier, up and down the Parade, before breakfast and before dinner, night as well as day, smoking all day long—everywhere.

Hanging about the sands under the pretence of reading a book, and always occupying three chairs when they sit down—one for their body, one for their legs, and another for their feet—with another one for their telescope.

Walking, swaggering, as if the whole place belonged to them—staring every one out of countenance—talking loudly, as if they were in a fashionable box at the Opera—and swinging their bodies about, just as if it was necessary to imitate the rolling of a ship because they were at the sea-side.

Supposing they are accompanied by a big dog, the terror of the nursery-maids and the children, all the better. Supposing the dog is fond of the water, and emulates his master in creating a great splash amongst the young ladies, all the better still.

And when the young gentlemen return to their desks, or their mothers' apron-strings, in town, they are so meek and orderly, and walk the streets with such boarding-school modesty and precision, that no one would suspect for a moment they were the same rough, noisy, Newfoundlandish, splashy fellows that were bounding about in all directions at the sea-side.

A TOUR QUITE ABROAD.

EXCURSIONISTS who want to have enough—and more than enough—for their money, cannot do better than take a return ticket for Paris, *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe, at the Brighton terminus. They will have an opportunity of making a much longer stay at Dieppe than the strict letter of the bargain provides; and the probability is that they will be enabled to enjoy the delight of a bivouac on the beach, by the absence of a steamer at the appointed time, and by the impossibility of getting a bed at Dieppe. Should there be one at liberty, the excursionist will have the means of acquiring a knowledge of the manners, or want of manners, of the natives, and of learning—through the lessons of that first-rate instructor, experience—the extortionate habits of the hotel-keepers. Those who wish to study French character at Dieppe, with the addition of a series of surprises at not finding what they were led to expect, which forms one of the chief charms of travel, will do well to adopt the *tour* we have recommended them.

The "Row" Opera.

JULLIEN'S Opera, though not without much to praise, would have made a great deal more noise in the world if there had been less noise in the orchestra. His attempt to realise a battle and the roaring of artillery by means of music, brought him into collision with what may be termed the musical cannons. There is no doubt, however, that the next effort of the Mons. will be more successful; for it is in the nature of every Mons. to ascend, and he will know better next time than to "seek the bubble reputation" so directly as he has done, "in the cannon's mouth." The reason assigned by the friends of JULLIEN for his excessive use of the noisiest instruments of the orchestra in his late opera, is a desire on the part of the Mons. to prove himself a *sound* musician.

MISSING—THE CROWN OF HUNGARY.—A handsome Reward will be given to whosoever shall restore it—say a million of florins—and all will be forgiven, and no questions asked. Gentlemen of the Hebrew Persuasion readily treated with. No KOSSUTH need apply.—Address to FRANCIS JOSEPH, Vienna: who, when the Crown shall be restored, has the very head that will fit it.

A GREAT BABY CASE.

T all times *Punch* delights to meet in the *Times* the letters "S. G. O." There they are, the letters signifying work—work—work: and always noble work: work that is to pick up poor humanity out of the mud it may crawl, or be crushed in: work that lays hold of selfishness by the collar, and strives to give it a good shaking, quickening its pulses, and opening its eyes: work that gives its strong right arm to timid, pining misfortune, and strives to bring it into broad, healthy daylight, that it may be seen, and seen, sympathised with, and comforted. Well, S. G. O. has now taken the babies of England—not all of them, but many thousand, cheated, defrauded babies—under his pen feathers, doing his best to have them righted. He constitutes himself Chancellor protective of babes, cheated of their own milk: the milk that they bring with them; the milk that, for a certain price, is sold in Portman Square and Belgravia.

"I do not know," says S. G. O.—

"I do not know which to rate highest, the cruelty or the immorality to which the wet-nurse system offers so liberal a premium. Ladies have no shame, show no reluctance in hiring the service of 'a healthy young single woman' to give to their infant the food they refuse it, and which she must take from her own."

And the Registrar-General shows that the defrauded suckling generally dies! Thus, poor little Turnham-Green is sacrificed to Belgravia; weak, puny little Peckham is offered up to May Fair. "Usually," says the Registrar-General, "in about four or five months death occurs, literally and truly for the want of nature's own nutriment—breast-milk." The milk sold to four months' old Marquis—to suckling Earl!

Well, S. G. O. admits that a baby may be a "bore:" a very great "bore" indeed, if arriving in the world early in the fashionable season. And nursing, he thinks, may spoil a figure; and, moreover, absolutely make a mother look like a mother—not at all an agreeable reflection, you know, in LADY ROSA'S looking-glass.

"I will not for a moment dispute but that it would 'annoy HENRY to have the nurse shuffling in with baby at all hours of the night;' still, allowing to wealth and high-breeding, fashionable refinement, &c., every protection their vested interests demand, I must yet question whether LADY BELLA'S season's enjoyment, her husband HENRY'S unbroken after-House of-Commons sleep, the preservation of her girlish figure, are worth the moral cost of a premium to immorality, or the cruel cost of death to the infant whose mother's milk has been bought away from it."

All this is very strong; and S. G. O. continues, becoming almost vehement in his indignation at the immorality of the high lady who will buy the milk of "nice tidy MARY"—it may be a "fallen" MARY—but then the fall has been so pathetically accounted for—that it were scarcely so much a fall as a trip or slip. And MARY for a while lives well and reposes, like a jewel, in velvet; until the little lord is weaned, and then the world is all before her, and she may "sin again." But all wet-nurses are not of these. Many are married women:

"So they are; and the father has to see his own child waste, or for pay receive a bastard's food, because his own or wife's poverty has forced him and her to barter their own infant's proper nourishment, that some high-bred or wealthy mother may save her figure or enjoy her season of gaiety."

These be bitter words: but like bitter aloes, they are true things. And is there no remedy for this? Shall May Fair continue to have its Moloch? Shall mother's milk—like milk of asses—be still vendible at great houses? No; we espy a very probable remedy.

A time may come when the *Morning Post* shall rejoicingly announce that the most illustrious wife and highest mother in the land is about to have even the fullness of her domestic happiness increased; and further that the *Post* is almost authorised to state that—"No Wet Nurse need apply."

Now this one fact, with all the force of strongest example, would almost stop the sale of mother's milk in high places. Never mind the calls of daily duty and daily ceremony; it matters not that a Drawing-room is to be held—that the EARL OF DERBY is to be honoured with an interview—that a State dinner is to be given—that UNCLE LEOPOLD is to be visited: nothing shall interfere with baby's privileges—baby's rights to its own milk; and that baby, so nursed, so nourished, will have saved the lives of thousands of babies by making Duchesses and Marchionesses suckle their own little ones—the future ornaments of the House of Lords.

This is the example that is needed in high life. Without it great babies will continue to fatten on the natural property of mean ones; and the suckling Earl of Piccadilly cheat little Whitechapel, that after a due course of "convulsions, dysentery, marasmus," &c., goes off in about four or five months "for the want of nature's nutriment—breast-milk."

At a progress to Balmoral, how the mothers of England would crowd to look at baby—the baby nursed by the mother on "whose dominions the sun never sets!"

THE PRIDE OF LONDON!

(*Being a slight liberty taken with "The Bride of Abydos."*)

KNOW ye the stream where the cesspool and sewer
Are emptied of all their foul slushes and slimes,
Where the feculent tide of rich liquid manure
Now sickens the City, now maddens the *Times?*
Know ye the filth of that great open sink,
Which no filter can sweeten, no "navvy" can drink:
Where in boats overcrowded the Cockney is borne
To the mud-bounded gardens of joyous Cremorne:
Where the gas-works rain down the blackest of soot,
And the oath of the coalwhipper never is mute:
Where the liquified mud which as "water" we buy,
With the richest of pea-soup in colour may vie,
And deodorisation completely defy:
Where the air's fill'd with smells that no nose can define,
And the banks teem prolific with corpses canine?
'Tis the stream of the Thames! 'tis the Pride of the Town!
Can a nuisance so dear to us e'er be put down?
Oh! fouler than words can in decency tell
Are the sights we see there, and the scents which we smell!

"THE DEVOURING ELEMENT."

PENNY-A-LINERS have long been in the habit of calling fire "the Devouring Element;" but the fire will soon be put out, we think, by Steam. Only look at the accidents on the American steam-boats, and the daily accidents that occur on our beautifully-managed railways—all caused by Steam! We hope, therefore, for the future, that when penny-a-liners are describing any casualty of the above sort, they will always allude to Steam as being "*The* Devouring Element." Considering the heaps of pennies they must have cleared by this time out of Steam, the least they can do is to show their gratitude by awarding to it the "devouring" superiority. Henceforth, let it be understood, STEAM is promoted (*vice* FIRE, put out) to be "The Devouring Element." From this very day, Steam is the penny-a-liner's Element, (*par excellence*) of Destruction!

A SERIOUS RAILWAY GRIEVANCE.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Bound with a few friends on a short pleasure excursion, I repaired, the other day, to one of the principal railways. In consequence of having misunderstood BRADSHAW we got to the station half an hour too soon, and not knowing how we could more appropriately fill up the time, we determined to employ it in making our wills. On inquiry we found that there was not a single solicitor, or even a lawyer's clerk in attendance, nor even one will-paper to be had at the book-stall. I trust that, through the influence of your powerful journal, on all the stations of every line of railway proper accommodation will be provided for performing that serious duty, which, if previously neglected, must suggest itself to everybody who steps into a train, particularly if in the position of your humble servant,

"PATERFAMILIAS."

Speaking Out.

THE *Pays* concludes a long article, in which a list is given of all the towns that have sent in petitions praying of LOUIS NAPOLEON to be Emperor, by saying "in fact, all France has spoken out." If this is the way that France speaks out, better far that she were dumb!

APROPOS OF CAHILL, D.D.—No wonder that CAHILL claims homage to the "seal of the Fisherman:"—when he's such a very great Master of Billingsgate!

THE RAILWAY GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN is a citizen,
For lineage of renown,
The famed JOHN GILPIN's grandson, he
Abides in London town.

To our JOHN GILPIN said his Dear,
"Stewed up here as we 've been
Since Whitsuntide, 'tis time that we
Should have a change of scene.

"To-morrow is a leisure day,
And we 'll by rail repair
Unto the Nell at Dedmanton,
And take a breath of air.

"My sister takes our eldest child;
The youngest of our three
Will go in arms, and so the ride
Won't so expensive be."

JOHN soon replied, "I don't admire
That railway, I, for one;
But you know best, my dearest dear,
And so it must be done.

"I, as a linendraper bold,
Will bear myself, and though
'Tis Friday by the calendar,
Will risk my limbs, and go."

Quoth MISTRESS GILPIN, "Nicely said:
And then, besides, look here,
We 'll go by the Excursion Train,
Which makes it still less dear."

JOHN GILPIN poked his clever wife,
And slightly smiled to find
That though on peril she was bent,
She had a careful mind.

The morning came; a cab was sought;
The proper time allow'd
To reach the station door; but lo!
Before it stood a crowd.

For half an hour they there were stay'd,
And when they did get in—
"No train! A hoax!" cried clerks, agog
To swear through thick and thin.

"Yaa!" went the throats; stamp went the heels:
Were never folks so mad,
The disappointment dire beneath;
All cried it was too bad!

JOHN GILPIN home would fain have hied,
But he must needs remain,
Commanded by his wilful bride,
And take the usual train.

'Twas long before our passengers
Another train could find,
When—stop! one ticket for the fares
Was lost or left behind!

"Good lack!" quoth JOHN, "yet try it on."
"'Twon't do," the Guard replies;
And bearing wife and babes on board,
The train without him flies.

Now see him in a second train,
Behind the iron steed,
Borne on, slap dash—for life or bones
With small concern or heed.

Away went GILPIN, neck or nought,
Exclaiming, "Dash my wig!
Oh, here's a game! oh, here's a go!
A running such a rig!"

A signal, hark!—the whistle screamed—
Smash! went the windows all:
"An accident!" cried out each one,
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went GILPIN, never mind—
His brain seemed spinning round;
Thought he, "This speed a killing pace
Will prove, I'll bet a pound!"

And still, as stations they drew near,
The whistle shrilly blew,
And in a trice, past signal-men,
The train like lightning flew.

Thus, all through merry Killbury,
Without a stop shot they;
But paused, to 'scape a second smash,
At Dedmanton so gay.

At Dedmanton his loving wife,
On platform waiting, spied
Her tender husband, striving much
To let himself outside.

"Hallo! JOHN GILPIN, here we are—
Come out!" they all did cry;
"To death with waiting we are tired!"
"Guard!" shouted GILPIN, "Hi!"

But no—the train was not a bit
Arranged to tarry there,
For why?—because 'twas an Express,
And did despatches bear.

So, in a second, off it flew
Again, and dashed along,
As if the deuce 't were going to,
With motive impulse strong.

Away went GILPIN, on the breath
Of puffing steam, until
They came unto their journey's end,
Where they at last stood still.

And then—best thing that he could do—
He booked himself for Town;
They stopped at every station up,
Till he again got down.

Says GILPIN, "Sing Long live the QUEEN,
And eke long life to me;
And ere I 'll trust that Line again,
Myself I blest will see!"

THE JOLLY BARRISTERS.

AT the late Assizes, the Barristers on the Western Circuit found themselves with literally nothing to do at Dorchester. The Court was of necessity closed, and a holiday was forced upon the learned gents, who, instead of taking it to heart and sitting down in a state of despondency over their empty brief bags, resolved to turn pain into pleasure, and challenge to a game at cricket a club in the neighbourhood. There was a sort of affinity between the game of cricket and the game of law, which perhaps made the former agreeable to the learned gents, when deprived of the latter pastime. The putting up of stumps savoured slightly of the ceremony of stumping up, which their clients usually perform; and the justifying of bail was pleasantly typified in the due adjustment of the wickets. There is something half agreeable and half melancholy in this reduction of a whole Circuit to a game at cricket as a resource against the utter absence of occupation. Some of the Barristers hit with all the force of utter desperation; and one sentimental junior who was fagging out, when the ball rolled to his feet could not forbear the expression of regret that, with all his fagging for the last ten years, the ball had never been at his feet in a professional sense; and that he had been acting as long stop in vain, while stopping so long in a profession by which nothing had been realised. Our interest in the game is tinged with a sort of sadness, when we reflect that, though it was sport to the learned cricketers, it arose out of a state of things which was death to their prospects.

The Deponent's Assistant.

A NEWLY invented forceps has, we understand, been submitted for inspection to the Irish College of Surgeons. It is an instrument of which the construction is said to display much ingenuity, being contrived for the extraction of any oath which may threaten to choke a witness or juryman by sticking in his throat. The honour of this invention is ascribed to a celebrated political Priest.

EPITAPH FOR A STOCK-BROKER.—"Waiting for a Rise."

THE HORSES AND THE MAL-DE-MER.

ONE day last week a curious case of "indisposition" occurred among some of the principal performers at Astley's, who were prevented from making their *début*, in consequence of an attack of sea-sickness in coming from America. When we add that the performers thus incapacitated were horses, and when we remember the popular adage, which attaches the notion of something truly awful to the idea of "as sick as a horse," we can drop at least an ounce phial of tears over the prostrate condition of these noble animals, who were confined to their stalls by ill-health when they should have been moving in MR. BATTY'S distinguished circle. We trust that, on their return to their native land, they will be well plied with brandy and soda-water, which is said to be the sole remedy for the distressing malady.

Ballooning—False Report.

IT was reported on Friday that one of the aëronauts, ascending in—or rather from—the Cremorne Gardens was killed. The report was untrue. That public gratification is to come.

LUMINOUS PRODUCTIONS.—LOUIS NAPOLEON enjoys some literary reputation, having occasionally made his appearance as an author. The last works, however, that our Prince has published, are—fireworks.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

"WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER WITH THE "MAGIC," CHARLES!

"WHY, YOU SEE, DEAR, TOM PUT HIS HELM DOWN RATHER TOO QUICK, AND SHE MISSED STAYS AND WENT ASHORE, AND THEY ARE NOW HAULING THE JIB A-WEATHER TO LET HER FILL AND PAY OFF."

A MATTER OF SUSPENSION.

WE might borrow a hint from LOUIS NAPOLEON and treat balloons as he does the Press, *viz.*, to "warn" them before any "suspension" took place. If, after one or two warnings, the performance still continued, then we would suspend the balloon as LOUIS NAPOLEON does a hostile journal, by not allowing it to appear any more. If some such decree is not issued and enforced, we will not answer for the consequences. We shall hear of a pony dropping into a carriage on the laps of some three or four ladies and frightening them out of their lives, or else of an old woman being killed some evening by a bull dropping from an altitude of a thousand feet upon her unconscious bonnet. With these aërial follies we are wresting from the Germans their hereditary kingdom of the Air, and if a stop is not put to these exhibitions, we shall soon have the reputation of being as flighty as the French themselves. We, therefore, recommend that NAPOLEON'S plan of "suspension" be immediately put into force with M. POITEVIN'S ascents. It is the only kind of suspension suited to such beastly performances.

American Digestion.

STRANGE birds, those Yankees! people often say. Yes, indeed: and so it would seem from the following passage in the *New York Courier and Inquirer*, relative to *iron*:—

"We recently stated that the consumption in the United States amounted to about 1,000,000 tons per annum, or 100 lbs. to each person."

A nation of ostriches!

A TRUSTEE.—One who gets all the kicks, and none of the halfpence.

FESTIVITIES AT OSBORNE.

(From a Local Correspondent.)

HEREWI I zends you the count I was to gie to ee of the doouns at OSBORNE over in the Ily Wight, PRINCE ALBERT'S birthday. As to how I come to zee um, never you mind—that are 's telluns.

In the fust pleace, they 'd got a gurt big Booth out on the Green up agin the House; this here booth was where the eatun-match was to come off. He was stuck about wi laurels, boughs and vlags, to beautivy un. The dinun teables was zet out down the middle of un, vrom one end to tother, wi nieves, varks, and pleats, etzetrer, all in apple-pie ardour.

Long zide o the big Booth they 'd stuck up a little un for the QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT, and the Ryal Yunkers to squat under. They called un a Mar-Quee, which I 'd heerd was the neam for a Vrench noableman; howsomedever a'd got the British Vlag vlyun in vront of un, besides the Prince's and PRINCE OF WALES'S colours.

The company was to be the labourn vokes and sich like as works on the State—not your LARD DARBYS I doan't mane, nor none o they. Also the labourn men's wives. Likewise a lot o the sogers, zailors, marines, cooast gyard and Trinaty House chaps as be lyun on dooty thereabouts.

Down they zits a little avore dree, when presently we hears music approachun, wi a zmell o zummut good, and in marches a couple o bands playun the "*Rooast Beef of Old England.*" Arter they, follers handy three score and ten zailors and mareens carryun the same, and other mate; also plum-puddun and strong beer.

Zoon as they 'd got well sated, afore the Grass, "Here she comes!" they sez; and in walks QUEEN VICTORIA, hooked on to PRINCE ALBERT, and the rest of the Royal Family. The band strikes up the Nashonal Anthum, and while they was playun of 't, the QUEEN and Coort paices down tween the teables in State. She hadn't got no Crown on, though; and didn't goo, as I 've zee her draad, wi Ball in one hand and Zepter in tother. I vancy the heft on un 's too much to lug about. The PRINCE O WALES, nuther, didn't wear his topknot o veathers as I expected a ood.

Grass havun bin zed by MR. TOWARD, HER MADJUSTY'S Baylif, they set to, and a precious good stick they played. Thinks I to myself, these here be what you may call the QUEEN'S Beefeaters.

Arter dinner they drinked health to the QUEEN and Prince, the Vounders o the Veast, them and theirn, and long life to un, wi dree times dree, which is moor, I 'm bound, than the EMPEROR O ROOSHER and AUSTRY, and KING O PROOSHER, and BONY THE SECOND'S workpeople ood do for their masters,—if they wasn't feced to.

Toastun and hoorayun over, they zets to at the spoorts and pastimes out on the Green, runnun and jumpun, and lippun a precious sight nimbler than you 'd a fancied they could, arter all that are beef. Besides which there was a dale o daancun, and uncommon well they daanced too, zum on em—though it must a took zum cheek, I should think, to daance avoor the QUEEN. She and the Prince zat onder the Mar-Quee lookun on, laafun and smilun, savun your presence, as plased as *Punch*. I couldn't help grinnun too to zee the fun; and sartainly 'twas a zight wuth zeeun, the sogers and zailors in their blew and scarlut quoats, tother young chaps in their Zunday's best, and the gals all smart and tidy, vrolickun and kyaaperun about, in gay ribbons, and clane white stockuns, wi their kickun-straps on.

Zummut arter zeven, HER MADJUSTY, Prince, and the rest on em, hopped off to the tune agin of "*God save the Queen.*" Whereupon I says to myzelf, now they be gone, and thee 'st zin as much as thee need 'st to zee, I thinks thee 'st had enough on 't; and zeeun as how thee ca 'st n't git no moor beer in this pleace, thee 'dst best go whoam.

A Naturalist's View of the Great Fishing Question.

SINCE IZAAC WALTON fished and wrote, the voracity of the Pike, or Jack, has in England been proverbial. And our American experience has lately given us fresh proof of it; for there can be little question that the recent Fishery dispute was occasioned mainly by the greediness of our present Jacks in Office.

JESUIT'S BARK.—DR. CAHILL'S Letter to LORD DERBY.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 11th, 1852

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

WE have looked every morning with the greatest care through the paragraphs announcing the various sums of money that have been forwarded to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER under the head of "Conscience Money," and must say that we have been extremely disappointed at not finding mention of a single farthing sent in the name of the REV. MR. MOORE, the Monster Pluralist. We must confess, after the numerous exposures that have taken place of his sinecures and many livings, we did slightly expect to read a pleasant little paragraph announcing the restitution of a sum of certainly not less than £50,000 from the much-abused gentleman in question. But no! there has not been a penny sent; not even a postage stamp! We are sorry for the Reverend Registrar, for he has lost a noble opportunity of relieving his conscience and his pocket at the same time. We wish the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would write to inform him that it wasn't too late yet!

SOLLY IN OUR ALLEY.

By a grateful Cadger.

OF all the flats with blunt that part,
There 's none so green as SOLLY;
He 's got a kind benevolent art,
And is know'd in our Alley.
Oh, don't I like the blessed day
As comes afore the Monday!
Cause why? it is old SOLLY'S way
To go to church on Sunday.

And there a-watching nigh the door,
We beggars waits for SOLLY;
He takes sitch pity on the poor—
My eye, wot precious folly!
In mud and wet I slops about
Without a shoe or stockin',
And all in rags, there 's not a doubt
But what my looks is shockin'.

But vet and dirt I never minds;
A object melancholy,
I bears it all, because I finds
Thereby a friend in SOLLY.
I'm bound I'd get a underd pounds,
By cadgin', out of SOLLY,
His wealth and riches so abounds,
And he's a muff so jolly!

THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

TRUSTY correspondent at Washington has sent us an exclusive copy of the instructions of the American Cabinet to MR. INGERSOLL, who comes over to supersede MR. ABBOTT LAWRENCE in his duty of United States' Ambassador at St. James's. It will be seen that they relate more to the personal conduct of the future Minister than to any line of policy between the two countries. They are as follow:

"1. You are on all occasions to remember that you represent the simplicity of the republican principle. You will, therefore, as seldom as may be, consider yourself the DUKE OF WASHINGTON—the MARQUIS OF NIAGARA—or the EARL OF MISSISSIPPI. Because it is your duty to pay respect to a crowned head, you are not, therefore, to forget that the American President wears nothing but a hat—(night-caps going for nothing).

"2. You will be courteous and accessible on all occasions to your fellow-citizens of the Union: never permitting the atmosphere of a monarchy, and more especially the intoxicating and deleterious atmosphere of Almacks, of Stonehenge House, Normanblood Palace, and such high places—to make you forgetful of the equality of all the children of JONATHAN (niggers being cattle).

"3. You will, in the fulfilment of your official duties, have to swallow many public dinners; whereat you will be called upon to speak. Always hold out the right hand of fellowship—but keep your back straight. When invited to the high festivals of the Tittlebatmongers' Company, you may—or rather *must*—use a little soft sawder about the fish business, so amicably settled (with a hook and a line).

"4. You will have to propose toasts. Therefore do not give the immortal memory of KING JOHN—because you may see at the board a Jew sheriff whose ancestor had his teeth pulled out by the orders of his anointed Majesty—the King drawing on the Jew's jaw instead of his bank. Finally, you will not spit upon the memory (by the way, you must not spit in company anywhere in England,) of WAT TYLER as a rebel to his lawful King, seeing who once *riz* against good KING GEORGE, the father of his people (JONATHAN giving his old father such a tarnation licking).

OUR CAPERS AT THE CAPE.

Now that there is a prospect—for the sixth time these two years—of a termination to the war at the Cape, we may hope to see it converted into a subject for one of the series of historical dramas at Astley's, where we have the satisfaction of seeing our battles fought over again and again, without finding them set down as a large and disagreeable item in the year's estimates. The Cape War abroad takes pounds out of our pockets, while the same thing—much better done—at the foot of Westminster Bridge, mulcts us of, at most, a few shillings. The affair must however be quite finished abroad before it is ripe for treatment by the Astleian dramatist at home, who never looks at a subject until it is in a state that admits of the waving of the British flag, over some crushed Khan, reduced and ruined Rajah, or humbled Emir, who in an attitude of abasement crouches at the foot of the British commander, with a glare of red fire streaming in upon him from the wings and footlights.

Should the Caffre War soon admit of this happy treatment, we would recommend to MR. BATTY to secure, as a "set piece," the original Water-Kloof which has figured so frequently in the despatches. This ingenious piece of machinery, whatever it may be, is evidently adapted peculiarly to the purposes of the stage; for, if we are to believe the despatches, it is capable of being captured over and over again, without being any the worse for wear, inasmuch as it seems to come out as fresh as ever, and, in a word, "as good as new" whenever there is a fight: and when the "taking of the Water-Kloof" is sure to be the principal incident, a splendid "line in the bill" might be made with such a subject as the "identical Kloof," and, if it could be supplied with "real water," (there are plenty of pumps in the theatrical world) the illusion would be perfect.

It is still doubtful whether the "Kloof" is in the hands of the British or of the foe; and as it has been a sort of shuttlecock between the two during the whole war, it is difficult to guess who, in the latest battle, may have given it the latest blow with the battledore. If the Caffres have still got it, there will be little difficulty in securing it by a spirited offer; and, indeed, it is possible that we may see it defended on Astley's stage by real Caffres, who, when they have no longer any engagement with the foe, may be open to an engagement with a manager.

Trial of Faith.

A SUBSCRIPTION is opened to defray DR. NEWMAN'S expenses in the very reputable trial of "ACHILLI *v.* NEWMAN." Masses twice a week are offered as a tremendous bait to all those "benefactors" who will subscribe. We are afraid the donations tumble in very slowly—or else DR. NEWMAN would never be put to this expedient of a-mass-ing a public subscription.

EXTRAORDINARY NOCTURNAL BALLOON ASCENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Kindly Communicated by PROFESSOR PUFFY.

Belfast, September 7th, 1852.

MY name is PUFFY, *Mr. Punch.*
Perhaps that humble name,
Though it's not for me to say so, isn't quite unknown to fame,
For since I first was capable in childhood of reflection,
Each branch of science has received from me a close inspection.
Though my parents were not partial, they remember to this hour
My childish speculations on "The Go-cart's motive power;"
And how I cut the bellows up, in the futile hope to find
If by spontaneous action they could generate their wind.
At school, of other principles the knowledge I obtained,
And the "Science of Projectiles" from my pea gun quickly gained;
And when I fought with BILLY JONES, 'twas but that He and I,
If we *were* "Isodynamical" had often wished to try.
After that, I studied chymistry at college with my gyp,
Who taught, "What spirit is the base of Cider Cup and Flip,"
"How Soda Water oft the head from vinous fumes will clear,"
And "What the change it undergoes when combined with bitter beer."
It is n't then remarkable, with all this preparation,
That I 'm a shining member of each learn'd Association,
Or that my humble writings on every novel theme
To their volumes of Transactions should have added many a seam.
It was I detected strychnine in the brewers' bitter ales;
I correspond with REICHENBACH by sympathetic snails;
It was I who wrote the "*Vestiges*," and, with convincing pen,
Shewed how a man has been a goose, and can be a goose again;
It was I, who first to steer balloons a certain plan projected;
It was I, who in the Red men first the lost ten tribes detected;
The learned SMEE concedes to me, without a thought of flattery,
I first perceived a man to be a mere voltaic battery—
Whose every action, feeling, thought, pain, sorrow, or felicity,
Depend not on himself, but on the laws of electricity:
So that if a thief should steal our watch, we musn't charge the action
To any moral flaw, but to the "Force of his Attraction:"
Whilst if a Lady should refuse our suit her approbation,
'Tis only that she has too strong a "Current of Negation."
These *data*, Sir, are given here from no absurd vainglory,
But simply that my fame may be a voucher for my story,
Whose tenor on your startled mind will force this strong conviction,
How true the proverb is, that Truth is stranger far than Fiction.
I had sat with all the Sections, in turn throughout the day—
And had read a little paper of my own in Section A,
Upon "Comets, as examined with two eyes or with one,
And what they seem to those who squint,"—and when our work was done,
We had all gone off most willingly to dinner with the Mayor,
For though tables of statistics are our hobby, pride, and care,
There are some other tables we 're as ready to compare.
And musing, as I rambled home, on all our conversation,
And how my paper had obtained the Section's approbation:
I felt a tap upon my back, and looking round, beheld
SIR RODERICK, accompanied by worthy MR. WELD.
"Come, PUFFY!" said they both at once, "We've borrowed GREEN's balloon,
And are going to make a voyage to the 'Glimpses of the Moon,'
We've got a new lactometer for WOODS and FARADAY,
To analyse the curds they find within the Milky Way,
And LANKESTER is going to seek (he loves ragouts and spices)
A new receipt to make hare soup from the Comæ Berenices."
Hard by the car we met with HINCKES calling BUNSEN o'er the coals,
For saying that the natives spoke Sclavonic near the Poles;
Whilst BIRT, who on the zodiac writes, did piteously implore us,
To carry up an Irish Bull and mend the breed of TAURUS.

Now up we went and soon perceived a singing in our ears,
Which some of us opined must be the Music of the Spheres,
And HUNT, who has a taste in songs, kindly offered, then and there,
To set "Blow! Blow, thou wintry wind!" to an atmospheric air.
When we got amongst the planets, COLONEL PORTLOCK called to MARS,
To ask, if with the Minié gun they armed the shooting stars;
And we also learned with pleasure from that planet that TOM SPRING,
Having won the Belts from JUPITER, is the pet of SATURN's Ring.
It was here that WELSH and NICKLIN let their quicksilver escape,
And COLONEL SABINE got us all into a mighty scrape,
By proposing that in MERCURY (I think the man was daft),
With the help of URSA MINOR, we should try to sink a shaft.
Of course, as soon as MERCURY perceived this daring feat,
His dander, as the Yankees say, riz up to fever heat;—
And though that dashing fellow, HIND, tried hard to set us free,
By pitching out, to lighten us, the whole of Section D—
He set the Dogstar at our heels, and caught us in the lump,
And bade AQUARIUS come and put us all beneath the Pump,
Who, having drenched and beaten us with all his might and main,
Sent us off to Limbo Patrum for the night in CHARLES's Wain.
There we found the shirt of triple brass which the hardy sailor wore,
Who first, as HORACE tells, essayed to pass from shore to shore;
There, too, the belt ULYSSES got in the storm from NEREUS' daughter,
And the grateful look he paid her with (slightly damaged by salt water);
And a head of young ADONIS, labelled VENUS' only joy,
And a smaller head—his property—when quite a little boy;
Eight or ten old constitutions, by the French in turn forsaken,
And a little heap of broken oaths, which the PRESIDENT had taken;
The Yankees' title to the Isles on the Peruvian shore;
And the Christian moderation of the REVEREND MR. MOORE;
A dog which JUPITER had tossed when, as a bull, he ranged;
And some pieces of that shower of gold into which the god was changed,
When through the crannies, chinks, and holes of DANAE's well-barred closet,
There fell, as MURCHISON would say, an auriferous deposit.
Well! the man who kept these precious things—I think his name was PETTIGREW—
Was so vexed to see us handle them, that in a mighty pet he grew,
And ramped and raved, and chafed and fumed, till I quite shook for dread,
And started, Sir,—to find myself stretched out upon my bed,
In the Cat and Salutation, and to hear to my surprise,
At my door the Boots exclaiming, "If you please, it's time to rise."

Hayti and France.

SOULOUQUE, Emperor of Hayti, has begun to imitate LOUIS NAPOLEON, ordering his consuls abroad to prosecute the wicked newspapers that shall disrespectfully speak of SOULOUQUE. This imitation bodes no good for Hayti. It may be continued. Any way it is best to be upon the watch. Wherefore, we advise the Haytians not to go to bed on the 2nd of next December.

SLEEPERS WIDE-AWAKE.

IT is said that there are certain mesmeric somnambulists who, in their state of clairvoyance, prescribe for patients by intuition, and in this way drive flourishing medical practices. The question is, whether or not these somnambulists are genuine Sleep-WALKERS?

Irish Craniology.

AT one of the late meetings of the British Association, MR. JAMES GRATTAN is reported to have read a paper on a collection of crania discovered in the "Round Towers" of Ireland. The learned lecturer made some interesting remarks on the distinctive peculiarities of the Irish skulls, of which the principal characteristic—though he seems not to have noticed it—probably was, that of having mostly been broken during life.

EPIGRAM FOR BRADSHAW.

"Ha!—hark!"—cries HARRY; "there goes distant thunder!
Now has that bolt killed any one, I wonder?"—
"Thunder!" quoth DICK, "you hear the Railway Train:
I want to know how many *that* has slain."

TO MARRIED MEN.

MONSIEUR VINDEPOT is about to start a new Balloon, with descending Parasols, for the express use and descent of Married Ladies. Monsieur will, of course, on every occasion accompany the ladies, dropping them, in his newly-patented parasols, to earth (or water) as agreed upon. Terms as to depth of descent, and to place, whether in gravel-pit, bog, or the wide ocean, to be settled between MONSIEUR VINDEPOT and the husbands of the ladies who may honour him with their instructions.

Vive la Reine! *Place aux Dames!*

NOT A BAD PATENT.—Pocketing some £9000 a year by a Sinecure Registrarship.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST ENGLAND!

To MR. PUNCH.

PERMIT me, my very dear Sir, to utter a meek remonstrance against a 'leader' in that admirable—when not prejudiced—paper, the *Examiner*, entitled 'Religious War Cries.' The animadversions of the *Examiner* were occasioned by an article in the *Univers*—the well-known liberal and enlightened organ of the French priesthood—apparently preaching up war with England, in order to the conversion of that noble—but heretical—nation by the sword.

"Now, my very dear Sir, what I want to explain to you and your readers—in fact, the whole world—is, that the *Examiner* has fallen into the common error of not making the proper allowance for the figurative spirituality of the language of Catholicism. When the *Univers* exhorts the faithful to war with England, it does not mean by war sanguinary hostilities. It by no means intends to invoke against you artillery, Minié rifles, muskets and bayonets. It has no more view to the overthrow of your political constitution and the destruction of British power in Europe than good FATHER CAHILL has when he seemingly rejoices in the prospect of England's downfall, and in the idea of French soldiers capering in your blood, and rolling in your *viscera*.

"Oh no! my dear Sir; language such as this is but the playful affectionate extravagance of pious love—of enthusiastic charity run a little wild: it must all be taken in what our PUSEY—yours and mine—calls a non-natural sense, understanding black to mean white. Englishmen have too long been imposed upon by the appearances of things. Your forefathers believed in—because they fancied they saw—the fagots, stakes, and flames of meek MARY. They beheld merely the *species*—as we say—of such objects, and of roasting victims; who were alive and merry all the while. These hallucinations are but devices of the enemy, and can always be dissipated instantaneously by the slightest scratch of a saint's toe-nail—if perfectly genuine.

"The clergy of France do mean to invade you—with an army of missionaries. They will have no trouble to cross the Channel; that voyage they will perform, each on his cassock, miraculously unseen, or supernaturally invulnerable, by your cruisers. They will advance upon you armed with spiritual canons, with no more material weapons than crucifixes, which they may lift against you, but will never hit you with. Soutanes, surplices, pontificals, monastic habits will be their regimentals. They will be accompanied by troops of Angels with wings—some actitious, some, perhaps, real. They will fire upon you—but only with holy water—by the help of an Irish Brigade. Should you still hold out, they may, in the last resort, bring to bear upon you that supernatural piece of metal alluded to by the BISHOP OF LUÇON in his luminous pastoral—that medal which marks 'sudden conversions,' is known as 'miraculous,' and 'has filled the world with prodigies.' No red-legged French soldiers will you see in this army: no red legs at all but those of your own CARDINAL.

"Oh, do not think that the benevolent clergy of France, as represented by the *Univers*, are instigating their flocks to cut your throats, shoot you, brain you, run you through the stomach! *They* provoke the faithful to shed your blood? Oh, no! they would only have them shed their own tears for your conversion. Yes, my very dear Sir, we weep for you when you think we are cursing you. 'Weep still, always weep, evermore weep,' is our rule and maxim. What seem the yellings and howlings of our sweet CAHILL are nothing but sobs. For you the eyes of many a saint have poured forth gallons of water, many bottles of which have been preserved; and their contents occasionally work the most astounding marvels. With heads of Jesuits on Temple Bar, and quarters of Oratorians on London Bridge; with sacerdotal martyrs bleeding, or banished on every side; we cannot afford to have it imagined that a journal like the *Univers* is fomenting, and a paper such as the *Tablet* inviting a military invasion of your native land. Not that our ecclesiastics wish to shun martyrdom; they court it for their own parts, and object to it only for the sake of their persecutors.

"Pray then, my very dear Sir, advise your readers to abandon the absurd idea that our priesthood, in France and elsewhere, are striving to work the humiliation of England. They do, indeed, labour to the end that JOHN BULL may humble himself—but quite voluntarily. This undoubtedly they expect that he will do; yes, we hope to see him, spontaneously attired in an ignominious dress, do penance in Regent Street, and after lying some hours in a state of 'prostration,' submit to be whipped publicly in Golden Square. Ah, soon may we behold that interesting—affecting sight!—speedy be the advent of that day so edifying to Christendom! But never—oh never think that we dream of subjugating him by violence! Oh dear, no! You would do us a deal of good if you would employ your lively pen in lightly and jocularly ridiculing the supposition that danger to liberty, here or elsewhere in Europe, is to be apprehended from the machinations of our priests.

"Yes, my very dear Sir; let me disarm your suspicions, and persuade you to go comfortably to sleep. I would address to you—with a proper difference—the admonition of your heresiarch CROMWELL. Put your trust in the miracle of LA SALETTE; but don't—don't take the trouble—on any account, to keep your powder dry. Withal, believe me

"Your sincere Friend,

"VERAX."

A Black Diamond from Northumberland.

MR. LIDDELL calls Downing Street the "Seer's Cell"—the Seer being our clever friend DISRAELI, and LORD DERBY, we suppose, is the Over-seer. We agree with the above expression of the "Seer's Cell," which we think very pretty, but there is a trifling error in the spelling. It should have been spelt "Sell," for such it certainly will turn out to be. We are the more particular about this error, as it stands to reason every Seer should be perfect in his Spell.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY FOR THE BOUDOIR.

IT has been remarked that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

A DERBY PROPHECY.

WHAT has got DIZZY?
He's very busy
About a new scheme of Taxation;
And when it comes out,
There is n't a doubt,
But what he 'll astonish the Nation!

The Prince of Literary Darkness.

THE Electric Telegraph the other day communicated this shocking announcement:—

"A decree, signed 'LOUIS NAPOLEON,' suppresses the Paris journal, the *Corsaire*."

Truly, MR. LOUIS NAPOLEON is playing the very Printer's devil over in France.

Glossary for French Republicans.

LIBERTY.—The freedom of unutterable opinion.
FRATERNITY.—Brotherhood in degradation.
EQUALITY.—The uniform condition of frogs under a flagstone.

THE METEOR OF CREMORNE.

THE appearance of shooting-stars is common at this time of the year. Perhaps MADAME POITEVIN may be included among these phenomena, as a star descending in a parachute.

A Canonical Con.

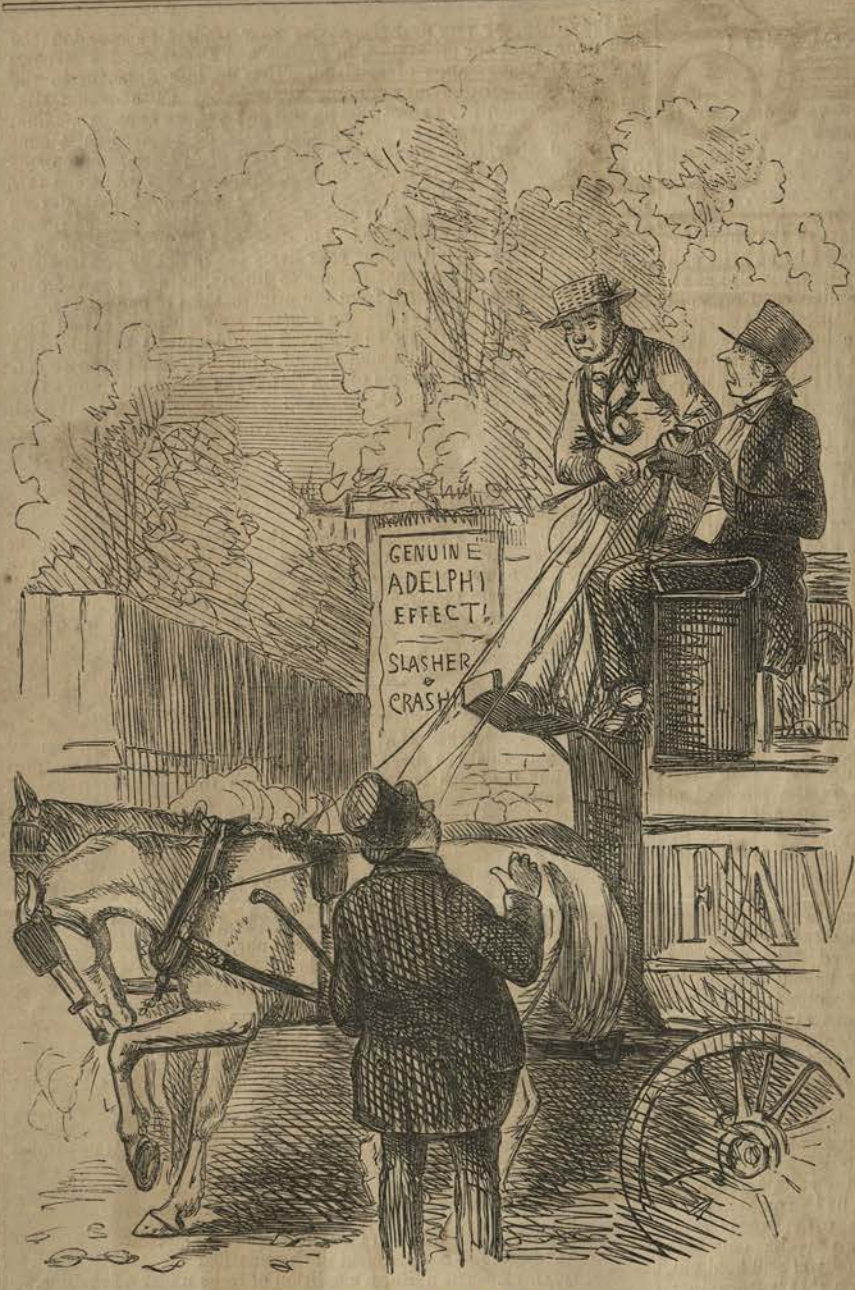
WHY is the Office of Registrar of Wills only worth £9000 a year? Because it 's impossible to get more (MOORE) out of it.

TREATED WORSE THAN A DOG.

"TOO much care," says the old saying "killed the dog,"—but this saying could never be applied to our Railways, for if a living soul is killed on a Railway, it never arises from "too much care," but rather the want of it.

PERFECTLY TRUE.—A lady, who has just returned from Paris, upon being asked what kind of tyranny was LOUIS NAPOLEON'S, answered: "Par-Fêtes (*Parfaite*)."

M. POITEVIN'S cruel and dangerous balloon exhibition has been called by a first-rate wit "a Rabid Act of Horsemanship."



PLEASANT.

Old Acquaintance. "'Ave a Drain, Bill?"

Bus Driver. "Why, yer see, Jim, this 'ere young Hoss has ony bin in 'Arness once afore, and he's such a beggar to bolt, ten to one if I leave 'im he'll be a-runnin' hoff and a-smashin' into suthun. Howsever—here (*handing reins to timid passenger*), lay hold, Sir, I'll chance it!"

A DISAGREEABLE RATTLE.

Somebody has just been importing from America a batch of six-and-thirty Rattle-snakes. What may be the object of this consignment we cannot easily guess, unless it be intended to take advantage of the taste of the British public for all sorts of monstrosities. If audiences can be attracted in England by exhibitions of danger, it is natural to presume that a collection of snakes may become extremely popular; and, as the English are often "pleased with a rattle," they will, *à fortiori*, be delighted with six-and-thirty Rattle-snakes. A few days will, perhaps, disclose the use or abuse to which this disgusting consignment is to be placed; and we are quite prepared to see placards headed, "Come early. Real Rattle-Snakes!" attracting our eye in all the principal thoroughfares. Perhaps Madame Somebody will go up in a balloon, and let herself down from the car by hanging on to the six-and-thirty Rattle-snakes, clinging to each other's tails—a mode of lowering one's self not less degrading than some of those which have been recently resorted to.

ANOTHER FRENCH MIRACLE!

By Electric Telegraph.

Scarcely has France taken breath—scarcely has she recovered herself from extacy upon the tidings of the miracle on the mountain of Salette, as vouchsafed to two shepherd boys, than another miracle has occurred in the Tuileries.

As yet, we can only give the merest outline of the miraculous manifestation, as we have received it, in solemn brevity, by the electric spark of submarine telegraph.

"Miracle in Paris. Midnight. Gardens of the Tuileries. Two sentinels—wide-awake. Suddenly, Napoleon the Great stood before them in flash of gunpowder. Smelt like myrrh and frankincense. Napoleon put soldiers through exercise. Gave both crosses of Legion of Honour. Pointed in direction of Place Vendôme. Said of himself he had been a great man: but he was only *le Petit Caporal* to the Napoleon then in his boots; but he must first be Emperor. And then Napoleon pointed towards Notre Dame; and then his little hat changed to crown—crown of France—and then iron crown of Italy.

"Napoleon said France would never be happy until his nephew was Emperor.

"Saying this, Napoleon slowly rose from the earth, and hovered over one particular chesnut tree: the heels of his boots kicking the branches. He then disappeared.

"The sentinels both speak of the apparition, but one flatly contradicts the other; which the Archbishop of Paris declares to be a miraculous evidence of their truth.

"One fact, however, is certain. The chesnut tree, kicked by Napoleon, is covered with a second crop of chesnuts.

"Five hundred priests are picking them; and still they grow. Every chesnut marked with V. E. N.—of course *Vive Napoleon, Empereur.*

"A basket of these chesnuts—all the clergy of Paris with their robes hastily put on—has been solemnly carried to *Notre Dame.* Prayer—at high service—will be laid on.

"The profligacy of certain infidel republicans sneers at the solemn fact of the chesnuts, and cries '*Catspaw.*'"

The Beauty of Contrast.

Would a negro's teeth look so very white were his skin not so very black?

Would Diana be so very demure were not Venus so very skittish?

Would Thersites be such a poltroon were not Achilles such a hero?

Finally,—would the Lord Chancellor of the Tories, the promoted Sugden, look in his ermine so very white as a Chancery reformer, were not the promoted Stuart so very black as the supporter of all Chancery abuse? If Lord St. Leonards be a Chancery Virtue, he is thrown into the best contrast when Mr. Stuart is made Chancery Vice.

Father Thames's Epitaph.

Infection o'er the town I bore,
Commissions were in vain:
The *Times* might storm—I braved reform—
And died a Tidal Drain.

Rulers of the Railways.

It is high time that a change should take place in the constitution of our Railway Boards of Directors, the individuals at present composing them having their minds by far too narrowly limited to commercial views: so much so, that their only notion of their functions as governing bodies appears to be, that of ruling lines for the purpose of adding up sums.

RAILWAY UNDERTAKING.

Touter. "GOING BY THIS TRAIN, SIR?" *Passenger.* "'M? EH? YES."

Touter. "ALLOW ME, THEN, TO GIVE YOU ONE OF MY CARDS, SIR."

NAVAL NURSERY RHYMES.

E have a "nursery for seamen" in the North American fisheries, but no nursery rhymes. Might not the lack be supplied somehow? As, for instances :—

1.

BARNEY BUNTING put on his bib,
And then let us go and hoist the jib.

2.

Little HARRY HAWSER,
With his cup and saucer,
Helm-a-lee,
Fiddle-de-dee!
Says little HARRY HAWSER.

3.

(*A Temperance Rhyme.*)

Yoho! Avast!
Before the mast!
We 'll sit in the cross-tree top,
Sing lullaby,
With a fat sea-pie,
And a bottle of ginger-pop.

4.

SAM STAYSAIL he sits in the *Dreadnought's* main-chains,
And does n't care how much it thunders and rains.

5.

Little JACKY,
Chaw his backy,
Quid, quid, quid;
Eat his junk,
And don't get drunk,
And always do as he 's bid.

N.B. The last lesson alone is worth any money; which it is hoped that a Ministry comprising a literary CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and considering DIBDIN's precedent, will not forget.

THE DUCHESS'S OWN DOCTOR.

A REMARKABLY ingenious medical advertisement has recently appeared.

We all know that a physician cannot advertise in the ordinary way. On pain of professional excommunication, he is forbidden to publish his address, terms, testimonials, in the newspapers; promulgate these particulars in hand-bills or posters on the walls: or proclaim his cures after the manner of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY. He must not display inscriptions in front of his house such as "Yes! this is the Doctor's." "Walk In!" "All Kinds of Cases Treated Here!" "Noted House for Indigestion!" "Consumption Cured!" and the like invitations to a phthisical and dyspeptic Public. He is precluded from sending men and boys about bearing placards or banners, walking between boards, or driving vans emblazoned with his name, style, titles, residence and wonderful success.

A fashionable physician—evidently that—has most adroitly surmounted this obstacle to the extension of his celebrity, in a letter addressed to the *Times* with the signature of "L. C." "My initials," says the writer, "are pretty well known." So are those of MORISON the Hygeist. Yet MORISON finds it necessary to keep the world in mind of his pills. Even so it seems expedient to "L. C." to stimulate genteel society's recollection of DR. LINKUMFEEDLE. We read the pretty well known initials of "L. C." backwards.

"L. C." comes out in the *Times;* rushes into the columns—or we may say lists—of our contemporary, to break a lance with discourteous "S. G. O." in defence of injured dames. True (medical) knight that he is!—at least if he has not been, ought he not to be, dubbed such for this service? The horrid man "S. G. O." had accused female Fashion of indolently, selfishly refusing to nurse her proper offspring, and inhumanly bribing Want to nourish them instead—defrauding Want's own babes—which calumny DR. LINKUMFEEDLE—or Sir C. LINKUMFEEDLE, that either is or deserves to be—thus rebuts :—

"I will answer for it that the ladies of England will bear every favourable comparison on this point with any others in the world, and that it is entirely unfounded that they do not nurse their children because they think it a 'great bore,' or that they wish to 'enjoy a season of gaiety;' or because they cannot bear that dear HARRY should be disturbed at night."

LINKUMFEEDLE, when he says that he will answer for it that *it* is entirely unfounded *that* &c., means to say that he will answer for it that the *assertion that* &c. is entirely &c. This instance of LINKUMFEEDLE's grammar is noticeable as showing how nicely he has hit the style, as well as caught the tone, of advertising literature—unless, indeed, it is an original grace of composition. In the same point of view the use of "that" for "because" in "that they wish to enjoy," &c. is to be observed. Not content, however, with answering for it that *it* is merely, though entirely, unfounded *that* the ladies of England do not nurse their children, DR. LINKUMFEEDLE avouches further, and on the contrary, that

"The great bulk of the upper and middle classes of life *do* nurse their children oftener than they ought. Most of those who do not cannot. The difficulty 'M.D.s' find is to persuade them to give up, when they are either injuring themselves or their children—merely from a dislike to a wet-nurse."

Now, vulgar medical science, as well as common and vulgar sense, would demand to know what classes of living creatures—on two legs—more than the "upper" classes, ought to suckle their own young? Well housed, well fed, or only not well fed when luxuriously surfeited, not forced to labour to exhaustion, at liberty to take ample exercise for health: are there any kinds of animals better adapted by circumstances for nurses? But fashionable "ladies' doctors" know better than this—at any rate, know better than to say this—talk and write, rather, like LINKUMFEEDLE, in the following strain :—

"Many a child has fallen a victim to this hesitation, though title and fortune depended on its life; and many a mother, though 'highborn and wealthy,' has ruined her health both of mind and body in consequence."

"Those who recognise my initials," says LINKUMFEEDLE, "will at once see that I speak practically on this subject." Yes: I am the celebrated DR.—or SIR C.—LINKUMFEEDLE, who inspect the tongue of title and fortune, feel the pulse of the highborn and wealthy; in short, practise extensively among the "upper classes." Therefore, do I altogether differ from "S. G. O.;" for—

"S. G. O.'s sympathies seem chiefly with the lower classes. I do not blame him for that, yet"—

"Yet" for "indeed"—another grace of advertising literature—

"Yet I think he does them injustice in thinking they go out as wet-nurses for any other motive than sheer necessity. Their poverty only compels them; the alternative being the workhouse. They may be single, but the greater part of them are married; the husband, perhaps, has gone off to the Australian diggings and forsaken them; or a footman with £20 a year and his beer, thinks he can marry and support SUSAN the housemaid, as well as himself, on that handsome income. All this is highly lamentable, but I do not see what the 'higher classes' have to do with it any more than S. G. O. himself."

How funny is LINKUMFEEDLE on poor JOHN THOMAS, with stipend of twenty pounds a year, and malt liquor, which fluid, indeed, is absurd, compared to claret, and which wages are ridiculous to guinea fees! What a nice man! So amusing, as well as feeling and considerate! "JOHN"—continues LADY BLANCHE ALMONDVILLE, who has seen the Doctor's letter in the *Times*, and "recognised his initials"—"my nerves are quite unstrung this morning—go to DR. LINKUMFEEDLE with my compliments, and beg him to call at half-past two." LINKUMFEEDLE comes, and discovers that the mind of LADY BLANCHE is too much for her body, recommends chicken and cold brandy-and-water; prescribes infusion of gentian with spirit of juniper, enjoins a sojourn at Baden-Baden; and—pockets his fee. Fee upon fee, also, does he pocket in the same way, till the LADY BLANCHE ALMONDVILLE, bag and baggage, is taken, abroad with her sal volatile and poodles. LINKUMFEEDLE's advertisement has done the trick—*euge*, LINKUMFEEDLE!

LINKUMFEEDLE advertises himself to serve as an emollient-soap-box, a pomatum-pot, a settee, ottoman, *fauteuil*, or any other comfort for invalids—of the "upper classes." Physicians who cannot stoop like LINKUMFEEDLE to conquer practice, fail in their profession, and relinquish it to the LINKUMFEEDLES: whence, perhaps, the great discoveries which are daily made in medicine, and the very advanced state of that science in comparison with others!

The Practice of the County Courts.

WE see a little book advertised under the above title. We do not know much of these interesting localities, and have no desire to extend our knowledge, but we believe "the practice of the County Courts" is, in nineteen cases out of twenty, to give a verdict in favour of the plaintiff.

A HINT TO INSURANCE OFFICES.

AMIDST the numerous classes of policies offered to the public by certain companies, we fear there is one policy certainly lost sight of—we allude to that which the old proverb tells us is the best.

A FRENCHMAN'S SERVICE.—The *Moniteur* may make a good master, but it would make a very bad servant, for it is always giving "warning."

Harry (*to* Tom). "THERE 'S ONE GREAT BORE ABOUT A WATERING-PLACE: THEY SELL SUCH HORRID CIGARS."

GIVE HIM LINE!

THE other day, the penny-a-liner who reported an important inquest remarked of the prisoner under trial for murder, that "phrenologically speaking," his head was "more intellectual than brutal;" and that the mass of it was "before the ears." How beautiful it is to behold the progress of science! We now see that the penny-a-liner is qualifying himself to judge prisoners, as well as narrate their fate. We shall have little to do, henceforth, but consult our wordy friends, and we suppose it will be needful to pay them, per bump, for the job. This is all the more gratifying, as we had been accustomed to consider that the "liner" himself rather had his own ears to look after, when phrenologically disposed, than the position of those of the rest of the community.

This is a proof that the scientific spirit is gradually prevailing, to the exclusion of the imaginative one. For the "liner" used of old to invent, rather than analyse; and startled us, when he did startle us, by "baking a child in a pie," or bringing blood from the clouds, rather than by scientific deductions.

The Weather Market.

A METEOROLOGIST, describing one of the late thunderstorms in a letter to the *Times*, gives the following extraordinary quotations:

"3 h. 16 m. flash of lightning in W., followed by thunder in 4 s.; . . . . . 6 h. 50 m. flash, thunder in 2 s.; at 6 h. 55 m. 30 s., and 6 h. 56 m. 30 s. flashes."

Were the 30 s. flashes, &c., what the Americans call greased lightning?—was the thunder in 4 s. the sort which a poet has styled "buttered thunder?" Because electricity was never sold at any precise figure before, even by medical galvanists, and it is difficult to conceive the article bearing a money value, unless through admixture with tallow, butter, or some such ponderable and marketable commodity.

MOTTO FOR A RAILWAY COMPANY.—"Live and let live."

REFLECTIONS OF A SECOND CLASS.

THOUGHTS are there of a certain kind,
That cannot but arise
In every thinking person's mind,
That o'er the Railway flies.
Thus he reflects:—"Like shot convey'd
On Steam's propulsive wing—
For safety other rails are made,
But these for no such thing."

Through every Cutting when he goes,
In grievous fright he sits,
And says unto himself—"Suppose
I should be cut to bits!"
Nigh Points arrived, thinks he—whilst fear
Upon his joints doth seize—
"Did ever points of sword or spear
Such fatal work as these?"

In Tunnels, where 'tis pitchy dark,
He moralises thus:—
"How very soon life's little spark
May be put out for us!"
Electric Telegraphs, of course,
Remind him of a shock;
The Bell suggests, with striking force,
The sequence of a Knock.

To him the screaming whistle hints
The sound of shrieks and groans;
And Breaks connect themselves with Splints,
Required by Broken Bones:
And further as he goes a-head,
Whilst all his fibres quake,
His meditations may be led
This Railway train to take.

"'Tis said we conquer Time and Space
By railways—so we do;
And, as in common vict'ry's case,
With kill'd and wounded, too.
As British arms on Indian plains
With woful loss prevail,
So fare our arms—and legs—by trains
And Engines on the rail.

"Saints' bones in several places lie,
For relics, as we know;
One has a thumb, and one a thigh,
Another has a toe.
Now, should a saint by Railway wend,
If saints are now to see,
Broken, beyond all power to mend,
To relics he might be.

"When, in the good old coaching days,
On circuit bound, the Bar
Were wont to club and hire post-chaise,
So making common car;
But now their journey they pursue
By rail, in fear and awe,
Lest some collision dire should strew
The line with Limbs of Law.

"There is a Parliament'ry train,
As most are well aware;
Could it sufficient souls contain
The Commons all to bear,
And with that precious cargo, let
It travel once or twice:
Your boroughs and your shires might get
Dismember'd in a trice.

"The cause why Railway trav'llers lose
Their limbs to reason stands;
It is because the Boards refuse
To find sufficient Hands;
Efficient Hands, that is—with sense
Endow'd—not raw and rough;
Hands without heads—dissever'd thence—
They might pick up enough!

"But wherefore not the Hands supply
That we so sadly crave?
Oh! don't you know the reason why?—
Their dividends to save;
Thus Parsimony leads to Smash,
Albeit business thrives;
And whilst they save their precious cash,
We lose our precious lives."

Conformity, not Subscription.

THE *Univers* says that £10,000 is wanted for the NEWMAN subscription; and that only £3,000 has been as yet contributed. This shows that the Roman Catholic laity are not quite so ready as is commonly imagined to subscribe to all the propositions of their priesthood.

THE HEIGHT OF GENTILITY.—Riding outside a Penny Omnibus.

One of the Martyrs of Science.

SOME of the mere Polkaites and Quadrille adherents of the celebrated musical Mons. are angry with him for having shown himself superior to the frivolities of dance music, and denounce him as JULLIEN the Apostate.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.—When France was really a warlike nation, its emblem was the Cock. LOUIS seems to wish it should now be the N.

THE LAMENT OF "THE HERCULES," 74.

"The *Hercules*, 74, has been placed at the disposal of the Emigration Commissioners for the conveyance of emigrants to Australia."—NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, *Times*, *Sep.* 7."

PLAGUE on the rascally lubbers
Who stands at the Govern-
ment's wheel;
Swab my dead-eyes, no wonder
I blubbers,
And groans from the truck
to the keel.

From my moorins they came
for to tow me,
Where in dry rot and sludge
I was laid;
Then sez I to myself, sez I,
"Blow me!
I 'm a going to try the old
trade."

For, d'ye see, I'm an old
fighting craft, boys,
And often I think of the day
When my old timbers rang fore and aft, boys,
To the shrill call of "Boarders away!"

When blood washed my scuppers like water,
And the round shot crashed into my hold;
And I thought, "My dear eyes! We'll be arter
The JOHNNY CRAPAUDS, as of old."

And my old beams they creaked and they quivered,
A-thinkin' of NELSON and HOOD,
And my timbers they longed to be shivered,
As a true British ship's timbers should.

But when, from the maties aboard me,
I heerd what the job was to be,
I 'm blest but it reg'larly floored me
On such work to be ordered to sea.

Instead of a fighting commission
To pepper the Dons and Mounseers,
Or to give YANKEE DOODLE a threshin'
(Which he 's arned, any time these two years),

I found 't was some lubberly notion
Of them there Admirality nobs,
To fit my old hull for the ocean
To carry out Emigrant swabs!

'Stead of batteries of jolly gun-metal,
Deuce a bit, boys, of metal for me—
Except it might be a tin kettle
To make these land-lubbers their tea.

I 'm blowed if it wasn't a damper—
Not a cutlass or pike in the racks—
But spades, picks, and scythes, and such hamper:
You may stare, lads, but such is the facks.

And for blue jackets mustered at quarters,
Stripped for work, match and rammer in hand,
Long-togged chaps, with their wives and their darters,
Sick afore they lost sight o' the land!

If it didn't give me such a turn, boys;—
I thought o' capsizin' right out,
And a settlin' down clean, head and stern, boys,
Afore I 'd be steered on this bout.

If this here 's what old England 's to come to,
There 's an end to her wic'tries and wars;
And to think it 's the doins' of some, too,
As wears swabs and calls themselves tars!

That there HERCULES, as I 've my name from,
Twelve labours they say he went through,
But I 'll swear he had not, where he came from,
Such a lubberly labour to do.

With these emigrant waisters—od rot 'em—
Wives, darters, tin kettles, and all—
Blowed if I don't go to the bottom
In the first little bit of a squall!

THE FALSE HEBREW'S FALSE JEWELS.

A MODERN TALE, WITH A MORAL.

ONCE upon a time—(a very little while ago)—there came to Cheltenham a young man of the Hebrew prejudice, with Hebrew cast of countenance. Black—black as lamb of Astracan—was his hair; full and drooping his nether lip; black his twinkling eye; "his prominent feature like an eagle's beak!"

Now there was a Christian at Cheltenham, who knew no guile—until he knew the youthful Hebrew whose sign-post likeness swings above.

Now this good Christian, being a thick-sighted man, saw, as he verily believed, a dawning grace in that Hebrew's countenance. (Early, indeed, must that man have got up that morning to have beheld that dawn.)

The Hebrew began to turn and turn more of his back to the synagogue; and more of his front to the Established Church. And the kind, butter-hearted, but thick-sighted Christian of our story, observed the gradual turning of the Jew: whereat he rejoiced exceedingly.

And the Hebrew's eyes would seem to grow up to, and love a certain church weathercock of Cheltenham; to love it as though the weathercock was of solid virgin gold, and not iron gilt.

And when the bells of the Cheltenham church rang merrily forth, the Hebrew would smile and smile, as though every silver stroke was a crown-piece dropt in his omnivorous pocket.

And thus it continued, until the Hebrew became melted—as never even Hebrew was melted—when the rejoicing Christian, taking the kindly moment, asked the Hebrew to be baptized. With the greatest pleasure in life: he would only be too happy.

But first—but first—the Hebrew must sell certain jewels: old, family jewels: relics of fathers and mothers in Israel.

But, wherefore must the Hebrew sell or barter his family bits of gold with emeralds and topazes of uncles deceased—garnets and stones called cats'-eyes of aunts departed? Wherefore? asked the pondering Christian.

Because—replied the guileful Hebrew—because, fleeing from the synagogue and cleaving to the Established Church, he would be spat upon and scorned by all of his former tribe; and his past connexion—the Hebrew spoke with fervour—be smashed entirely.

The Hebrew desired to become a Christian, but he must start with ready money.

Now the heart of the good, converting Christian mightily rejoiced at this. I—said he—albeit not rich, will give you a fair price for the gold and topazes of your uncles, and the cats'-eyes of your passed-away aunts.

The Hebrew almost wept, but—did not. It is, however, needful to the completeness of our story to say, that he took the money.

Forty pounds of current coin did that Hebrew sack from that guileless Christian; and then, with an exulting caper, kicking the dust of Cheltenham, the Hebrew departed, and the Christian knew not where he went.

The gold and jewels looked solid and real, and sparkled—how they sparkled!—when they were bought and paid for, *by candle-light*—but when the daylight came, the gold was Mosaic gold, and the jewels glass.

Now, whether that grateful Hebrew, from time to time, sits with his hat on in the re-opened synagogue of Duke's Place—or whether he has departed, not to dig, but to buy gold of the diggers—is unknown to the hoaxed Christian of Cheltenham.

MORAL.

When young ladies and old ladies who would still be young—and young gentlemen very green, and old gentlemen very scarlet—go to St. Barabbas, and are shown the precious jewels of grace by the REVEREND IGNATIUS POLYCARP BURNIT by *candle-light*, let the aforesaid ladies and gentlemen seal their ears to the milk and honey words of the charmer, and ere, at any price, they make his doctrines their own, let them think of the Mosaic gold and the bits of glass, and wait—and make no bond by candles—but in the broad, bright day.

Meum et Tuum.

THE Gold Mining Societies are laying claim to land in Australia, which they are not in the least entitled to, and squabbles have already ensued. Gold is beginning to work its evil effect, when the persons who make it their pursuit can no longer see any distinction between "mine" and thine.

THE ENEMY OF LETTERS.—"What is the meaning of 'Antitype?'" asked a tutor of an undergraduate. "LOUIS NAPOLEON, I should say," replied the student.

"THE MONKEY AND THE TIGER."—GENERAL HAYNAU has arrived in Paris.

RAILWAY LITERATURE.

Book-Stall Keeper. "Book, Ma'am? Yes, Ma'am. Here's a Popular Work by an eminent Surgeon, just published, 'BROKEN LEGS: AND HOW TO MEND THEM;' or, would you like the last number of 'THE RAILWAY OPERATOR?'"

IN VINO VERITAS.

We wish our friends the *savants* would employ themselves usefully and successfully, in tracing out the causes of the disease which afflicts the vegetable world. Like the cholera, commencing in the dirtiest and lowest places to ascend to the highest, the vegetable malady began among the potatoes, which are often crowded together too many in a bed, and has now carried its ravages among the upper circles of the vegetable kingdom—even up as high as the lofty and elegant vines. Cold and rain are alleged as the causes of this affliction; and the fact of warmth and drainage being requisite for the health of a plant, will come in aid of the argument for the necessity of attending to those things in the case of a human being. Perhaps, those who would be insensible to these things as far as they might affect the lower orders of the population, will begin to appreciate them when they are found to be of vital importance to the higher class of wines.

An individual who might not miss a few families cut off by damp and fever in the courts or alleys of the city he resides in, may possibly miss his usual supply of choice wines; and when he finds that the loss is owing to disease, caused by cold and rain, it may occur to him, that if vegetable life suffers from such causes, human life may be in want of protection against similar evils. There are many who would not be able to understand much inconvenience arising from the failure of the potato, who will be deeply sensible of the horrible effects of a deficiency of the vintage. The absence of a luxury, made by custom a necessary, will perhaps stimulate in many a dormant sympathy with those among whom the actual necessaries of life are always difficult to be obtained.

As good comes out of every evil, we have no doubt that many will be awakened, as with a voice of thunder, by this irregular shooting of the vine—this fatal but well-timed attack of grape.

One of the Results of Ballooning.

To those persons who are doubtful as to the advantages of ballooning we beg to offer the following extraordinary fact. The Bull that went up with Madame Poitevin had not been many minutes in the air before it was found to be turned into *hung beef!*

TO LOUIS NAPOLEON ON THE SUPPRESSION OF "THE CORSAIRE."

Sir,

I am very much afraid that what you have last done will turn out to be a great imprudence. You have burked the last glitter of intellect which displayed itself in your unhappy country; trodden out under your blood-stained hoof the latest sparks of wit which crackled among the embers of the liberty you have destroyed. What is there, people will say, you are not afraid of, now? Reasoning, you knocked on the head—remonstrance, you suppressed. And now there is to be no laughing, even! Everything is to be as silent, as it has long since been as unproductive, as the grave.

My object is to remind you how imprudent this affair is. Of course, I don't say anything about the injustice of it. That is, we know, not a matter of a moment's consideration. If one talked of your honour, people would cry "question." But your cautiousness—your common calculation, my good fellow! You have a stomach—a stomach that no blood can turn: remember *it*, I say, and be somewhat cautious. For you know that the loss of empire would be to you the loss of your victuals even. If you were kicked off the President's seat, you would be put to it for a clean shirt. *There's* the point which distinguishes you from the Bourbons. A Bourbon in exile has his ancestors, his manners, and his quiet gentlemanly enjoyments to console himself with. But you, my dear Louis, would fall as a poor fellow falls from a bricklayer's scaffold—and be a subject for a hospital. A couple of days would reduce you to a worse level than you were on before. You would then be *below* billiard-markers.

Now, you see, if Paris can't have an occasional laugh, not even that darling recreation, how will it stand the kind of thing long? You might have left it its fun. For, in truth, you had made matters dull enough. You see, you are not even a despot of *esprit*; the most you can hope, is to pass for the Tom Cribb, or so, of despots. Augustus had taste and brains, and Nero played the *cithara* with very considerable power. But, my dear fellow, how are you off for the means of amusing your subjects, like other fellows? You can't stand on your head; for with your habits it would induce apoplexy—even if your legs were fit to display! Then why burke the really clever *Corsaire*, and drive people to seriousness and plotting. I appeal to your appetite—put your hand on your stomach—and say out, solemnly: Was it right?

PUNCH.

Swords into Sickles.

Free Trade and Emigration have compelled the farmer to call in the soldiers stationed in his neighbourhood to cut his crops. Soldiers in a time of peace have been likened, by *Punch*, to poppies among the corn: such poppies, so used, are very welcome. We have turned swords into sickles; may *Punch* ask of the Guards the loan of their helmets, to convert them into bee-hives?

THE RED CAP OF MAINTENANCE.

A subscription at the instance of the chiefs of the popish clergy has been set on foot to enable Dr. Newman to defray the costs which he incurred by the Achilli trial. For this purpose, then, it seems the Cardinal's Hat is going round.

A Word for Excursion Trains.

Great complaints have lately been made of the disappointments inflicted, and deceptions practised on passengers by Excursion trains. But the aggrieved parties should recollect that the object of Railway Directors in starting those trains, is to take as many people as possible in.

THE STAR OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

The French President enjoys considerable reputation for dramatic—or melodramatic—cleverness. The Parisian Press, however, is generally of opinion that his theatrical talent principally consists in "gag."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—Saturday, September 18th, 1852.

Wellington.

ALL bring their tribute to his name—from her
Who wears the crown to him who plies the spade
Under those windows where his corpse is laid,
Taking its rest at last from all those years of stir.

Years that re-moulded an old world in roar
And furnace-fires of strife—with hideous clang
Of battle-hammers; where they loudest rang,
His clear sharp voice was heard that ne'er will be heard more.

Courts have a seemly sorrow for such loss;
Cabinets politic regret: the great
Will miss his punctual presence at their state—
The shade of such eclipse even lowly hearths will cross.

But I, a jester, what have I to do
With greatness or the grave? The man and theme
The comment of my page may ill beseem;
So be it—yet not less do I pay tribute true.

For that in him to which I would bow down
Comes not of honours heaped upon his head,
Comes not of orders on his breast outspread—
Nor yet of captain's nor of councillor's renown.

It is that all his life example shews
Of reverence for duty: where he saw
Duty commanding word or act, her law
With him was absolute, and brooked no quibbling glose.

He followed where she pointed; right ahead—
Unheeding what might sweep across his path,
The cannon's volley, or the people's wrath;
No hope, howe'er forlorn, but at her call he led.

Hard as a blade so tempered needs must be,
And, sometimes, scant of courtesy, as one
Whose life has dealt with stern things to be done,
Not wide in range of thought, nor deep of subtlety:

Of most distrustful; sparing in discourse;
Himself untiring, and from all around
Claiming that force which in himself he found—
He lived, and asked no love, but won respect perforce.

And of respect, at last, came love unsought,
But not repelled when offered; and we knew
That this rare sternness had its softness too,
That woman's charm and grace upon his being wrought:

That underneath the armour of his breast
Were springs of tenderness—all quick to flow
In sympathy with childhood's joy or woe:
That children climbed his knees, and made his arms their nest.

For fifty of its eighty years and four
His life has been before us: who but knew
The short, spare frame, the eye of piercing blue,
The eagle-beak, the finger reared before

In greeting?—Well he bore his load of years,
As in his daily walk he paced along
To early prayer, or, 'mid the admiring throng,
Pass'd through Whitehall to counsel with his Peers.

He was true English—down to the heart's core;
His sternness and his softness English both:
Our reverence and love grew with his growth,
Till we are slow to think that he can be no more.

Peace to him! Let him sleep near him who fell
Victor at Trafalgar; by NELSON'S side
WELLINGTON'S ashes fitly may abide.
Great captain—noble heart! Hail to thee, and farewell!

TO THE BENEVOLENT—WANTED £5.

WE appeal to the benevolent and liberal: to those exalted souls with deep pockets that, despising the wretched distinctions between man and man by Mammon and *no* Mammon, would rescue the unfortunate. The case is simple, pathetic, but of daily occurrence. Here it is in brief: the penny lines of the reporter put into a little silver sixpence.

A young woman, named JANE TANNER—"a delicate-looking young person, whose face was shockingly disfigured,"—is unwillingly brought by her mother to Worship Street, to charge her false lover—(impulsive creature!)—WILLIAM HOLLOWAY, with an assault. On a recent occasion he had knocked out two of her teeth: but she had forgiven him *that*—he had expressed such sorrow for the untoward event. On Tuesday, however, he came to her, and at once asked her for money:

"She told him that she had not then a penny, when he flew into a violent passion, and dealt her such a violent blow in the face, that she became partially stunned, and both her eyes were swollen and contused as they now appeared."

She endeavoured to escape; he then felled her to the earth, and—(his poor victim was about to become a mother!)—"continued beating and kicking her about the body, till there was scarcely a part of her person that was not covered with bruises." Well, the betrayed, outraged JANE TANNER would not prosecute at the sessions. "Oh, no, Sir"—she said, and the words ought to have gone like knives into WILLIAM HOLLOWAY—"no, Sir, I can't prosecute him: let him go away; *I don't wish him to be punished.*"

Whereupon HOLLOWAY is fined "the highest amount of penalty" the law allows, namely, £5, or in default two months' imprisonment.

HOLLOWAY could not pay the money; therefore took a ride to Coldbath Fields in the felons' van. Now, is HOLLOWAY imprisoned for knocking down, beating, and kicking JANE TANNER? Certainly not; he is incarcerated for not having £5 to pay for the luxury. Had he possessed £5—with another £5 to back him—he might have departed to knock down, beat, and kick JANE TANNER again.

A few days before at the same office, "a stylishly-dressed man, who gave the name of GEORGE SMITH" is fined £5, with the alternative of two months' duresse, for giving an inoffensive woman two black eyes, and so wounding her face that "her dress was soaked with blood."

What then? GEORGE SMITH paid the money like—oh, like a Briton! Now, what—oh, wisdom of English law—what is the difference between WILLIAM HOLLOWAY picking oakum on prison diet, and GEORGE SMITH, the stylish, picking his way in perfect freedom? Answer—Five Pounds!

"UNCLE BULL'S CRIBBING."—*Published by Everybody and Co.*

WE have little to say of this book. The work speaks for its own popularity: speaks from booksellers' windows, railway stations, play-bills. It is a book admirably cribbed; beautifully stolen; magnificently pilfered. The writer of the book is everywhere read, admired, and plundered. The history of the introduction of the book to a discerning British public is, moreover, peculiar, original, almost touching.

WIZENBELLY, the publisher, is asked to give his straightforward, honest opinion of the book: in a plain, downright, candid, generous way, becoming a man and a publisher. WIZENBELLY pledges himself to make the effort, and does it. He sits up; in the domestic temple, his conjugal bed-room, he cuts the leaves, and enters upon the work. WIZENBELLY is a man of strong emotions; in a word, he is an enlightened publisher. He laughs a laugh and weeps a tear alternately, as he proceeds with the *Cribbing*. He then—as he vaunts per advertisement in the *Times*—wakes MRS. W. (whom, in his pardonable fondness, he designates as "rather a strong-minded woman") to hear a bit of the *Cribbing:* for he, in his bibliopolical—(there's a word!)—softness, may be betrayed into a too generous opinion. He reads and reads; and MRS. W. joins her laugh with the laugh of W.; and with the tear of W. mingles *her* tear. This decides him; the book is a great book, and the *Cribbing* will be a most advantageous *Cribbing*. Now, how many editions are there of *Uncle Bull's Cribbing;* and how much—how many farthings, for instance—may be paid to the American lady who merely wrote the book?

"Pooh, pooh, that's nothing," cries Paternoster-Row. "Do not the Americans plunder *us?*"

Very true—answers *Punch*—but two blacks do not, and cannot, make one white. Or if they could and did, how lucky for America; for that single fact would at once settle her slave question.

THE FOGIE FAMILY PAPERS.

THE NEW LAMP.

MR. FOGIE *had ordered and paid for the lamp that morning in the City, and has had it sent home to his house, Laburnum Villa, Hammersmith, by the Parcels' Delivery Company. It arrives just as the* FOGIES *are concluding dinner. The* FOGIE *family consists of old* MRS. FOGIE, *age a mystery even to the census collector;* MR. FOGIE, *the father of the family, age* 40; MRS. FOGIE, JUN., *the mother of the family, age (by her own account)* 30; MISS WINTERBOTTOM, *sister to* MRS. FOGIE, JUN., *age (by her own account)* 31: *but, as she was born four years before* MRS. FOGIE, JUN., *on the authority of the Family Bible, there is clearly an error somewhere;* MASTER SAMUEL FOGIE, *age* 4, *son and heir of the* FOGIES; MISS EMMA FOGIE, *age* 2½, *daughter of the house. And, on the day the New Lamp arrived, they had to dinner* MR. *and* MRS. RAMMER, *on a visit from the country. The tart and jelly are on the table, and the little* FOGIES *have just been admitted.*

Enter JAMES, *the indefinite boy (who waits, looks after the horse and chaise, and makes himself generally useful to the* FOGIES).

James. Please, it's a box by the Parcels' Delivery, and there's sixpence.

Mr. Fogie (with excitement). Oh, here—(*gives sixpence*); bring it in, JAMES. (*To the whole table cheerfully and eagerly.*) It's the lamp.

Old Mrs. Fogie (who does not believe in lamps, otherwise than as dangerous and explosive contrivances). The lamp, JOHN?

Mrs. Fogie, jun. (with a shade of severity and intense surprise). What lamp, my dear?

Enter JAMES *with a box carefully nailed and corded. The young* FOGIES, *with the instincts of childhood, rush upon it, and* MASTER SAM, *who is of an inquiring turn, has already purloined a fork from the sideboard, and has made considerable way towards wrenching off the prongs by inserting it under the lid.*

Mr. Fogie (still excited, but with a mixture of that embarrassment which belongs to every man who has done such a thing without the previous knowledge of his wife). Why, my dear, they are so very cheap and simple, and give so much more light than candles, and I thought it would be so useful—

Mrs. Fogie, jun. (with coldness). I wish you had told *me* you wished to buy something for the house, JOHN, and I would have given you a list of things we *really* want (*with a cutting emphasis on the "really," which makes* MR. FOGIE *thoroughly ashamed of himself*).

Mr. Fogie. Well, my dear, I thought—you know—

Old Mrs. Fogie (with deep concern). Oh, my dear! only think—the blacks they make; and then the servants never *can* clean 'em; and didn't one explode the other day at Hampstead over two young men?

[*Shakes her head ruefully.*

Rammer. Oh, that was camphine!

Mr. Fogie (glad to divert the conversation). Yes; and this is vegetable oil, you know—costs next to nothing, and no spirit in it, so it can't explode, mother; don't you see?

Old Mrs. Fogie. Ah, well! my dear. I'm sure I hope not; but, as for "can't," there's no saying what they may do, those lamps. I'm sure when your poor dear father once—

Mr. Fogie (who knows what this promises—jumping up). Well, but only look at it. It's the neatest, simplest thing—here—

[*Pushes away his plate and is rushing to the box.*

Mr. Fogie. Now then, JAMES, get the screw-driver. Eh? Hollo! (*Discovers the fork inserted by* MASTER SAM.) Confound that boy! if he hasn't gone and twisted the fork prongs off trying to open the box. (*The detected* SAMUEL *indulges in an anticipatory wail.*) I've a good mind—(*he is diverted from his parental intentions by the arrival of* JAMES *with the screw-driver. All crowd round the box and* MRS. FOGIE *expels the little ones.*) Oh, give it here.

Mrs. Fogie, jun. (interested in spite of herself.) Now do be careful, JOHN; it says "glass—with care."

Mr Fogie (prizing at the lid). Confound these nails!

Old Mrs. Fogie (who has a passion for making things useful in a way never contemplated by their makers). Mind you don't split the lid, JOHN. It will do beautifully to keep the pickles in, my dear (*to* MRS. FOGIE, *jun.*), with a padlock, you know. I've got one somewhere.

Rammer (who is of an impetuous and hasty nature). Try the poker, FOGIE; you'll never get it open with that infernal——

Mrs. Rammer (whose life is spent in recalling RAMMER *to a sense of his situation).* JOSHUA! (*All follow* FOGIE'S *efforts with intense interest, but with considerable diversity of opinion.*)

Mrs. Fogie, jun. Knock it up, JOHN.

Old Mrs. Fogie. Oh, mind! Now, JAMES, you put in the end of the hammer.

Miss Winterbottom. Force it down, JOHN.

Rammer. Here, I'll settle it in a crack.

[*Seizes the lid and is about to settle it.*

Mrs. Rammer (severely). JOSHUA!

[RAMMER *is recalled to a sense of his situation, and abandons his intention towards the box.*

Fogie (after violent but ill-directed efforts, with the aid of JAMES *and the advice of the whole party, has succeeded in getting the lid off in several pieces).* Here you are.

Rammer (about to plunge violently into the straw). Now for it!

Mrs. Fogie. Oh, MR. RAMMER, do mind—pray. It says, "glass—with care!" You'll break everything.

Mrs. Rammer. JOSHUA! [RAMMER *abandons the attempt.*

Mr. Fogie (in much excitement, handing out the contents of the box, and making a dreadful litter of straw). Here—mind—those are the chimneys—take care with the globes.

Old Mrs. Fogie (taking her usual ominous view of things). Ah, my dear, there'll be sad breakage, you'll see.

Mr. Fogie. Here's the stand, and here's the reservoir. Here—oh no—here are the wicks, and here are the scissors.

Old Mrs. Fogie. Ah! dear, dear! what a quantity of things, to be sure! It's always the way with these lamps.

Mr. Fogie (getting to the bottom of the box). And here's the oil-can—the cheapest thing!

Rammer. By Jove! Now then—let's put it all together.

Old Mrs. Fogie. That's the stand, there; and here's something (*curiously examining the reservoir*).

Rammer (impetuously seizes it). That's the reservoir.

Old Mrs. Fogie. Now *do* mind it doesn't explode, for they're never to be depended on. [*The lamp is gradually approaching completeness.*

Miss Winterbottom (with the dignified curiosity of a superior woman, who has attended several courses at the Literary and Philosophical Society, Hammersmith). What is the principle of the lamp, JOHN?

Mr. Fogie. Oh, the simplest thing possible, ANNE. You see that rack. (*All observe intently; old* MRS. FOGIE *shakes her head sadly.*) Well, there's a spring inside—I don't mean inside the rack, but inside the cylinder—here; and then there's a piston somewhere.

Mrs. Rammer (in her literal way). Where?

Mr. Fogie (not quite so clear). Oh—inside; you've all seen a steam engine?

All. Yes.

Mr. Fogie (leaping to a conclusion). Then you know what a piston is, of course. Well, you put in the oil, and the piston forces it up; you know you've wound it up first—I mean, wound the rack up—and as the spring works, the oil is sucked up by capillary attraction.

Miss Winterbottom (who recognises the word). Yes, I understand (*to* MRS. FOGIE, *with an air of calm superiority*), it's the principle that melts sugar in tea, my dear JANE. We had it beautifully explained in MR. TOODLES'S last course at the Institution.

Mrs. Fogie. Yes; it's all very well for you, ANNE, who take an interest in science, and chemistry, and that sort of thing, but I'm not at all sure that I quite understand *now* how it all works.

Mr. Fogie (who does not feel very strong in the internal machinery of the lamp). Oh! never mind that, my dear, it's the simplest thing to use; in fact, it's the Carcel principle, you know.

Old Mrs. Fogie (whose forebodings have been much increased by the description of her son). Ah! well, my dear, I'm sure I hope it will all be for the best, but in your poor dear father's time—

Mr. Fogie (cutting her off as usual at this point). Now then, let's pour in the oil. Where's the funnel?

Mrs. Fogie, jun. Now, pray, JOHN, let *me* do it; you'll spill it all over the table cover.

Rammer (impetuous as usual). Here—here—now then, I'll pour—you hold—there. [MRS. FOGIE *holds funnel,* RAMMER *pours.*

Rammer. Say when, MRS. FOGIE.

Mrs. Fogie. Oh, stop, stop, it's all over the table.

Rammer. Confound it! [*Tries to mop up the oil with a piece of paper.*

Mrs. Rammer. JOSHUA!

[*With much difficulty the oil is brought to a stand still, after making a mess on the table. All pause.* FOGIE *lights a match exultingly.*

Old Mrs. Fogie (*whose fears of explosion are incessant.*) Oh, my dear—please—do mind the light. Now, pray, JOHN.

[FOGIE *makes ineffectual attempts on the wick.*

Mrs. Fogie. Are there not directions for use somewhere?

Mr. Fogie. Yes, I know there were some. Eh? (*sees paper with which* RAMMER *has tried to wipe up the oil, and seizes it.*) Here they are—er—all over that infernal oil; here—(*reads*) "Directions for trimming:—Wind up the lamp a few minutes before lighting it." Eh? ah—what a pity we didn't wind it up a few minutes before.

Rammer. Wind it up!

Mrs. Fogie. But it says afterwards, "The first time the lamp is filled, the oil does not ascend to the burner for ten minutes."—(*Dictatorially*). We must wait for ten minutes.

Miss Winterbottom. No, but that's after it's wound up, you know.

Rammer. Now, wind away, FOGIE, or it will never light.

Miss Winterbottom. You'll see it will be no use. [FOGIE *is irresolute.*

Mrs. Fogie. Take the globe off before you do anything, or we shan't see when the oil gets to the wick.

Miss Winterbottom. Oh, it's sure to get there by capillary attraction; but if you take off the chimney, the oxygen may get to it and prevent combustion.

Rammer (*who has been turning silently at the rack*). Hurrah! here's the oil—all over the top of the wick! Lots of it! Now then, FOGIE. Blaze away!

Mrs. Rammer. JOSHUA!

Mr. Fogie (*joyously*). Now then, off with the chimney (*fumbling with match at wick, but succeeding at last in lighting it*). There you are.

Rammer (*never satisfied with things as they are*). Now, turn him up.

Mrs. Fogie. No, no, that's the rack handle.

Miss Winterbottom. No, the other turns up the wick—that's the wrong way.

Mr. Fogie. Now, do be quiet, ANNE, will you? He's right enough.

Mrs Rammer. Hadn't you better put on the chimney? (*appealing to her directions.*) It says (*reading*) "Put on the chimney, which fits in a sliding holder, and so adjust it as to let the shoulder be a little higher than the cotton."

Mrs. Fogie. Shoulder? Where's the shoulder?

Mr. Fogie. Oh! that's the thing it fits in.

Miss Winterbottom. No, that's the slider, JOHN.

Rammer. No, no; the shoulder's the swell of the chimney; there, you see, if I put it up the flame rises (*proceeds to demonstrate, and burns his fingers*). Confound it, I've burnt my fingers! Oh! da——

Mrs Rammer (*very awfully*). JOSHUA!!!

[JOSHUA *swallows his expletives and submits to his burnt fingers as he best may.*

Mr. Fogie (*finally settling the globe, and with an air of supreme satisfaction withdrawing a few paces*). There we are! Delightful light! isn't it?

Mrs. Fogie, jun. Well, JOHN, dear, it *is* a very nice light, certainly.

All. Oh, delightful!

Old Mrs. Fogie. Ah! but when it comes to the cleaning, and the servants, and the danger—ah! [*Shakes her head most prophetically.*

Mrs. Fogie, jun. But you must admit, Mamma, it's a beautiful light!

Miss Winterbottom. And so beautifully scientific in its principles!

Mr. Fogie. Exactly—and so simple!

Old Mrs. Fogie. Ah, my dears!

[*All look on cheerfully at the first performance of the New Lamp except* MRS. FOGIE, *who is left shaking her head.*

THE WISDOM OF WISEACRES.

THERE are two principles on which the Income Tax may be levied. One is the common-sense principle, which it is unnecessary to explain. The other is the mathematical principle—thus stated by "R.," a correspondent of the *Times*:—

"That it is to be levied on what we call productive property only—that is, on property which, as a whole, under the influence of the industry of the people, is found to acquire a certain increase in a certain interval of time."

What is this but the proposition that the subject of taxation ought to be Industry alone? Industry says she had rather not—would prefer to divide the burden with idleness. Mathematicians are clever fellows at building demonstrations on *data*, but they sometimes take for *data* things that are not granted. They have progressed so far in their own science as to have forgotten its first elements, and they reason upon postulates that, instead of being self-evident, are ridiculous.

BAD ORNITHOLOGY.

THE *Munster News* contradicts a report that the EARL OF DUNRAVEN had been "received into the Catholic Church." For the Dun Raven, perhaps, the reporter mistook some Green Goose.

PEACE AND WAR—HOT AND COLD.

T the idea of France invading England, the *Constitutionnel* laughs on one side of its mouth, and with the other side most vehemently threatens. It at once talks milk and honey—fire and bullets.

Invasion! what folly! We love England, but—couldn't we, if we liked, pitch into her?

Invasion! May our hands never be outstretched but to clasp Englishmen, and—if they provoke us, roll 'em in the dirt, tread upon 'em, march over 'em, annihilate 'em.

Invasion! May we never visit London but with the palm-branch—and wouldn't our holy bayonets avenge Waterloo?

Invasion! May the soil of England remain unpolluted by the foot of hostility, but—let England remember that the new screw-ship *Napoleon*—with twenty others—could at a thought land 1500 men upon Dover beach, and England was never invaded but she was conquered. Bless her, we say, but let her tremble.

In this fashion does France give the kiss of peace to England. Even as fire would kiss gunpowder.

DUBLIN REVIEW.

OUR own Correspondent informs us that the Irish Brigade was reviewed yesterday in Phœnix Park, with a view to its preparation for the approaching campaign, by the General of the Jesuits.

The whole troop marched by the distinguished officer with their colours—scarlet—flying. Their uniform—pea green with scarlet facings—presented a gay and motley appearance.

After having performed the usual evolutions of falling in, and out, uniting to act in a body, separating as light skirmishers, lying in ambush, and circumventing the enemy, they exhibited the spectacle of a sham fight.

One of their most striking manœuvres was the reception of a charge of tailors and hotel-keepers, which they repulsed with great gallantry, to the heavy loss of the assailants.

They fired several vollies of vituperation and invective with wonderful effect.

In interchanging a discharge of blank jokes they showed much composure, and, it is hoped, will behave valiantly under the fire of contempt and ridicule which awaits their projected onslaught upon the British Constitution.

The auxiliary Puseyite and Destructive Squadron was present, in order to take a lesson in tactics.

A strong corps of mental reserve was also on the field.

The Commanding Officer expressed himself satisfied with the appearance of the Brigade, but it was generally remarked that they looked extremely ill-conditioned.

The ceremonies concluded with a Royal Salute to the representative of the Pontifical Toe.

The renowned Brass Band was in attendance, and performed appropriate airs; the forces retiring from the ground to the celebrated *Marcia di Briccone*.

A Line or two for Railway Passengers.

RAILWAY Amalgamation is one of the prime causes of railway accidents.

If the Companies were to run against each other more than they do, the trains would not so often come in contact.

If there were less of collusion, we should certainly have less of collision.

Haynau and History.

HAYNAU, not long ago, expressed himself to the effect that he left the vindication of his character to "History." This we submit to be a delusion of the General's. He has observed how History records the career of "WHITTINGTON," and thinks that he, too, will be held in honour from his association with the "Cat!"

A SKETCH AT RAMSGATE.

Ellen (*who loves a joke at* AUNT FIDGET'S *expense*). "GOOD GRACIOUS, AUNT! THERE ARE TWO OFFICERS!"

Aunt Fidget (*a short-sighted lady*). "BLESS ME, SO THERE ARE! WELL; THEY MAY BE OFFICERS, BUT THEY ARE NOT *GENTLEMEN*, I'M SURE, OR THEY WOULDN'T STAND LOOKING AT US IN THAT IMPUDENT MANNER."

KING CHOLERA TO HIS LIEGE FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

To his true English friends
KING CHOLERA sends
A grip of his blue five fingers;
With a piece of his mind,
As, awaiting a wind,
On the Baltic shore he lingers.

From Erzeroom,
On the wings of doom,
(In the course which observers foresaw)
He has swept to the west,
And is now at rest
For a breathing-time at Warsaw.

From his head-quarters there,
He 's been taking the air,
And enjoying his usual diversion:
To Silesia, south,
North, to Vistula's mouth,
And to Dantzic has made an excursion.

But, in countries like these,
Full of fever and fleas,
Ere he comes half his victory's won for him;
What need of his cramps,
When the ditches and damps
Already his business have done for him?

'Gainst serfs and poor slaves,
And frowsty Jew knaves,
Starveling peasants and that sort of cattle—
He'd be really ashamed
If folks think he has claimed
Any credit for winning the battle.

No! England's the place
Where he strips for the race,
And girds up his loins for his struggle;
There, he fights hand to hand,
E'en when into the land
His *virus* he's managed to smuggle.

With its press, and its wealth,
And its curs'd Boards of Health,
Its sewers, and drains, and inspectors—
Who, wherever he goes,
Will keep poking their nose,
And presuming to act as detectors.

Were it not for his friends
Whom this greeting he sends,
He fears he'd have no chance in Britain;
But these friends, by good luck,
Are conveniently stuck
In the seats that his foes fain would sit in:—

Boards of Guardians so true,
Boards of Health who pooh-pooh,
And laugh to scorn doctors and drainers—
Who self-government call
Not to govern at all—
Of the great cause of dirt stout maintainers;

Who, when orders come down
For cleansing the town,
Wish to know by what right they're dictated to;
Talk of drain-pipes and hose,
And they turn up their nose,
And declare they don't want to be prated to.

While this troop of friends
KING CHOLERA defends,
Let who will attempt to disarm him:
There's the old fever nest,
With its victims of pest—
The old sights—the old smells—still to charm him.

From the far Baltic shore
He greets you once more,
Old friends, still be sturdy and mulish:
On self-government stand,
And let him sweep the land,
And be still penny-wise and pound-foolish!

A COURT FOR KING CHOLERA.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1852.

THE DIGNITY OF THE WORKING CLASSES OFFENDED!

To the RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN MANNERS.

MY NOBLE LORD,—I now take the liberty of addressing your Lordship, because everybody says that your Lordship ought to have been made a Commissioner of Sports and Pastimes. My Lord, SIR J. W. RAMSDEN, Bart., as your Lordship may be aware, came of age the other day. To celebrate that happy event, it was announced by handbill that certain prizes were to be competed for at Longley Hall; valuable prizes, some of them: one, a Set of Donkey-Cart Harness; another a Silver Watch; another a China Tea Service and Tray; another, may it please your Lordship, a Pig. The proposed games were a Donkey Race: capital fun, you know, my Lord; Climbing a Pole: very amusing, your Lordship; a Wheelbarrow Race Blindfold; a Hurdle Race on Foot; and a Donkey Tournament: all good old English Sports, my Lord, particularly the last—says you. Then there was to come a variety of leaping and foot-racing—including a Sack Race; followed by Bell in the Ring, a Pony Hurdle Race, and a Foot Steeple Chase; the whole to conclude with Hunting a Pig—clodhoppers chasing a pig, trying which can catch him, and swing him round his head by the tail; pretty diversion, if not what you call intellectual; and very gratifying to gentlemen lookers-on—especially as the pig's tail is greased. Now, my Lord, wouldn't your Lordship say this was just the right thing; reviving ancient customs; 'cultivating friendly relations with the humbler classes,' to use the elegant language of genteel newspapers. Weren't all these the very games and sports which the genuine Old English Gentleman in the song would have delighted in, and most likely have had acted at his own majority? Could any ceremonies have been more fit and proper? Of course your Lordship would expect that if you had been in SIR J. W. RAMSDEN's place, all the Longley clowns and clod-poles would have flung up their hats for you, made a bonfire in your honour, danced round it, and drunk your health with nine times nine, as in gratitude and duty bound. And you would naturally suppose, my Lord, you would have been applauded and praised by the whole neighbourhood sky-high!

"Instead of that—what does your Lordship think? A 'crowded public meeting,'—*crowded*, my Lord!—was 'held in the Philosophical Hall, Huddersfield'—I am copying a newspaper advertisement—'on Thursday Evening, September 9th,' at which the following disrespectful resolution was passed unanimously:—

"'That while this meeting highly approves of amusements for the working classes, whose labour makes recreation at once necessary and useful, it would yet record its strong conviction that the increasing intelligence and general culture of the age demand that such sports and amusements be at least healthful and innocent, and tend as far as possible to elevate the tastes, and promote the well-being, physical and moral, of the people.'

"And then, my Lord, these terrible fellows also resolved:—

"'That this meeting has seen with deep regret the announcement of a programme of sports for the amusement of the people, in celebration of the majority of SIR J. W. RAMSDEN—sports which are, this meeting believes, of a highly objectionable character, worthy only of an uncivilised age and people; and it hereby desires to give expression to its indignant sense of the degrading estimate of the tastes, intelligence, and character of the working population of this town implied in such programme, and recommends, further, that out of self-respect and regard for the moral well-being of the community, the working classes, generally, will abstain from all participation, even as spectators, in the sports at Longley Hall, on Wednesday next."

"Shocking chaps! my Lord. Fancy, your Lordship, these mechanics, tinkers, tailors, cobblers, and weavers, turning philosophers, and meeting and passing resolutions—knocking out a Baronet's eye—in a 'Philosophical Hall.' Only think of these fellows presuming not only to despise the amusements of our ancestors, but also flying in the face of a man of title, who, they say, has come into a million of money! I asked one of these philosophers what he objected to in such very suitable recreations for the People; and his answer was, 'Suppose the PRINCE OF WALES were to come of age next week, and the QUEEN were to ask the aristocracy, in honour of the occasion, to practise good old English sports in Hyde Park. Fancy the chivalrous Ministry riding a 'Donkey Tournament,' or racing in sacks. Conceive the Lords and Commons at 'Bell in the Ring,' or the Bench of Bishops 'Hunting a Pig.'

"Oh dear! my Lord, to think of a Bishop hunting a pig! I told that philosopher fellow that he shouldn't talk so. 'But,' says he, 'why not? I know it's beneath the dignity of Bishops, and Lords, and Squires to play such fool's tricks. Beneath their *dignity*—that's it! Well, where lies their dignity? In their lawn-sleeves, ribands, acres? No. In that which elevates them above the fool—in that which renders them superior to the jackass—understanding, knowledge. If we, Huddersfield working-men, have souls above donkey races, they are beneath *our* dignity, I should think. I dare say SIR J. W. RAMSDEN means well; but how would he like, on the PRINCE coming of age, as aforesaid, to be invited by HER MAJESTY to climb a pole for a leg of mutton?'

"What state of things are we coming to, my Lord, when common fellows think and talk like this? Not old English times over again, I am afraid, your Lordship. I remember when a lout would have thought himself highly honoured if requested by a gentleman to grin through a horse-collar. Those days will never return, your Lordship; ah, no! my Lord; the clowns and bumpkins have lost nearly all that respect and reverence they used to have for large property and leather breeches; very shocking, this, to

"Your Lordship's humble servant,

"POWDERPUFF."

HYMEN AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

A FORM of petition has been considerately drawn up by LOUIS NAPOLEON—and circulated throughout France—a petition to be signed by the labouring classes, praying, heartily praying, that the President will condescend to become an Emperor. "The man of God"—as piously designated by the BISHOP OF CHALONS—is entreated to cap the dignity with a diadem. He has only to consent, and we doubt not that another dove will duly bring another *ampoulle*—in humble imitation of the dove that honoured ST. LOUIS—full of the holiest oil, to grease the President's head, that his uncle's crown (too small, no doubt, for his nephew's *caput*) may, with a little wriggling in the hands of Mother Church, be made to slip on, and fit. This, however, by the way.

One of the great fireside reasons for calling upon the President to become Emperor is, that he may settle the delicate question of marriage, at some time or other sure to agitate the paternal breast of the labourer for his little one—

"Considering that with a President for 10, 15, or 20 years, the father of a family cannot foresee under what political conditions the boy or girl now growing up between his knees may be married."

Now this is a question, or rather consideration, that even now interests French boys and girls, if there are such beings; for we have always considered them as little men and women. It is a great point with JULES, aged four, whether he shall marry HORTENSE, rising three, under a republican despotism, or an empire. Poor little JULES; how can he prepare for future housekeeping? Sweet HORTENSE—in maiden meditation, sucking her little thumb—how can she decide upon the fashion of her *trousseau*; for what might serve for a President would be very *mauvais ton* for an Emperor.

It is supposed that all the boys' and girls'—we mean all the little men and womens'—boarding-schools will petition the President, at once and for ever, (all things are done for ever in France,) to settle the momentous question.

Echo answers "When!"

THE *Constitutionnel*, in an article full of benevolent hopes that the English may not know the misfortunes of an invasion, goes on to add that nothing is easier, and that "England has always been conquered when a foreign army set foot on her soil." The word "*when*" qualifies most materially the force of this sentence, as far as the present generation is concerned. The actual possessors happening to be the descendants of the conquerors, defeats the force of the suggestion that England is to be vanquished by any one who sets foot on her soil. *When* an enemy sets foot there, we may expect England to knock under; but not till then. We suspect that any foreign enemy trying the experiment would find he had set his foot in it indeed.

WE BEG TO SECOND THE AMENDMENT.

A VERY literal and illiterate gentleman suggests that, as all the Frenchman has left of his "*Egalité*" is his Eagle, the word should be spelt now "*Eagle-ité*."

AN UNMARKETABLE MARKET.

SOME remedies, as we all know, are worse than the disease; and, though a slight bruise on the arm might be lost sight of in a smart counter-irritation got up about the eyes and nose, there are few who would, in their own cases, give their countenances to such an expedient. Everybody admits that Smithfield Market is an evil that ought to be put down: but there are some persons strongly of opinion that to take it away from the heart of the City, and lay it down in the bosom of an elegant little suburb, is something like extracting a carbuncle from a groggy old gentleman's nose and transplanting it to a delicate young lady's cheek.

If a cattle-market is out of place in the atmosphere of Smithfield, it will certainly be—with its million odours—a little *trop fort* for the balmy air of Camden New Town. If over-driven bullocks are unpleasant in a crowded street, they will be scarcely more acceptable in the squares and terraces leading to villa residences; and if an eccentric ox is an unwelcome visitor at a wine-vaults or a china-shop, he will be equally objectionable as a dropper in among the congregation of a quiet suburban church. It seems that the intended site of the new cattle-market is a nice genteel little neighbourhood, inhabited by persons who seek repose there from the turmoils of the City. They are, however, to be reminded of the struggles and noise of a town life by animal lowing and human bellowing—by the barking of dogs and the snarling of drovers—by, in fact, Smithfield Market and all its horrors being brought home to their very doors, or occasionally into their very windows, if an infuriated beast takes it into its head and horns to have a glance at the Home Circle.

We admit the difficulty of finding any place in which a cattle-market would not be out of place, but we think it rather hard upon the inmates of a little colony of suburban villas that their retirement should be invaded by the drover and his herds, the slaughterman and his victims, the butcher and his boys. Pastoral life admits certainly of a taste of the bucolic, but a cattle-market, with all its filth and dirt, would invest a semi-rural neighbourhood with a little too much of the *couleur locale*. It is easier to say where the market ought not to be than to suggest where it ought to be, for even when "an open spot at a distance from town" is spoken of as the proper site, it is still a very open question where such an open spot can be found. Smithfield is going a begging: there is, as it were, a great nuisance in the market, and we are not surprised that nobody is willing to have it at any price.

A LOOMER! A SYBIL!! AND A SEER!!!

MR. DISRAELI for some time past has been a LOOMER—in former days his name was connected with a celebrated work, called the SYBIL—and now, in the words of MR. LIDDELL, he is "a SEER." Such a combination of prophetic qualities was never yet known in a person, who followed, as a profession, the art of conjuring. What "Wizard of the North" can compete with him? What double-sighted youth can see so far into the future as he can? What "Mysterious Lady" can foretell half as many things as our wonderful CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER? Blindfold him, and he will tell us everything that is going to happen for the next ten years. HORACE tells us: "*Carpe diem*,"—but our Great Loomer is not satisfied with seizing to-day; he wishes to seize this day twelvemonth as well. What wonderful things we shall see when Parliament opens! The future will be unrolled before us, like a tailor's pattern-book, and we shall be able to choose what we please: "ROBIN'S *Soirées*" will be deserted in favour of DISRAELI'S, and England will be proud of having a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER who is such an astonishing conjuror—a perfect CERBERUS in his way, with three heads—a Loomer! a Sybil!! and a Seer!!!

HEAR, HEAR!—The *Times* lately observed, that there was a blight in the crop of rising political talent. This seems odd, when we consider the promise in the way of ears!

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—The nuisance of being continually bothered for your autograph.—*Widdicomb.*

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

BY DR. CAHILL.

I.

How doth the ever busy wasp
Improve the shining hour;
His object ever is to grasp
The sweets of fruit and flower.

To dip his beak into the peach,
To pierce the ripen'd plum;
To suck whatever is in reach,
To sting whoe'er may come!

So, children, you should ne'er forget
This insect's happy toil;
Before you his example set,
And what you can't eat, spoil.

II.

WHAT, children, do you hesitate
To let your passions rise?
Those little hands of yours were made
To scratch out British eyes!

CHILDREN'S PLAYFUL RHYMES. BY THE SAME.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY sat on the wall,
Humpty shot the landlord tall—
Heretic's horses, heretic's men,
Can't set that landlord up again!

SING a song of sixpence about a little lie,
DERBY killed an Irish child and baked it in a pie;
When the pie was open'd, the QUEEN for joy did sing,
And thought it just the very dish to set before a king!

HEY diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The POPE invented the moon;
The Protestants laughed, to the Vatican went,
And bolted away with a spoon!

Note.—The Doctor has directed that the above shall be circulated, by means of a classic rescript addressed to country priests. "*Quod carmina nunc ad vos per twopenny postum transmissa, apud juvenalibus pueros, acerrimo studio, et likeblasio, instanter legantur!*"

(Signed) CAHILL.

THE BALL AT MR. DISRAELI'S FOOT.

DISRAELI has attained to quite a dizzy height of fame. After having got the first place but one in the Cabinet, he has not only been made an addition to TUSSAUD'S, but also a multiplication in the music-shop windows, where his portrait figures on the exterior of a Polka, delineated as a sort of "Beauty of the Budget," with a curiously sentimental look of reproachful melancholy blended with disdain, directed at vacancy. The Polka has been composed in honour of the distinguished gentleman himself, and is styled the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S Polka. What connection, however, there is between dancing and DISRAELI does not appear; he has a reputation for figures, but we cannot as yet judge of his steps: and only see him standing gracefully in the second position. According to a daily advertisement, this "remarkably elegant and truly spirited Polka" should be ordered by "every lover of good dance music;" and might hence be inferred to be a musical novelty, but a correspondent asks whether it is not our old friend *Jim Crow* again under a new name? It might perhaps equally well be conjectured to be *Sitch a Gettin' up Stairs* with another title. When the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S Polka comes to be danced in November next, it is certainly more than probable that its principal movement will be rotatory, and that the Right Honourable Gentleman and his partner will regularly turn about and wheel about from Protection to Free Trade. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S Polka is offered at the usual charge for such articles, but, we fear, will be found to cost much more than that altogether—when we come to pay the piper.

A GRAVEYARD THAT CAN NEVER BE OVERCROWDED.—Oblivion—where there is always room for whatever has to be buried there.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?" as the Up, the Down, and the Luggage-train said, when they all ran into one another at the junction.

MAXIMS FOR THE BETTING BOOK.

THE Boy who bets is to be pitied, but not the Man; for the probability is the Boy "knows no better," but the Man can have no such excuse.

Put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the betting-shop.

Cigars are generally sold in betting-shops. This, of itself, should open one's eyes to the *Cabbage*.

Most of the betting-shops are about St. Martin's Lane. It would not be bad to call the patron Saint of the betting-shops "BETTY MARTIN," as that lady's name is generally invoked in matters of a doubtful tendency.

The young clerk who frequents the Till will soon find his way to the Compter.

The betting man is a downy-bird, that's generally found upon the turf, with black legs.

"What's the odds so long as you're happy?"—but we doubt if those odds are to be had at a betting-office.

We never knew a "sporting card," who didn't turn up a knave.

The men who run to Boulogne are not *saddled with debt* so much as one half the horses that run.

We hear of "sporting cribs," and we should say a betting-house is one of the greatest *Cribs* of the kind.

If servants do bet, we should not blame them so much, for they only follow the example of their betters.

A shilling bet is a shilling lost.

Bet is a prodigal daughter that will ruin the richest father.

A lark will sing all the better if a piece of turf is put in his cage, but before a man can get any singing out of the turf, he has to pay very dearly for his lark.

BALLOON NEWS.

BALLOON ascents are now so numerous that we expect the air will, before long, be navigated as much as the sea. In that case an aërial Lloyd's will be requisite; balloons will have to be insured no less than ships: and persons will not venture in a balloon that is advertised for a long voyage, unless it is properly entered as A 1 o the Ballooning List.

The newspapers will be obliged to devote a certain space by the side of their Shipping Intelligence to a new feature called into existence by the increased navigation of Balloons. Under this new head of "Ballooning Intelligence," we fancy we read, in two years hence, the following particulars:—

NOTICE TO AERONAUTS!

FIXED LIGHT AT THE TOP OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

The French Government has given notice, that for the future a fixed light will be established on the summit of Strasburg Cathedral. This light will be visible at the distance of 15 miles.

In return for this great consideration, the French Government trustfully hopes that all aëronauts will steer as clear of the Spire as possible, as the repeated shocks against it have materially shaken its strength, and rendered its safety a matter of great uncertainty.

NOTICE.

If the Balloon that was wrecked last Monday night on the top of Langham Church is not cleared away from its present elevation within ten days from the present notice, it will be sold to defray the expenses.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—Wind at noon, N.E., strong breeze, cloudy, and foggy. at 10p.m. N.E.N.

RICHMOND.—The French Balloon, *Gobemouche*, fell in the Thames near the Castle. Passengers came off with a ducking. Balloon gone no one knows where. The calf killed.

PUTNEY.—The *Sylph*, of Guildford, put in at the Seven Bells for brandy-and-water. The balloon then rose, and sailed gracefully in the direction of Hammersmith, leaving the donkey they took up behind them.

COWES.—A strange balloon passed over here, supposed to be the *Minories*, of London, at 6 p.m., and distributed a shower of handbills belonging to "NOSES AND SON."

WORMWOOD SCRUBBS.—The monster balloon, *Bedlam*, of Cremorne Gardens, landed here in a most distressed condition about 3 a.m. The 33 passengers more dead than alive. Every effort made to save the hippopotamus, but suffocated by getting its head inside the balloon, and not being able to get it out again. Balloon a complete wreck.

ENFIELD.—A parachute, with a bull-dog inside, fell through a gentleman's conservatory about two miles from here. The proprietor, a lawyer, threatens to prosecute the aëronaut if he only ascertains his name. Bull-dog exceedingly savage upon learning who his host was.

KENNINGTON COMMON.—A big egg fell on a gentleman's head who was passing here. Supposed to have fallen from the ostrich suspended from the *Folly*, that sailed at 5 p.m. from the Bower Saloon. The gentleman, quite overcome with this unexpected ovation, left instantly to seek re-dress.

OSBORNE.—The *Nassau*, from Vauxhall Gardens, COMMODORE GREEN, looked in here for five minutes, whilst the Royal party was at dinner, and played "*God save the Queen*" in the air, with three military bands. It returned again in the evening, at 10p.m., and discharged its light cargo of fireworks.

BALLOONS SPOKEN WITH.

The *Tom Fool*, from Rosherville Gardens, for a spot where it could land, Sept. 19th, in the Bagnigge Wells Road.

The *Gull*, from the North Woolwich Tea-Gardens, for any landing-place but the Thames, Sept. 20, in the Isle of Dogs.

The *Canard*, from the Hippodrome, Paris, for a corn-field where it could drop its elephant with safety, Sept. 21, in the Park of St. Cloud.

The emigrant balloon, *Carrier Pigeon*, from Vauxhall Gardens, for the Antipodes, June 5, in the middle of the desert. The *Carrier Pigeon* signalled it had a drunken man on board that it was anxious to ship into another balloon.

The *Earl Rosse*, from the Greenwich Observatory, to make discoveries in the Moon, July 22, at an altitude of 11,065 feet above the Earth.

We may return to this subject, as we have lunatic expectations of seeing, some day, a line of balloons which will start every quarter of an hour from Paddington to the Bank, and carry passengers for "3*d*. all the way!"

Equity made Easy.

GOVERNMENT will have that the more equitable adjustment of the Income Tax is impossible. But nothing that is at all conceivable, is wholly impossible; only possible more or less. Now, which is the less possible operation, the re-adjustment of the Income Tax, or its collection in its present iniquitous shape? If the taxers can't tell, perhaps the payers will let them know.

Peru on its own Guano.

WILL the Peruvians show fight in case JONATHAN should proceed to occupy the Lobos Islands? Perhaps; and prove troublesome customers: as the ordinary "rooster," though elsewhere he may succumb to the game-cock, is proverbially apt to display plenty of combativeness on his own domain—that mound of fertilising substance with which guano may be considered intrinsically identical.

THE LEGAL FRATERNITY.—Brothers-in-Law.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY—THE OLD DOG POINTS CAPITALLY.

"I TELL YER WOT IT IS, SAM! IF THIS FOOL OF A DOG IS A GOING TO STAND STILL LIKE THIS HERE IN EVERY FIELD HE COMES TO, WE MAY AS WELL SHUT UP SHOP, FOR WE SHAN'T FIND NO PARTRIDGES!"

THE NETHERBY GAME LICENCE.

PUNCH, MY DEAR BOY, Though you do, sometimes, in the excess of your zeal for the poor farmers, call us vermin, I know you are fond of us, and would feel great pleasure in seeing myself at your table to-morrow. You would not like to have us all utterly destroyed; you would desire that *some* reasonable compromise should be made with the agriculturists on our behalf. Therefore you will be pleased with a circular relative to our family, which your old friend, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, has addressed to his Netherby tenants. This communication states that

"'SIR JAMES GRAHAM, unsolicited, has much pleasure in notifying to his tenantry, that they have his permission to hunt and kill hares and rabbits on their several farms, between the hours of sunrise and sunset—the time for killing hares being limited to the usual period, from the 27th of September to the 27th of February. Neither guns nor snares to be used.'

"Neither guns nor snares are to be used—but SIR JAMES GRAHAM vouchsafes to allow his tenants to kill hares and rabbits, as many as they can, by hunting. There is the course of coursing open to them for prosecuting these four-legged trespassers; and also, it would seem, that of knocking on the head all the rabbits and hares that will wait till the sportsman walks over them. Now, my dear Sir, doesn't it strike you that this is an extremely mild and moderate concession to the demand for the right to abate 'vermin?' Shouldn't you, if you were a rat, and the increase of your tribe had, at least in some measure, to be limited, be sufficiently happy to be exterminated with such merciful restrictions? I do say that SIR JAMES GRAHAM deserves the thanks of every hare and rabbit on his estate for thus endeavouring to mitigate their persecution by the farmers. But that those gentlemen themselves will be equally obliged to him, is an expectation in which I am afraid SIR JAMES is very considerably too sanguine. His circular proceeds:—

"'This permission will be continued from the present date until further notice. During its continuance, SIR JAMES GRAHAM confidently expects and trusts that such a concession on his part will induce all his tenants, by themselves and their servants, to preserve the winged game on their respective farms, to the utmost of their power, for the amusement of himself, his family, and friends.'

"'Such a concession!' I really fear, Sir, that the farmer who rejoices—or ought to rejoice—in vassalage to SIR JAMES GRAHAM, will be ungrateful enough to tear his landlord's gracious proclamation in pieces and stamp upon it, fling it behind the fire, or, more wisely, light his pipe with it. For the man may, very possibly, fancy that he is mocked and insulted by the request to subserve so assiduously the amusement of a gentleman, by whom that very amusement—shooting—is expressly interdicted to himself. He will hardly discern the immense favour granted him in this unsolicited grace, this spontaneous indulgence, this *motu proprio*, as SIR JAMES'S ally, the POPE, would say. Therein, indeed, the Netherby farmer—and everybody else, too, probably—will recognise rather the pompous egotism of the ex-official Poor Law Beadle than the liberal jocosity of the present Manchester Progressionist. A mighty boon, to be sure, has SIR JAMES GRAHAM conferred upon his tenantry in licensing them to kill hares, provided they neither shoot nor snare them! Yet I am sorry to say, *Mr. Punch*, I have no hope that this act of generosity will in the least improve his prospects of becoming Prime Minister—to execute the designs of the Irish Brigade, and to oppose the machinations of MR. MAZZINI against the Papacy, either in Downing Street or St. Martin's-le-Grand. His game, and his game-licence, will be alike seen through, Sir, or I'll be jugged—and you may eat

"Your humble friend,

"*Netherby, Sept.* 14, 1852. "POOR PUSS."

Putting Moonshine into your Pocket.

THE Austrian intelligence of the *Times* talked a few days ago of the *munnscheine* of Vienna. When we think of the value of these Treasury notes, this error, if we translate it by the sound, is a most expressive one. In truth, *moonshine* expresses precisely what an Austrian note is worth—as any one who is weak enough to part with his gold for paper in Austria will soon find out to his cost.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 25th, 1852.

MYSTERIOUS DISTURBANCES IN DOWNING STREET.

HERE has been, for some time past, considerable excitement in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, in consequence of strange and unaccountable noises which have been heard to proceed from a portion of the building wherein the Exchequer Office is situated. The sounds in question consist chiefly of a sort of humming noise, somewhat similar to the moaning of the wind so often heard, and producing so melancholy an effect, amid old ruins; but it has been observed that the humming continues, and indeed is loudest, when there is not a breath of air stirring. At intervals this mysterious murmur ceases, and a succession of groans, as if proceeding from some person engaged in painful exertion, is clearly audible. Some listeners positively state that, amid the confused mixture of sounds, they have from time to time distinctly heard arithmetical numbers articulated; and they compare the whole effect upon the ear to the sort of buzzing that commonly proceeds from a parish school at work ciphering. Those who have read the "*Seeress of Prevorst*," and are aware of the spiritual and mystic relations of numbers, will probably be confirmed by this circumstance in referring these singular acoustic phenomena to a supernatural origin; but philosophers of a more material turn may probably surmise that the troubled spirit is no other than that of the living MR. DISRAELI, absorbed in the severe labour of getting up his budget, and calculating aloud.

CHARLEY'S MY DARLING.

IT seems that royalty as represented by CHARLES THE FIRST—at Charing Cross—is once more in danger; and some enthusiastic loyalist has been calling out, through that tremendous speaking trumpet, the *Times*, for a second Restoration. In this instance the Royal martyr will not be brought to the scaffold, but the scaffold will probably be brought to the Royal martyr. It seems that the pedestal is in such a dilapidated state, that, unless CHARLES is established on a firmer basis, the restoration will become impossible.

We ourselves have often been struck by the melancholy appearance of poor CHARLES, upon whom the elements have inflicted two black eyes, by blowing into them a large accumulation of soot from the surrounding chimney-pots. As to his nose, we can only say that "not to put too fine a point upon it," it has dwindled to a pug; and the head of the monarch is so disfigured by dirt, that it will require a good deal of judicious chiselling, before the family resemblance to the chip of the old block will be perceptible.

The Rights of Hospitality.

By a Regular Diner-out.

HOSPITALITY, like property, has its duties as well as its *rites*, and I mean to say that it is the bounden duty of a man, if he invites you to dine with him, to give you a good dinner.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

IT is positively quite distressing to see, all about Belgrave Square, how the calves that a month ago were in such good condition, are wasting away, ever since the footmen have been on board wages.

A GREAT BALLOON CASE.

Before MR. PUNCH.

CONTRIBUTOR A 1. appeared before the magistrate to charge a public exhibitor and veteran aëronaut, named DISRAELI, with cruelty to a Protectionist donkey.

It appeared that MR. DISRAELI, who has been before the public for several years in various capacities,—having shot for a wager in Printing House Square at one time—having been engaged in the fire-work department at St. Stephen's—having then entered the ring against BOBBY PEEL—and subsequently gone about with a street telescope to let out for the inspection of distant objects—has been of late attached to the service of the eminent aëronaut DERBY. DERBY constructed, some time ago, a large balloon capable of containing in the car a considerable party, with the intention of rising to a height in sight of the public hitherto unattained by anybody of his class. It devolved on DISRAELI to manage the invention, and generally to provide whatever was likely to be attractive to the public.

Accordingly, the Balloon Cabinet was constructed, and the party to ascend formed—comprising JOHNNY MANNERS, a young man from the provinces, who had played minor parts in pastoral dramas for some years; the rustic, PAKINGTON; MALMESBURY, a man-miller, &c.; and the DISRAELI above-mentioned. The public expressed some doubts as to the safety of the trip, the weather being squally, and did not seem likely to encourage the project, when DISRAELI, anxious to provide attraction, hit on the plan of carrying up a Protectionist donkey attached to the balloon.

The Protectionist donkey belongs to a curious breed, not yet extinct in this country, and concerning which naturalists are divided in opinion. Everybody admits that it is a variation of the common British ass—but the laws of its production, and the reason of its extraordinary permanence as a separate type, have given rise to much speculation.

On a certain day, in pursuance of his object, DISRAELI attached to the balloon an animal of this species. The beast was suspended by fastenings invented by the aëronaut (technically called bonds of the agricultural interest) and its legs dangled loose in the air. As the balloon went up with the aëronauts seated in it, it hung suspended in a ludicrous and painful manner, while the man DISRAELI sat upon it, nay, went through strange gesticulations on its back. The spectacle was highly attractive, particularly to rustics.

Mr. Punch. This is an extraordinary case. What does the defendant say to the charge of cruelty?

Disraeli denied that the animal suffered any pain. He knew the donkey well (*a laugh*); it was insensible to its situation.

Contributor A 1 remarked that the animal landed after each exhibition in a high state of perspiration, and trembling—

Disraeli (*interrupting*). That's nothing. He has done that at many a gallop in Buckinghamshire.

Contributor A 1 submitted that this was an unusual state of agitation of the animal. He did not deny that it was used to strange treatment, but there were bounds beyond which animal experiment ought not to be allowed to go. Why, they had a bag of corn dangling before it, but out of reach, which it hurt itself in stretching for. Was it not so?

Disraeli. It was looming in the future (*a laugh*).

Contributor A 1. Besides, your worship, this balloon never takes a flight without high danger to the public, as well as to the donkey. It goes up irrespective of weather. It fell in the other day with a gale from the Atlantic. It risks breezes from the North. And in emergencies, it flings out grappling-irons anywhere, and will lay hold of a church, or a farmer's dwelling indifferently, to the high danger of both.

Disraeli. The Semitic element—

Mr. Punch. I do not doubt that the Semitic element has a relation to the donkey; but, without going further into the matter, enough has been shown to prove to me that the Protectionist donkey suffers from the purposes he has been recently put to, by your party. I must, therefore, caution you against any future abuse of the kind.

DISRAELI was understood to say that he was tired of the donkey, and would throw him overboard when occasion offered; but, owing to his unintelligible manner of speaking, the exact purport of his words was not discernible. The Court then rose.

WRONG ON THE FACE OF IT.

WE have seen a little book with the title of "*French made Easy.*" We cannot believe this of a noble nation like France; for, under their present despotic ruler, we should say it was decidedly the "FRENCH MADE UNEASY."

MISSING, since the 15th of October, 1851, the *Surplus Fund* of the Great Exhibition. Any information concerning the above will be gratefully received by the *Nation*.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY TRAVELS

IN SEARCH OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

UNCH, I am a man and a Briton. I have been brought up with a profound respect for our glorious Constitution in Church and State; and that respect extends to our glorious Constitution in Local Government also. Yes, glorious constitutions we Britons must be admitted to have, and precious hard work we give our constitutions, all three of them. There was Catholic Emancipation—what a wrench that gave our glorious Constitution in Church—not to speak of the Test and Corporation Acts, just before. How any but a really wonderful Constitution in Church could have stood such inroads I leave it to the candour of FATHER NEWMAN to judge. Then, as for our glorious Constitution in State—as it has survived the Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, I think one may say it is proof against most attacks.

Happily our glorious Constitution in Local Government has not yet been so severely tried as either of our other glorious Constitutions. Private Bill legislation, with its attendant bulwarks of Parliamentary fees, Parliamentary agents, and Parliamentary counsel, still secures the Briton's inestimable privilege of self-government—that is, government for self—in contra-distinction from the communistic principle of government for one's neighbour. The Public Health Act, however, has commenced an insidious attack on this holy principle, so admirably defended by MR. TOULMIN SMITH; and a good many other dangerous measures, such as the Baths and Wash-houses Act, the Common Lodging-Houses Act, and the Nuisances Removal Act, are all formidable allies of the first-mentioned revolutionary statute.

Happily, however, they have not done much mischief *yet*, but they have inserted the small end of the wedge; and if Britons don't take care, they will find their cesspools drained, their ash-pits invaded, their refuse carried away—no one knows whither, their water-butts abolished, their gullies trapped, and that sacred principle of "doing what they like with their own" trampled under foot on every side, by some poking Officer of Health or audacious Inspector of Nuisances.

Still, though the evil is imminent in the country, London may be said to be comparatively safe. The successful struggle made by the Water and Cemetery Companies last session, shows that Parliament is awake to the levelling and dangerous principles of the so-called "Sanitary Reformers," and that vested interests are still properly represented in the legislature.

I am happy to be able to confirm, by personal experience, the inference drawn from our legislation in these matters.

It is in the metropolis that we must look for the most striking exhibition of the blessings of our great Anglo-Saxon principle of self-government. Determined to view it in some of its proudest manifestations, I spent the other day in their investigation, through those cheerful and odoriferous districts—St. Olave's, St. George's Southwark, St. Saviour's, Rotherhithe, and Lambeth. I am happy to say that throughout these districts self-government is flourishing. The Inspector of Nuisances is rarely seen, or when seen is treated with the contempt he deserves, as the minion of a central despotism fulminating its unregarded edicts from somewhere or other. Even the scavenger is a rare bird of passage here, and when he does come, his ministrations are chiefly confined, as is right and proper, to the streets where the inhabitants are respectable, and can remunerate him adequately for his trouble. In courts, where filth is only removed to be replaced, what *is* the use of a scavenger?

The levelling uniformity of "system" is, throughout these districts, scouted with that independence which belongs to the British character. Every landlord drains his premises as he likes, and in many cases does not drain at all. What good reason can there be, he very properly asks, for putting down drains for a set of tenants who will use them as repositories for blacking brushes, brickbats, and old hats? If there must be drains, it is clear that the old four-foot brick sewers are the thing for these neighbourhoods. It is true they do not carry off the filth, but then they afford comfortable accommodation to the blacking brushes, brickbats, and old hats. Besides, their construction furnishes work to the honest builder, while their frequent repairs give employment to a respectable and hard-working class of artisans.

Nothing can more clearly show how wicked and groundless are the charges against the Water Companies than a perambulation of these localities. Scarcely a court but has its stand-pipe at the bottom. In order to save trouble to the inhabitants the water is turned on by a main-cock, and flows for a stipulated time (often as long as an hour and a half!) never less than twice a week, often three times, and, occasionally, even daily, while the pipes over the water-butts are free from all complicated apparatus of taps, and run while the water is on, of themselves, as it were, and all for the same time. As the landlords exercise their British privilege of providing butts of all sizes, of course the small ones run over before the large ones are filled. It may be said that much water is wasted in this way, and that much dampness of walls and foundations is thus occasioned. But what a brilliant confutation does the practice afford of the charge of niggard supply brought against these public-spirited Companies! *They* stint the poor in water! Why, there is not one of these courts where they don't let twice as much run to waste as is used.

Again, there is an admirable thoughtfulness shown in the position chosen for these water-butts. Conscious of the importance of the supply of water being kept near the spot where it is to be thrown away when done with, the water-butt is generally placed within a foot or two of the open cesspool. Sanitary enthusiasts may tell us that it there imbibes poisonous gases, and becomes dangerous to use; but do they consider the comfort of the poor over-worked housewife, who by this arrangement is enabled to draw the water she wants with one hand, while she empties what she has fouled with the other?

I was sorry to find, however, that even in these favoured districts that despotic and un-English body, the Commissioners of Sewers, had been at work recklessly covering over the open ditches, which for centuries have formed such convenient channels for the carrying off of house refuse—with no more trouble than the emptying of a slop-pail, or the thrust of a besom—and have put down, along their course, ridiculous and insignificant tubular drains, of some five or even six inches diameter!

It is gratifying, however, to be able to record that, notwithstanding their impertinent intrusion, the independent landlord is still master of his own property, and has, in most cases, acted up to his rights by refusing to put down house-drains to communicate with the childish tubular arrangements of the Commissioners, while the formalities with which a provident legislature has fenced round any attempt at compulsion by this abominable central Board, effectually prevent them from forcing the independent proprietor to avail himself of their theoretical pipes, which thus remain unused, monuments of the ineffectual assaults of ever encroaching centralisation.

These are facts which make one proud of one's countrymen. The same spirit which resisted the imposition of ship-money, is still battling against compulsory drainage, and many a Lambeth Hampden is, even now, waging a modest but heroic warfare against the Caroline prerogatives of the Sewers Commissioners.

Against the national importance of cultivating this sturdy spirit, what use is it to quote the statistics of a despotic and central Registrar General? What is it to *me* that fever is never absent from these places—that infants do not rear, and men die before their time—that sickness engenders pauperism—that filth breeds depression, and depression drives to drink? What do you mean by telling me that cholera slew in Rotherhithe its 205 victims in every 10,000, in St. Olave its 181, in St. Saviour's its 153, in Lambeth its 120, while in the Strand it carried off only 35, in Kensington 33, in Marylebone 17, and in Hampstead 8, out of the same number? Still, British landlords did what they liked with their own, and self-government is unimpaired. The satellites and slaves of an encroaching centralisation are kept at arm's length, and if they have succeeded in putting down sewers, at least we have triumphed, in not laying our house-drains into 'em.

It is with pride, therefore, I repeat, that whatever may be the case in the country (where I regret to see the hateful Public Health Act seems to be extending its ravages), in London we are still enjoying the enormous, the invaluable privilege of self-government, and that if Epidemic Cholera should visit us again, we may confidently show him to his old haunts in 1832 and 1849, and so convince him that, in this free country, *he*, too, is at liberty "TO DO WHAT HE LIKES WITH HIS OWN."

"Why Don't you Speak Out!"

FROM the impossibility of making our present Ministers say what they mean—or even, what they do not mean—the observation that was once made by TALLEYRAND of a celebrated Nobody, may with equal point be turned round upon them—"*Ces Messieurs ont un grand talent pour le silence.*"

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

France is the land of sober common sense,
And Spain, of intellectual eminence;
Unbounded liberty is Austria's boast,
And Prussia's kingdom is as free—almost;
In Russia there are no such things as chains,
Supreme in Rome enlightened Reason reigns;
America—that stationary clime—
Holds to Tradition and the Olden Time;
England, the light, the thoughtless, and the gay,
Rejoices in theatrical display;
The sons of Scotland are impulsive, rash,
Infirm of purpose, prodigal of cash;
Whilst Paddy's are the lips that know no guile,
For Truth has fixed her throne in Erin's isle.

AN IRISH HOWL AT A HERO'S WAKE.

To a Writer in the Galway Vindicator.

Sir,

The most valuable of tributes that any one can bestow is the praise of a true man; the next best is the abuse of a false knave. You have rendered the very highest homage—which it is in your power to render—to the memory of our great Duke.

While every sound-hearted person in the kingdom is extolling the heroic devotion to right, the generous disinterestedness and self-sacrifice for which our departed Chief was ever distinguished, you, on the contrary, say—yelping:—

"There was not an atom of chivalry about the Duke. He did what he was paid for, and he did it well; but he did nothing more."

True Irishman that you are!—of the Cahill and Mac Hale breed. Wellington himself, indeed, was an Irishman—of the other sort. And then you howl on thus:—

"There was no heart in his fighting. He was the *beau idéal* of one of those Swiss commanders, who led their countrymen under the standard of the Dutch against the Hottentots or Carribs."

Here, however, we must try back a little with your invective, which just previously has run in the following strain:—

"Were we still following the standards of France—were we still as of old shouting *Faugh-a-ballagh* under the bright emblazonry of the silken banners of hostile countries—were our exiled countrymen shouting and bleeding, as a hundred years ago, foremost and vociferous in the armies of the French monarch, as when they pitched their tents beside the foaming Elbe and the rapid Iser—when they bivouacked in the glens of the Alps, and bled upon the margins of the Padus, what would have been the consequence? The field of Waterloo might have been another Fontenoy."

Characters like you, should, it is proverbially said, have good memories. Yours is so treacherous, that in writing one sentence you forget the other that you penned immediately before. What manner of soldiers were the Swiss? and what difference was there between those mercenaries and the "exiled countrymen" to whom you allude, as "shouting and bleeding" in foreign pay—except, perhaps, that the Swiss were not so remarkable for shouting "*Faugh-a-ballagh*," or any other nonsense, and were, however, equally forward in action, not so vociferous?

But to return to your vituperation of the Duke:—

"He was, in a word, a Dugald Dalgetty, without the vain boasting of that hireling soldier."

Ah, Paddy—you dog!—a little vain boasting—a spice of rhodomontade, a smack of balderdash—Faugh-a-ballagh!—Whurroo!—a touch of nature, just to make us kin—would have been a redeeming feature—wouldn't it?

Whurroo! Hoo!—You open again on the dead Lion:—

"He served a commercial people steadily, rigidly, soberly, regularly, just as a commercial people like to be served; it was such generals as Wellington—men of a trading quakerly turn of mind, without any of that nobility of character, without a single particle of that ennobling romance which extenuates the faults and endears the memory of the Godfreys of old and the Murats of modern times—men like Wellington carried the banner of Carthage into the *llanos* of Spain."

No, small Pat, there was no romance about the Duke of Wellington; no romance of your sort. Truth, howling Paddy, was *his* grand quality; reality, which the highest romance—not *your* romance—only imagines: this he acted out, shaming the "dhivil," and all the dhivil's crew, or pack of hounds. A man of "a quakerly turn of mind!"—Irish traitors will be sorry if our defence against foreign foes shall ever be entrusted to a protector as quakerly. Will they not, Sir?—you ought to know.

The quakerly conqueror of Napoleon would have done better at Manchester than at Waterloo, in your cynical opinion:—

"Men like Wellington, traffickers in war, are precisely the men whom a nation of shopkeepers are certain to evolve—a man who manages his troops well, but would evidently manage a counting-house better."

Nation of shopkeepers—yes! Vagabonds and thieves of the world that work for the "dhirty shilling," instead of borrowing it when they want it, like gentlemen. The Duke was so "palthry" as to pay his weekly bills. He was "mane" enough to be positively respectable. Just the "could, calculating," spiritless creature to be admired by a "nation of shopkeepers." Precisely so:—the rather that he was not "evolved" by the "nation of shopkeepers," but by the other nation.

And now for the climax of your cry from the kennel:—

"Wellington never laboured for a moment under the delusion that makes young and generous hearts consider the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war as something glorious and ennobling. He was no boiling enthusiast—he was cold, rigid, and calculating—in a word, the Iron Duke."

No. Wellington never conceived that there is anything to admire in simply encountering or inflicting death or mutilation. Nor did any delusion induce him to regard drums and fifes, colours, uniforms and parades, either in themselves or in their relation to carnage, as "glorious and ennobling." What he did consider ennobling and glorious was, to fight to the death—if need were—not for fighting's sake, not for vulgar applause, not for the renown of a big bully, not treasonably under a foreign standard, but for the sake of that country which now blesses his memory—profaned by a small ignoble animal. He was no "boiling enthusiast;" no, indeed: but there is an enthusiasm which is above boiling point, though it does not bubble—and does not evaporate. This enthusiasm says "Up Guards and at them!" at the proper time: but does not shout "*Faugh-a-ballagh*"—though occasionally Faugh! without "*a-ballagh*" when something intensely offends its moral nose! Faugh! The enthusiasm which you have excited by your filthy outrage against the Dead almost chokes

Punch.

RECRUITING FOR THE "LONE STAR."

Scene.—*A Trapper's Camp on the Banks of the Gila.*
Speaker.—Mr. William Rube, *alias* Plumcentre Bill.

Waal B'ys, when yer have skinned yer ears, jist lend them all to me,
For hyur's a cute old hoss, I guess, has got a grand idee;
Since Beaver down to Taos now arn't worth a pleu a plug,
It's time this child war lookin' out elseweres for suffin snug.

This crittur's sick of Injun ways, and all their pesky dealins,
Wolf mutton nohow don't agree with this here niggur's feelins;
We trappers was som pumkins wunst, but things arn't as they were,
And so I'll make back tracks before the Pashes raise my hair.

I'll jine them coons, who 're gwine this fact down every throat to cram,
That all this Western heap of airth belongs to Uncle Sam;
A noshun wich them Spaniards kinder ortn't to condemn,
For what they gev the Injuns wunst, we 're gwine to giv to them.

So, if they show their sassy airs, I raally shouldn't wonder
If some on 'em should then be obligated to go under,
For Kill B'ar shoots plumcentre quite, and when I gits a sight,
Darn me if I *can* hold him in, his trigger is so light.

Yes! We're the Suns of Freedom, and the airs of all the West;
We'll keep this half of airth, and leave the Britishers the rest:
And if agin our lorful rites they dare to make a head,
And say we arn't the raal right grit—Wagh! won't we give 'em lead?

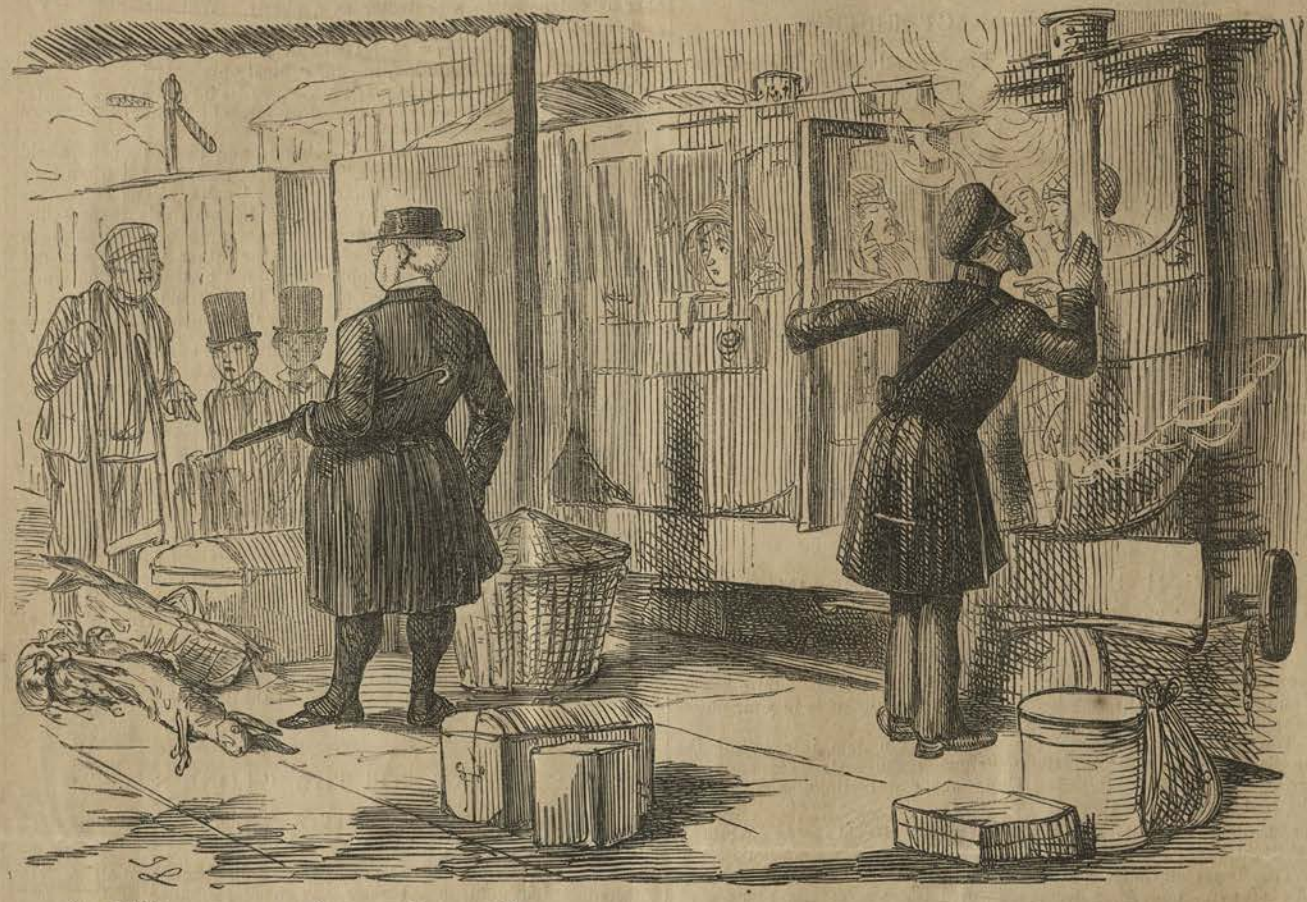
And when our knives and guns have proved the justice of our cause,
We'll show them Spanish goneys the buties of our lors,
Till the unenlightened varmint shall one and all agree
That our larning and our manners have tort 'em to be free.

With the hosses of Kentucky (them chaps of Colonel Boone's),
The Buckeyes of Ohio, and the Missisippi Coons,
The Corn cobs of New Hampshire, and the 'kansas Ringtailed roarers
Are united in one mighty band of *peaceable* explorers.

And when the stars and stripes o'er the Western world shall wave,
Our free, peeowrful nation, so vartuous and brave,
Careering for'ards, right on eend, shall seem to each admirer,
Like some great Buffler, makin' tracks, across the vast parairer!

Definitions from a New Napoleon Dictionary.

Empire, *s.* The Empire—as France under Napoleon Buonaparte.
Empirer, *v. n.* To grow worse—as France under Louis Napoleon.



Guard. "SOME ONE BEEN SMOKING, I THINK?"

Passenger. "WHAT! SMOKING! THAT'S VERY REPREHENSIBLE. PERHAPS IT WAS THE CLERICAL GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST GOT OUT OF THE NEXT COMPARTMENT."

TO AUSTRALIA FOR A SHILLING.

IN the race of competition for cheap fares, everything is outstripped by the announcement of a visit to the Australian Gold Diggings for one shilling. We have made the voyage, under the experienced conductorship of MR. PROUT, and have enjoyed all the pleasures of the trip without the drawbacks of sea-sickness, short provisions, insufficient accommodation, or any other of the evils to which emigrants are liable. The passage is quite a pleasant after-dinner affair, and, instead of sitting over our wine at home, we have enjoyed the sample of Cape and Madeira drawn—not from the wood but from the water—by the clever artists who have united their talents in describing pictorially the passage to Australia. The intending emigrant to the Diggings will do well to go and look upon the true picture in Regent Street before he embarks for, perhaps a mere waste of time, on the waste of waters. He will then learn, not only the fact that all that glitters is not gold, but that gold itself may have the shine taken out of it by the hardships to be endured in finding it. Not that MR. PROUT'S Diorama of the Gold Fields is likely to discourage emigration, but, on the contrary, to render it beneficial by setting people right as to what they may expect, and thus make tolerably sure of their expectations being realised.

Inconsistent Humanity.

WHY on earth do the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals make such a fuss about M. POITEVIN'S taking up a single pony or a bull under his balloon, when they allowed him the other day, without interference, to ascend from Cremorne with no less than twenty-two asses, whose sufferings in the descent, judging by the account of one of them "who saw and felt it all," must have been of the most serious description? It is true that they have the advantage over the bull and pony, that, if brought into court, they can at least describe what they endured?

A MORAL IMPOSSIBILITY.—An English masquerade.

A NEW CHAIR FOR OXFORD.

IT appears that the provision for instruction in that department of knowledge comprised under the denomination of the *Literæ Humaniores* is incomplete at Oxford. Within twenty-four hours after the event which all other Englishmen were mourning, the Heads of the University laid themselves together to consult about choosing a new Chancellor; and in two days more they and other "Fellows" of similar taste and feeling got up a requisition to invite the EARL OF DERBY to stand for the Chancellorship. Under these circumstances, it is quite evident that there should be forthwith established a Regius Professor of Decorum, in order to the better instruction of the Oxonian mind in propriety and decency. There was a school whereat the sciences in general used to be taught for twopence a week: tuition in manners being imparted for twopence more. If this seat of learning is still in existence it may furnish a cheap and competent Teacher of Behaviour to the other.

A Court of In-justice.

A NEW Court has been built for holding the Westminster Sessions, where it seems nothing can be heard—the architect having perhaps come to the conclusion that justice may as well be deaf, as she is said to be blind. He has forgotten the old motto, *Audi alteram partem*, but he may probably have arrived at the conclusion that the same result will be achieved by hearing neither one side nor the other. The prisoners have been the only persons favourably considered, for there is a spacious and convenient dock; but there are numerous currents of air traversing the Court, which may also be designed to benefit the prisoners and give them a chance of getting off by a side-wind.

HOW TO BRUISE YOUR OATS.—Send them by a cheap Excursion Train, and if, by the time they leave the railway, they are only half as well bruised as the passengers, you will have no cause to complain.

SEPTEMBER XIV. MDCCCLII.

THE GREAT ASYLUM BALLOON ASCENT.

BY A BALLOON-ATIC.

1.

JULIUS CÆSAR said to me,
"ORION has ask'd us all to tea;
I and you
Make twenty-two:
So then, in POITEVIN'S balloon,
Up we go—up to the Moon!
It isn't quite full, but it will be soon."

2.

"Stop, stop!" says she; "don't go so high,
We shall break our necks against the sky."
Ho, ho! the valve is jamm'd with rain,
And he pulls till he 's black in the face again.
Perhaps 'twill burst—and then we sink,
And the little stars will titter and wink;
Aha! and I shall spoil my hat,
While the flittermouse squeaks at the white tom-cat!

3

Pull-ahoy! my sailor chap!
Oh, what fun if it should snap!
No; it comes right—
Now we stop.
What a height
For an easy drop!
Look at London down below,
Not much bigger than little o;
And high-diddle-diddle,
The drain in the middle,
And over the river we jump JIM CROW.

4.

The washhand-basins under our feet
Keep GOG and MAGOG clean and sweet—
I smell a fox!
Somebody says, "The London Docks!"
But I wonder where is "CHARLES'S Wain?"
Aldebaran I cannot see;
If you square the circle, 'twill all be plain;
But the loadstone's as far as ever from me.

5.

The bluebottle fly and the lady-cow
Get bigger and bigger down there,now;
"How fast we sink!" I heard them say,
And the oxen and horses scamper'd away.
No more sand to fling out?
What are they about?
Up ropes to see the monkeys crawling!—
But not so fast as we are falling.

6.

Bounce! bump!
The earthquake said;
What a thump!
A crack on the head!
How hard we struck!
And the hook wouldn't catch,
And you haven't got a lucifer match!
Along we drag:
Up again—big bag!
Then down, right plump!
Now another jump!
Tear away, over hedge and ditch!
Smash and crash, and scrape, and hitch!
Whack on a bank and bang on a trunk!
The cab drives fast when the wind is drunk.

Merrily over the churchyard stones,
And that 's the place for broken bones!

7.

Down and up—up and down!
And out you jump and crack your crown—
Up and down, down and up!
Topsy-turvy spills the cup.
How the skittles are knocked about,
And a patient has put his knee-cap out!
Harrow and rake!
Ours is the plough!
But the farmer will make
A bit of a row.
Ha! ha! how we scratch up the hurdles and rails,
And drag iron fences and gates at our tails.

8.

Clash—whack—split—burst!
Dead 'gainst a hayrick—ten to one!
Stopp'd at last—who 's out first?—
"Haven 't we had a bit of fun?
All wet through,
And black and blue,"
Says the Essex Calf to the Middlesex Gander:
Now off to the train,
All in the rain:
First-class for the EMPEROR ALEXANDER!
If again we soar,
As we did before,
Such is at present the state of the nation;
Tell DERBY to stop,
And let me drop,
As soon as he gets to the Hanwell Station.

NO NATIONAL DEFENCES!

AT the present time certain sensible and well-disposed persons are distributing about handbills, with the object of dissuading young men from volunteering into the militia.

In order to second their patriotic intentions, the following considerations are offered to those whom they may concern.

A bounty of five pounds is no consideration to any working man, for having to undergo the fatigue and danger of a long fortnight's military service, at a distance of, perhaps, more than a dozen miles from his native village, in the course of the year. The pay and keep which he receives as long as he is called out, are not worth mentioning; as the poor and half starved condition of every British soldier clearly shows.

There is no fear whatever of any invasion. The French have quite lost their passion for glory, indeed they have lost all their passions except those of a tender nature. They act now upon sober calculation, from rational motives; and in choosing LOUIS NAPOLEON for their President and inviting him to be their Emperor, they as much as proclaim to all the world that they desire the Nephew to avoid the Uncle's example.

LOUIS NAPOLEON himself is a man of sensitive conscience, whose ambition is arrested by the slightest scruple, and who would shrink from causing the least bloodshed and misery even in a foreign nation, although in order to accomplish his most cherished design. But even if he were a fellow who sticks at nothing, so strong a Christian feeling prevails in France, and the religious public of Paris is so influential, that if to-morrow he were to shout "Vengeance for Waterloo!—Let us embark for England!" not a soul would follow him.

Even if the French were to invade us, they would not hurt us if we did not hurt them. They have plenty of money; and their soldiers, in an enemy's country, always pay liberally for what they want, so that a French invasion is more to be hoped than feared, and would tend to the advantage of the common people rather than not.

The French are susceptible, but their affection is refined, and their army would offer no attentions but those of the most delicate nature to our wives, sisters, daughters, and mothers.

A CARD.—To Epidemics in Search of a Situation.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, in Rotherhithe, St. Olave's, St. Saviour's, St. George's Southwark, and St. Mary's Lambeth,—a number of *Superior Plague Walks*, doing a great stroke of business, and affording a most eligible opening to any respectable *Epidemic* out of a situation; the Walks having the advantage of an old-established connexion with those well-known metropolitan agents, MESSRS. TYPHUS and SCARLATINA, and having been occupied both in 1832 and 1849 by MR. CHOLERA, during his establishment in this country. These Walks will be found replete with every requisite for successful prosecution of the business, several Patent Manure and Bone-boiling and Gut-dressing Manufactories being situate in the neighbourhood, from which the strongest gases may be procured in any quantities, and at the shortest notice.—N.B. Thames Water laid on, and no drainage; the Walks lying within the Jurisdiction of the Sewers Commission. For any old-established or young Epidemic this would be a splendid opportunity, as the Boards of Guardians are ready to furnish every facility, and as the inhabitants are regular consumers and might be expected to take a quantity. Apply, for particulars, to the Metropolitan Grave Yards, the Fever and Small Pox Hospitals, the Office of the Sewers Commission, 1, Greek Street, Soho, and the Union Houses of the several districts in which the Walks are situate.

DANCING FOR DIVINES.

WE see that a Dancing Academy has been opened in Sermon Lane, Doctor's Commons. The pupils here "go in" for serious dancing. Young gentlemen—sons or nephews of the superior clergy—are instructed in the fashionable "*Sinecure Valse*," and "*Prerogative Court Quadrille*," so celebrated for the elegant "Registrar" *pastorale* as danced by PROFESSOR MOORE, to the tune of "*Ten Thousand a Year*."

Bradshaw's Metaphysics.

THE British public does not, perhaps, clearly understand in what sense the locomotive engine annihilates time and space. The railway machine accomplishes that stupendous achievement by throwing the traveller out of the sphere of local and temporary existence.

THE CRACK COMPOSER.—VERDI—for it is said he has cracked more voices than any other composer.

Coster (to extremely genteel person). "I SAY, GUVNER, GIVE US A HIST WITH THIS 'ERE BILIN' O' GREENS!"

LINES COMPOSED ON THE BRIDGE OF THE SERPENTINE.

OH! Serpentine, thy banks are green,
So are thy waters, too;
When will they wash thy bosom clear,
And change that filthy hue?

When Fashion's children, in their pride,
Along thy margin sport,
To me they seem like youth beside
A gutter, up a court.

Alas! what poison on thy brink
They breathe, polluted sewer.
Oh! when wilt thou run clear, thou sink,
Thou lake of mere manure?

The Tale of a Horse.

A STORY has been running round the papers, about a sporting character receiving of a gentleman a large price for a horse that had a most magnificent tail, and that tail turning out, after the purchase, to be a false one that had been stitched on for the occasion.

The Betting Houses proceed on exactly the same system. They get large sums of money upon their horses by flourishing about them the most magnificent tales, and when the poor dupe has kept his horse a day or two, he finds out that he's been *sold with a false tale.*

The State of the Kitchen.

A MANCHESTER Trade Report recently said—

"The most depressed branch of trade is that for the manufacture of domestics."

This is strange; there being so very general a demand for good servants.

A DOUBLE RAP AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE.

[MR. PUNCH has ordered the subjoined Petition to be printed:—

TO THE HONOURABLE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN PARLIAMENT THAT IS TO BE ASSEMBLED.

***

The Humble Petition of the London District Postmen

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That although the Profession of Authorship is in a somewhat less deplorable state than it was in formerly, the case of your Petitioners constitutes a sad example of the inadequate remuneration afforded to Men of Letters.

That in 1847 many of your Petitioners received salaries of twenty-two—and more of twenty-one shillings—a week, since when their labours have been increased and their wages diminished, so that their maximum weekly salary is now twenty shillings; and herein they submit to your Honourable House that they have not been fairly compounded with.

That the work of your Petitioners is performed on their legs, but not as Members of your Honourable House perform theirs, your Petitioners having to be in constant motion, whereby a hole is rapidly worn in a pair of boots, and, therefore, in a pound, the payment of which sum, or thereabouts, is necessary in order to the acquisition of which boots, as the English and Scotch Members of your Honourable House may be aware. Wherefore your Petitioners humbly complain to your Honourable House that they, your Petitioners, are among the worst-used men that walk in shoe leather.

That in consequence of the Government Order that Christmas gratuities at Public Offices should be discontinued, the Public has been led to suppose that your Petitioners had been altogether prohibited from receiving Christmas Boxes; in consequence of which serious mistake, your poor Petitioners have found the Christmas Box very generally shut.

That your Petitioners are anxious to rebut, as far as they are concerned, the charge of improvidence which is made, perhaps with too much reason, against Literary Men in general. But that out of a pound a week, it is quite impossible for them to make any provision for old age; very difficult, indeed, to find a wife and family in seven days' victuals.

That the maximum Superannuation Allowance of your Petitioners is nine shillings a week, whereas that of the other London Letter-carriers is fifty pounds a year. That on the latter sum your Petitioners, when past work, would consider themselves consigned to clover, whilst on the former they can hardly regard themselves as being turned out to grass.

That your Petitioners have each a trying daily walk, wherein they are anxious to keep to the path of rectitude, but, by reason of their insufficient wages, they are sorely and grievously tempted to deviate from that way; not only Letters, but Notes, and not only Notes, but Money, passing to a large amount through your Petitioners' hands: they thus having, as Postmen, the strongest inducements to desert the Post of Honour.

That your Petitioners are often the bearers of a *billet-doux*, unconsciously; but that the billet of which they are conscious—their situation, or lot—is a very hard billet.

Your Petitioners most earnestly pray your Honourable House to take the subject of their great responsibilities and small stipends into consideration; to raise their superannuation scale to a temperate degree above zero, and, generally, to elevate into something like a human figure their present monkey's allowance.

And Your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever Knock.

The Railway of Life.

SHORT was the passage through this earthly vale,
By turnpike roads when mortals used to wend;
But now we travel by the way of rail,
As soon again we reach the journey's end.

A Moral in Money.

AT Genoa, certain French five-franc pieces have been found with the motto, *Dieu punira la France*, on the edge, instead of *Dieu protége la France*. We doubt not the realisation of the prophecy, "God will punish France!" And how? Why, by causing the slaves of France to crown LOUIS NAPOLEON their Emperor. How Imperator Stork, with his crown on, will gobble the frogs!

THE "LAP" OF LUXURY.—Genuine milk in London.

A CRUEL CASE.

We have been in the habit, from time to time, of calling attention to the singular and often painful revelations with regard to both men and things, to be found in the advertising columns of the newspapers. The *Times* of Friday furnishes us with the following sad example of a rare hardship:—

TO BE SOLD, the property of a Gentleman being too large for his room a splendid new Turkey carpet.

The reader of this cannot but be profoundly impressed with the size to which this poor gentleman must have grown, by the fact that he is forced to dispose at last of the very carpet off his floor, no doubt as a means of thus obtaining for his own inconvenient bulk the small room occupied by that article. How vividly does such an advertisement call up the picture of this poor man, gradually growing "too large for his room," getting rid of piece after piece of furniture—removing first the bulkier matters, such as sofas, and sideboards, and tables; then parting with his chairs, one by one, until his extravagant dimensions requiring every inch of available space in his apartment, we at last find him reduced to sell the very carpet, and describing himself, even in the act of making this sacrifice, as still "too large for his room."

CONVICTS FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

"My very Dear Sir,

"I trust the horsehair shirt came safely to hand. You will find its operation surprisingly assisted by the *spicula* of the *Dolichos pruriens* or cowhage, sprinkled in moderate quantity over its inside. The Bishop of Luçon sends you a consecrated shirt-pin, which, mindful of the example of holy Rose of Lima, you will perhaps stick into your head. I would recommend you to let your servant give you a good lashing between the shoulders with a bunch of the *Carduus benedictus* or Blessed Thistle, every morning. By perseverance in all these methods of counter-irritation, I doubt not that you will be cured of your heretical disorder, in the end.

"But, my very dear Sir, I now address you principally in reference to that extraordinary delusion which may be termed Abaddon's Last; his fiction of the alleged Madiai case at Florence. You saw the letter from the Vice President and Secretary of the Heretical Confederation of Geneva to the Earl of Shaftesbury, which his lordship published in the newspapers; and in this document you read the following passage:

"'Francisco and Rosa Madiai, at the age of 50 years, condemned for the sole cause of the gospel to four years at the galleys, repulsed by their Prince on their appeal for mercy, their hair shaved by the hand of the gaoler, and clothed in the dress of criminals, have just been sent to the Maremme, and are now undergoing their sentence in the midst of malefactors.'

"You will recollect that the crime for which the Madiai were stated, the other day, in the *Times*, to have been thus sentenced, was 'the abandonment of the Communion of the Romish Church,' and the following of the '*puro Evangelo*'—pure Gospel—need I say, two incompatible things?

"Oh! my very dear Sir, if oppression like this were perpetrated at the instance, or even with the sanction, of our Church, you might indeed justly regard us as enemies of the human race. As reasonably might you refuse to let us develop our system as restrain the Thugs from carrying out theirs. If tyranny were an element in our religious scheme, we might as well be suffered to make any other crime or atrocity a part of our religion: felony, larceny, reception of stolen goods, swindling, smuggling, poaching, and thimblerig. You would be warranted—if not in treating us as Nero did our predecessors, hunting us as wild beasts—at least in taking every precaution against us that you would take against ferocious animals. 'With too much reason,' indeed, as the Genevan people say, might you 'tremble for all Europe,' feeling

"'That the same principles and the same laws which demand the punishment of these two inoffensive beings at the hand of the Tuscan tribunals, may equally demand of all Catholic Princes to take up arms against the Protestant nations; in fact to exterminate heretics at the head of their armies, as they exterminate heretics at home by means of their tribunals.'

"And oh, my very dear Sir, what despicable fools or what odious traitors would be all those members of your Legislature who labour, under the pretence of zeal for civil and religious liberty, to get our Church allowed to have her own way. The noble Irish Brigade, what a gang of caitiffs it would deserve to be considered! Those journalists, too, who with so light and genteel a grace deride the vulgar apprehension of papal bigotry; what simpletons, or impostors, or both; what impudent, imbecile, coxcombical varlets you might properly call them! All these, and your Puseyite clergy, who pave—with the very best intentions—the way to our church doors, would be so many political and social pests, to be hissed, if not kicked, out of all honest society.

"But now for the Truth. Alas! my very dear Sir, it is, in the first place, from your heretics all over the continent, from them alone, that danger is threatened to human liberty. The freedom of mankind is menaced by that debasing despotism, calling itself a faith, of which the supreme Head is Mr. Sumner. This bigoted and intolerant pseudo-Pontiff is despatching his emissaries on all sides to erect an *imperium in imperio* in each State, dictating to, or threatening the lawful sovereign: and here, in London, instead of allowing us to worship in a splendid cathedral, he drives out Cardinal Wiseman to the suburban slums, there to celebrate our sacred mysteries in a hayloft situated over a piggery!

"As to the Archfiend's fabrication with reference to the Madiai, it is simply an enormous flam precisely the reverse of the fact. You, my very dear Sir, may hesitate to believe so tremendous an imposture possible. You may suspect us to be insane for asserting it. Yes; and undoubtedly when two parties differ as to the question whether a picture winked or not, one of the two must be out of their senses. But ah! *we* are not mad; and I, in the full possession of reason, repeat that the story of the Madiai is the exact contrary of the actual affair. The Deceiver has shifted the scene to Florence, and transformed two English confessors into Tuscans. The real victims were no other than John Henry Newman, and a lady of rank, one of his converts, whose name I have too much delicacy to divulge. They have been imprisoned by sentence of the Arches Court. Dr. Newman has had his head shaved, and wears the convict uniform. The Doctor is at Woolwich, working in the hulks; and his fair and high-born disciple has been sent to the Penitentiary at Millbank. Their offence consisted in telling their beads! Oh the organised oppression, miscalled a Church, that can be guilty of such atrocious and abominable barbarity! But so flagrant a wrong, so outrageous a cruelty, needs no comment. The Truth, in a state of nudity, shall shame the Demon. My plain unvarnished tale will put the Enemy down; defeat his stratagems, turn the tables on him; rebut the calumny on the Accuser: for of course you, and the Public with you, will believe me,

"Your ever authentic correspondent,

"*Festival of St. Vitus*, 1852. "Verax."

Epitaph on a Locomotive.

By the sole survivor of a deplorable accident (no blame to be attached to any servants of the Company).

Collisions four
Or five she bore,
The Signals wor in vain;
Grown old and rusted,
Her biler busted,
And smash'd the Excursion Train.

"Her End was Pieces."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

It costs our contemporary the *Times* a trifle, we believe, to get himself up every morning; but the *Times* matter can hardly be so expensive as that of the *Journal des Débats*, because the French daily Press is now almost all *Ex*-press.

"My head is swimming," remarked Louis Napoleon one morning, after a supper at the Blue Pig. "It is the nature of wood," was the reply of Mr. P.

Best Policy for the Derby Government.—Political honesty is the best policy.

Harriet. "ST, ST, ST. DEAR ME, NOW, I'VE BROKEN MY COMB, AND ALL MY BACK HAIR'S COME DOWN. WHAT WITH BRUSHING, AND DRESSING, AND CURLING, AND ONE THING AND THE OTHER, WHAT A PLAGUE ONE'S HAIR IS TO BE SURE!"

Young Fellow. "WELL, HARRIET, WE ARE ALL BOTHERED WITH SOMETHING. LOOK AT US MEN; WE HAVE TO SHAVE EVERY MORNING, SUMMER AND WINTER!"

BRITISH AND FOREIGN QUACKS.

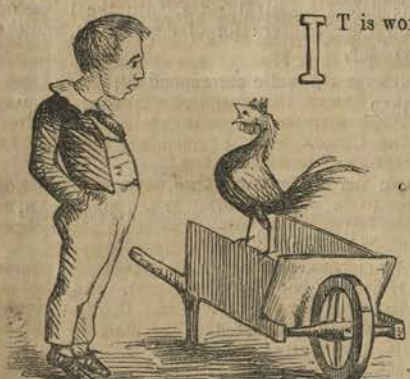
IT is all very well for us to laugh at the credulity of other people, but we have among our own population many who are quite as gullible as any foreign simpletons, imposed upon by cataleptic devotees and winking pictures. An impostor, living at Camden Town, is sending about a printed paper, headed "Destiny," offering to cast Nativities "in a correct and superior manner," and "in accordance with the purest"—humbug—"principles of the Science, on the following terms:"—that is to say, from ten shillings to two pounds; and to solve "questions on subjects of moment," including any "matters of which the mind is anxious to know the result"—a comprehensive category!—for three shillings. "Personal attendance is not required;" no, nor desired, probably: a detective policeman, in plain clothes, might present himself, not revealed by the stars. "The public is respectfully cautioned against various illiterate pretenders to the Science of Astrology, who advertise to calculate Nativities for a shilling or two;"—the mean blackguards! Tame cheaters these, despicable to your two-guinea knave. But who would readily believe that there are fools enough in our midst to make it worth a rogue's while to print and publish the subjoined gammon of fattest bacon:—

"I have often been asked if I could name the Winning Horse of a Race, but I always declined entering upon Racing matters, as, until this year, I had not given much attention to the resolution of questions on such subjects. But, at the solicitation of some correspondents, I have (assisted by a scientific friend) made a minute investigation into the problem of discovering the Winner of a Horse Race, and have arrived at astonishingly correct results, having predicted the Winners of the principal Races of this year; and I can now undertake to name with certainty the winner of any Race submitted to me. The many years I have been favourably known to the public in my profession, may be taken as some guarantee that I am able to perform what I state. I think it right to say that I am, and ever have been, wholly unconnected with the Racing or Betting circles, and that it is by purely scientific calculations I determine the Winner of a Race; indeed, I am precluded from betting myself, inasmuch as I should lose the faculty of judging correctly were I personally interested in a race. I need not speak of the opportunity that presents itself of making money by a knowledge of what horse will win a race; and it is only to a select number of my Correspondents I mention the matter.

"*Fee One Guinea. Enclose Stamped Directed Envelope.*"

Truly our Camden Town SIDROPHEL beats the BISHOP OF LUÇON in the composition of pastorals, properly so called in SIDROPHEL'S case as in the bishop's, because, in either, equally addressed to silly sheep—in order to fleece the foolish victims.

THE LAST LOVE OF FRANCE.



IT is wonderful to find how much love for LOUIS NAPOLEON has been bottled up in the hearts of Frenchmen for the last five-and-twenty years without their being aware of it. Nobody would have suspected that there was such a large stock of the essence of *parfait amour* lying all over France for consignment to the hero who was driven off to captivity twelve years ago in a Boulogne bathing machine. LOUIS NAPOLEON may well say to the French, in the words of the Irish songster—

"It was all very well to dissemble your love;
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

or rather—"why did you kick me *up* stairs?" for they bundled him up to the prison in the upper town without ceremony, when he made his celebrated "descent" on the coast, with his Champagne, his sham soldiers, and his real eagle, from the rocky mountains of the Colosseum.

The French have certainly a singular knack of "never telling their love," when it might be of some service to the object of their secret affection, and reserving the avowal of their sentiments till a period when what they think is a matter of perfect indifference.

There is something quite romantic in the discovery that the French have been during the Bourbon and Orleans dynasties secretly in love, for the last seventeen years, with the man whom they have been alternately incarcerating and sneering at during the whole of that period. Perhaps, as "concealment like a worm in the bud" is the usual concomitant of French affection, and it professes attachment openly to one object while secretly loving another, we may find hereafter the feelings of France to have been engaged in some other quarter when her protestations of love for LOUIS NAPOLEON were at their hottest. We suspect that "the lady does profess too much" already, to be quite free from suspicion, and LOUIS NAPOLEON shows how jealous he is of her, by trusting her as little as possible, and allowing her no liberty whatever.

While LOUIS NAPOLEON was at Lyons, we are told by the report that

"A triumphal arch, painted in the Prince's colours, was raised in the middle of the quay, near the slaughter-house."

The propinquity of the arch to the slaughter-house was not inappropriate, and, as the French would say, "the fact was significant." The meaning of the incident is still further enforced by the announcement that

"The *garrison*, consisting of 15,000 men, was drawn up *in order of battle* on the *Place de la Charité* (a pretty spot truly for battle array), the *Cavalry* resting on the *Place de Prefecture*, the *Artillery* with *their guns* on the *Place Bellecour*, the *Engineers* in the streets opposite the *Place*, the *Infantry* and the *Chasseurs* of Vincennes in double files in the streets through which the PRESIDENT was to pass."

When we hear so much of the love expressed by the people for LOUIS NAPOLEON, in connection with all these military arrangements for keeping their enthusiasm within limits, we are reminded of the exclamation of the stage fiend, "You must learn to love me—ha! ha!" and cannot help drawing a parallel between the hero of the Boulogne Champagne and the Bottle Imp.

The Best Screw Propeller.

THE most efficient screw propeller, and the one which has rendered the greatest service to the vessel of the State, has certainly been MR. JOSEPH HUME, and it would only be a fitting compliment for Government to give the next ship that is fitted up on that economic principle the name of the Honourable Member for Montrose.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1852.

FOR SALE! A COMMISSION IN THE CHURCH MILITANT.

For particulars, apply to MESSRS. CHURCHMOUSE, *Solicitors, Chough-cum-Crow Parva.*

Ye sons, who 're in search of a berth in the Church;
Ye maidens, whose lovers have just been ordain'd;
Ye who think you 've a call, let us here tell you all,
Where the wished for preferment may soon be obtain'd.
Indeed, any possess'd of the means to invest
Will certainly find, for the next presentation
To a snug little living, their cash to be giving,
Must prove a delightfully safe speculation.

The zealous would find it a place to their mind,
As there 's room in the parish, we own, for improvement:
Since Dissenters abound in the district around,
And of late there 've been signs of a Catholic movement.
Though, to those who love ease, little trifles like these
Will scarce seem enough from the place to estrange 'em;
"These evils have grown by no fault of our own,"
They may say, "And we *can't* be expected to change 'em."

And if any buyer should chance to inquire
How long for this living he 's likely to wait, he
May learn that, indeed, he will quickly succeed,
As the present incumbent is just turn'd of eighty:
For, in truth, to be sure a good price to secure,
(Since we only *may* sell you the next presentation)
We looked out on each side, when the last vicar died,
For one whose great age was his qualification.

But, lest motives so good should be misunderstood,
It were better, perhaps, not too closely to scan 'em,
Or to be very nice, if you get at fair price
A living worth nearly a thousand per annum.
And if *we* should be told how they fared, who, of old,
In the Temple would barter and chaffer for pelf,—
We have only to say, had we lived in that day,
We 'd have sold, if we could, e'en the Temple itself.

Death in Sport.

IN a Report of the proceedings of the British Association DR. J. D. MARSHALL stated, on exhibiting a specimen of "BONAPARTE'S Gull," that it was "the only one hitherto shot in Europe." The learned Doctor has forgotten that several hundred specimens were shot in the streets of Paris on Dec. 2.

A MOIGHTY MISTHAKE.—That ST. PATRICK didn't drive the M'HALES instead of the vermin out of Ireland.

WHAT DIVIDES THE SEXES?—A RAZOR.

"YES, *Mr. Punch*, that is now my established opinion. I have read the *Times;* and have digested the various assertions and arguments therein given in short at the great Female Convention, held at Syracuse. I have studied the opinions as laid down by those gifted women—(if they will pardon me calling them such, until a bran-new and a much better name is invented for them)—and believing them equal in all things to us, I am convinced that the only difference between the sexes is, men shave, women do not. In fact, the only distinction between man and wife is—a razor.

"I am a married man, *Mr. Punch*, and my name is CHUCK, RUFUS CHUCK. I must own, too, that on a perusal of the *Times* article, I did feel a touch—just a touch—of remorse. The fact is, I am afraid I have been a tyrant. A long and most familiar assertion and complaint of MRS. CHUCK is, in her own affecting language, that she has been crushed. She will often observe—'From the first hour of my marriage, I have been crushed.' If I venture to look remonstrance, she adds, witheringly—'And you *know it*. CHUCK, you *know it*.'

"Well, *Mr. Punch*, having read the arguments of the Convention at Syracuse, I am convinced, subdued, ashamed of my position as one of the tyrants, man. The fact is, we have too long had it all our own way—too long been uppermost. It is quite time that women should assert themselves, and snatch the rod of iron from our hands. We have, I fear, been tyrants because they have been willing victims; not but what the wife of my bosom (if she will pardon the weakness of the expression,) has more than once anticipated the energy of MRS. J. ELIZABETH JONES, of Ohio, and has not always been 'in the habit of *talking* much about women's rights.' She, too, has been one of those women who, instead of talking about rights, '*took 'em*, without saying anything about 'em.' Yes, I think I can say as much—now and then—for the energy of MRS. CHUCK.

"When I wedded MRS. C.— (thirty years ago, Sir, she was white and pink and delicate as Dresden china, with a little foot that might have stood tiptoe on a daisy, and a figure that—but let me proceed)—well, when I wedded MRS. CHUCK, the marriage service would hardly melt in her mouth, and now——'but there are wrongs,'—I quote her *very words, Mr. Punch*—'that would melt a poker.'

"But, *Mr. Punch*, let men and women come to a fair adjustment. We have had our way for a few thousand years, let the women have their turn. We resign the sceptre into their hands: we kneel and do homage. Let us, as men, retire into the violet shade of life, and let women 'rule the court, the camp, the grove.' Let us, as men, forego the brutality of authority, and, giving up our places, study to be humble and useful.

"Fortunately we (if the *we* is still to be admissible; but in the new holy divided state, I presume it will run I and *he*) have no little children; because, though I have domestic talents, I don't think I should be good at nursing. To get a baby on its first feet would, I think, perplex me; neither could I 'change 'em,' as I think it's called—but (I would wish to speak with diffidence) I have an eye and something of a hand for housekeeping: so have many married men of my acquaintance. I have twice in my life—when absent from MRS. CHUCK—put a button on my shirt: once for a wager—when MRS. C. was at Margate—stuffed a goose, roasted it, made the gravy and compounded the apple-sauce. I assure you the jolly dogs—(I mean the despicable tyrants, for they were all married)—who dined with me, voted it excellent; and afterwards said as much to MRS. CHUCK, who, I remember, replied—'Of course, yes; that was always how *she* was crushed.'

"And surely, *Mr. Punch*, there are men who may—with common energy—learn to make tea: to do *crochet* work: to get up fine linen: to do everything in fact that hitherto has been most crushingly heaped upon women. At all events, I say, in common fairness let us try.

"Let all our sailors be discharged, and the sailors' wives—(of course they must allow *us*, I speak for our sex, their half-pay)—man, that is, *woman* our navy. Let the army be disbanded, and the Connaught Amazons take the place of the Rangers, and the Sharptalkers that of the Sharpshooters.

"I don't care much about it, but I suppose when they take possession of the houses of Parliament, they 'll let us have our gallery, where we may bring our work.

"Any way, *Mr. Punch*, let us resign. Man and wife have too long been one—'the man being all the One, and the woman being Nothing'—as MRS. C. once observed when she was crushed—henceforth let them be Two: an independent Two, in this manner:

I I

equal in everything; with, as I say, nothing but the fine edge of a razor between them.

"In the just hope of a speedy settlement, I remain, Yours

"RUFUS CHUCK."

"P.S. Is it true, *Mr. Punch?* I have heard that DOCTOR ELIZA WILHELMINA COPTIC, Massachusetts, has found a new reading in a discovered MS.: namely, that ADAM was created from a rib of EVE, and by no means EVE from a rib of ADAM!

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER XVIII, AND LAST.

REFERRING to the letter (as official people say—mention the fact to your husband) which I did myself the pleasure of writing to you, MRS. VIOLET SWELLINGTON, some six months since, touching the publication of the memoirs of your going-to-be-married life, I am inclined, rather, to suggest that you might begin to consider your revelations as sufficiently expansive. Moreover, my distinguished child, Parliament is shortly to meet, and the new Member for Pocketburgh will require all your affectionate attentions during the hours that illustrious senator can spare from his preparatory course of MILL, HALLAM, and DOD'S Handbook of Parliamentary Etiquette. So, if you think—and so forth, why—*et cetera.*"

In obedience to papa's hint, for he is always right, I have arrived at the end of the series of chapters dear *Mr. Punch* was so good as to say he should be happy to receive as long as MISS VIOLET thought proper to write them. But I have a world of things to tell in a short space, and how I shall manage it I do not know. The bit from papa's letter will, however, let everybody into two great secrets. And how certain events came about, so suddenly and yet so pleasantly, shall be told by another person. He is to be a great speaker, and he shall begin by speaking for me. Here is part of a letter which he wrote me. Of course, I have not copied out any of the expressions which are, I believe, customary in such cases, and which, though the young gentleman is supposed to use them with sincerity, and the young lady to read them with pleasure, always make third parties laugh. Now, a Member of Parliament must not be laughed at.

"MY DEAREST VIOLET, "*Pocketburgh, Thursday.*

* * * * * *

"I am the Member for this place, at least as much to my own astonishment as anybody else's, but never mind that—it is a great fact—ALBANY SWELLINGTON, M.P. addresses you.

"There 's a banquet to-morrow, or I should be up by express train to-night, and with your papa before breakfast to-morrow. But I have written to him by this post;—my invaluable friend ZACHARY KINGSILVER, the old conveyancer, in whose chambers I have been reading so hard, and who has done me such essential service, advised me to write. Not that I wanted any advice to do *that*, for * * *

* * * * * * * *

"KINGSILVER came down at the request of the EARL OF MACHICOLLATION, the owner of this borough, to discuss some alterations the Earl wanted to make in the arrangement of his property, in consequence of his eldest son, LORD PORTCULLIS, having changed his mind about a marriage, and the HONOURABLE MR. DONJONKEEP, the second son, having turned restive in political matters. *Entre nous*, DON JOHN, as we called him in the Mediterranean, is in love with a girl in the Ministry (her father is, I mean), and love, you know, or I hope you know, is * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

(These stars represent five pages of really very beautiful writing.)

"Well, old ZACHARY asked me to come down with him, and I was only too glad to show him any attention. I went to the hotel in the town, and he proceeded to Frowningdown Castle. We learned, on arriving last Monday, that the nomination for the borough was fixed for yesterday, and of course all the old canvassing and speechifying work was going on, work in which I did my part some time ago for MUMBLE FITZPLUMB, who stuck in his maiden speech, and fainted into his hat. So I was quite at home, and in other days I should have found out some fellow I knew—or knew his cousin, or his yacht, or discovered some other basis of friendship—and should have plunged into the fun; but I have grown sage, and I thought I might make things awkward at the Castle for ZACHARY, if I went ahead without quite comprehending how parties stood. So I shut myself up till ZACH. should return, and read DE LOLME on the Constitution as well as I could for the riot the drunken constituents were making all over the house. And though the situation was not the best for such thoughts, I sat considering whether * * * *

* * * * * *

"Suddenly MR. KINGSILVER came into my room in a great hurry, took the book out of my hands, and pointed impatiently to my hat and gloves. I knew his way too well to be surprised, and in three minutes we were in a carriage with the MACHICOLLATION arms on it, hastening to the Castle.

"'Old BROMPTON (he meant your admirable papa, love) says you can speak very well. You ain't hoarse, to day, I hope,' said MR. KINGSILVER, who was blinking with his eyes, and pulling at his nose, in a most impatient manner. 'I *say*,' he said, after a pause, during which I was puzzling at his meaning; 'I *say*,' he added most earnestly, 'Give it well in about moderate reforms, and hit hard at the Ecclesiastical Courts—they 've no friends. I don't see that you should commit yourself to much.'

"I was still staring, when the Castle horses, which had stept out splendidly, rattled us over a paved court-yard, and ZACHARY would hardly wait for the door being opened before tumbling out and pulling me with him through a gloomy hall, and into a grim old library (haunted, I'm certain), and then he stamped because no one was there, and rang the bell vehemently.

"'Where's the Earl?'

"'Haddressing the folks in the juiced yard, Sir,' said the servant.

"'Old fool,' I could hear ZACH. mutter, and perhaps he even put the sentiment a trifle stronger. 'Come on, ALBANY, can't you?'

"Through the Castle, and into the joust-yard we hurried, and there we found long tables in the open air, and perhaps a couple of hundred men, tenants of the Earl, banging the tables furiously, while the LORD of MACHICOLLATION was haranguing them. Oh, VIOLET! what rubbish the old fellow was saying; but his fine head, white hair, and soldierly manner helped it wonderfully.

"'Take him easy,' said MR. KINGSILVER to me, still bringing me on towards the Earl. 'Say something about PORTCULLIS's legs, however.'

"'What's the matter with his legs, except that one's as bandy as the other?' I asked; for I remembered the Viscount in France. He used to pester poor DOMINIQUE, at the *Café de Paris*, by inventing wild-sounding dishes—such as *Œillades de Locofoco (vert) aux catafalques anabaptistes*, and nonsense of that kind.

"'Accident—railway—no chance of taking his seat, all our men *must* be up for the first field night, and the trial of strength. So you are to be returned with GLOBBER, the other candidate; I've made it all right. There 'll be a contest, but you 're both safe—there's a clear majority cheering the old pump now. O, he 's done. Now make your bow.'

"The old Earl came forward, and welcomed me with a sort of stately cordiality by no means out of keeping with the whole scene. He paid me some gracious compliments, hoped that our acquaintance would be long and intimate, and presented me to the assembly as the gentleman of whom he had been speaking.

"'You *know*, gentlemen,' he said, in such a sonorous voice and with such a frank smile, that the humbug really seemed all right, 'that I never presume to dictate to my tenantry, or to interfere in their elections, beyond taking that interest which a friend must take in his friend's affairs. But I own it would console me much under the painful circumstances which for the present exclude my son, VISCOUNT PORTCULLIS, from Parliament, should your free and unbiassed choice fall upon MR. ALBANY SWELLINGTON.'

"I suppose, dearest VIOLET, that a man has his moments of inspiration. My thoughts rushed to you, and * * *. I seemed suddenly to comprehend my exact position, and, stimulated * * *, the words came. Being moderately reformed myself, I spoke as became a moderate reformer—in an Earl's joust-yard—and I delivered an enormous speech, which, as LORD MACHICOLLATION and old KINGSILVER looked evidently delighted, and the tenantry shouted applause, must have been about the right thing to say. The nomination took place yesterday, and there was a great fight round the hustings, and a dashing charge of mounted farmers—the hospital is full of the wounded and bruised. To-day we have had the poll—a fierce struggle: the quarry-men came down from the hills with iron bars to smash the Earl's men, and the miners came up from the shafts, with loaded bludgeons, to demolish the Anti-castleites. Patriotism ran so high at last that we had to send off for Light Dragoons. However, at the close, the numbers were

JERNINGHAM GLOBBER	203
ALBANY SWELLINGTON	201
SNITCH CHAWLER	182
Glorious Majority for SWELLINGTON over CHAWLER	19

I have only waited for the exact numbers to write to you. And now, dearest VIOLET, a new field has been opened to me. But I have

one thought only, namely, that my success may be a stepping-stone to * * *"

And that is nearly all I have to say. Dear ALBANY made a beautiful speech at the banquet, and introduced an allusion to "bright eyes," which the provincial ladies thought they understood, but which was better appreciated by somebody else who read it to her papa from the *Pocketburgh Herald*. And then the new Member came to town, and had a not very long, but I think a very satisfactory interview with papa, with whom, by a curious coincidence, MR. KINGSILVER (a dear old man, though odd) had been closeted for some time. MISS VIOLET was also requested to join the council, and various questions were discussed, but few differences of opinion arose. Only one point ALBANY urged, and, whatever I may have said, I thought his arguments were proper and forcible. He represented that as he should wish to devote much time to the study of the questions likely to arise in Parliament, it would be well that all other matters should be disposed of as speedily as possible, so that his mind might be in the calm condition desirable in the case of a statesman. Papa remarked, that if he had one quality more than another largely developed, it was patriotism, and for the sake of his country he assented to ALBANY'S proposition; and MR. KINGSILVER concurring, and promising early parchments, MISS VIOLET was requested to appoint her wedding-day—and did.

A HAPPY RELEASE.

BEING very tender-hearted, we are not in the habit of looking forward with any particular pleasure to the approaching end of a fellow-creature, but we must confess that we anticipate with some satisfaction the early official death of a class of functionaries who are doomed by a recent act of Parliament. A late statute gives power to the LORD CHANCELLOR to extinguish the Masters in Chancery, but the friends of humanity will be glad to hear that the process will be one of utterly painless extinction, as full salaries will be attached to their annihilated condition. The act of terminating the existence of these officials is delicately described as "releasing them;" and, indeed, it will be a "happy release" for the Masters themselves, while it will put a vast number of suitors out of their misery in a still more effectual manner. MASTERS FARRER and BROUGHAM, as two of the old Masters, are doomed to official death on the first day of next term, which will bring with it the term of their joint and several administrative existences. The legal massacre of the Masters will then proceed in due course until their total extermination is effected. Their death-warrants will be issued to all in turn, and all are prepared to meet their fate with cheerfulness. *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori* is a motto that might be fairly assumed by any one of them.

As Unlike as Chalk and Cheese.

IT is a common observation to hear, "Oh! they are as different as Chalk is from Cheese." Now, the difference between these two articles of commerce is not so great as persons may foolishly imagine. We all know that Chalk enters largely into the composition of milk, and we also very well know that Cheese is made from milk. Accordingly, it stands to reason that, instead of there being any violent difference, there is, on the contrary, a strong resemblance between Chalk and Cheese. They are both members of the celebrated Casein family.

Hope for Ireland yet!

MR. BRIGHT has been in Ireland for some days, studying for himself the state of the rural population.

A rumour spread through Dublin on Monday that DR. CAHILL had sailed from the Irish coast for Australia.

If the Doctor really has left Ireland, we only hope his departure, like MR. BRIGHT'S arrival, is "for good."

THE RAILWAY NURSERY RHYMER.

Now that it has become proverbial that accidents *will* happen on the best regulated Railways, we consider that a salutary dread of them ought early to be implanted in the minds of our rising generation. The infantine "hobgoblin" should in future be the Railway Engine, and our children should be legendarily warned of this, as of a lawyer's bill, or any other sometimes necessary evil. Instead of the bloody deeds of mythic Jack-the-Giant-Killers, we would have our nursemaids tell the horrors of a real Railroad journey. "*Railways are Dangerous*" should be the earliest round-hand text: and one of the first chapters in the Spelling-book the *Chapter of Accidents*.

Our "Nursery Rhymers" too, might similarly be amended. We have long been nationally ashamed of those senseless "hush-a-by babys," with which the British infancy has for ages been insulted. With easy alteration they might teach a most impressive lesson. And we, therefore, feel we shall be doing the infant state some service, by furnishing at once a specimen page of *The Railway Nursery Rhymer*.

AIR.—"*Ride a Cock-Horse.*"

Fly by steam-force the country across,
Faster than jockey outside a race-horse:
With time-bills mismanaged, fast trains after slow,
You shall have danger wherever you go.

AIR.—"*Little Bo-Peep.*"

Little Bo-peep
Is fast asleep,
In th' Excursion train you 'll find him:
Oh! it's ten to one
If he ever gets home—
For a "Special" is close behind him!

AIR.—"*Hush-a-by Baby.*"

Rock away, passenger, in the third class,
When your train shunts a faster will pass;
When your train's late your chances are small—
Crushed will be carriages, engine, and all.

AIR.—"*Dickory, Dickory, Dock.*"

Smashery, mashery, crash!
Into the "Goods" we dash:
The "Express," we find,
Is just behind—
Smashery, mashery, crash!

TALE OF A TIGHT GARTER.

ONCE upon a time there was a garter, a wonderful garter with "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" burning in it, as though written in sunlight. And this garter was for many years worn by a mighty leg—a leg that was one of the pillars—and such an iron, adamantine pillar!—of the land. But at length the leg reposed in dust; and the garter that had circled that leg was to be given to another—given to the worthiest.

And the garter was given: it became the garter of another leg. And folks laughed bitterly and cried that *that* garter—above all garters in the world—was too big for such a leg; it would—it must—drop over the shoe, and haply be soiled in the dust.

And the thing happened altogether contrary to what folks had prophesied. For the garter upon that leg—as though the garter had life in it—grew tight about the leg, tight and tighter: and, with every step the leg took, the garter took a new grip; nevertheless the leg would not give up the garter. For the man who wore the garter in his vanity thought the better of his leg. "What a great man I must be that my leg should be even too big for such a garter! But it is no doubt ever thus: great garters make great legs." And though pinched and pinched every time he wore the garter, nevertheless—sweet and sustaining is conceit—he still wore the garter.

The Continental Tour of Cardinal Wiseman.

ON Monday week CARDINAL WISEMAN presided over a grand ceremony at Cambrai, to inaugurate a miraculous statue of the Virgin, stated to have caught larks in its mouth upon the occasion of a famine. He also headed a procession of another miraculous picture of the Virgin, of which the tradition is, that it would shut its eyes and whistle whenever a heretic went by. At Valenciennes he was pleased to accept a locket, containing a lock of hair that is recorded to have been cut off SAMSON'S head by DALILAH, and he was also shown the scissors with which the operation was performed. What makes the preservation of the latter relic still more miraculous is, that it has retained to the present day the mark stamped upon one of its blades. That mark is distinctly "SHEFFIELD."

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Beautiful Being (who is all soul). "How grand, how solemn, dear Frederick, this is! I really think the Ocean is more beautiful under this aspect than under any other!"

Frederick (who has about as much poetry in him as a Codfish). "Hm—Ah! Yes. Per-waps. By the way, Blanche—There's a fella Shwimping. S'pose we ask him if he can get us some Pwawns for Bweakfast, to-morwaw morning?"

A HUMAN ORCHESTRA.

Hearing that an entertainment was to be presented, at the St. James's Theatre, by an orchestra of human beings without anything to play upon, except the natural curiosity of the public, we hastened to assist at the inauguration of such a novelty. Nothing was said as to the nation to which the members of this enterprising band belonged, and we naturally concluded they were French, as the French seem to have sunk into the mere instruments of their present director.

When the curtain ascended, a gentleman came forward to say a few words on the splendid science of ventriloquism, and illustrated it by asking "Jim" if he was "up there," and receiving a reply from Jim that he was "down here" in the approved ventriloquial fashion. As a further proof of what science had done for the human voice, he caught an imaginary bee in the palm of his hand, amid the usual amount of "buzz" that attends that interesting exploit.

Then came the Organophonic Band itself, represented by twelve stalwart men in military uniforms, who writhed and screwed their countenances into all sorts of shapes, including angles and triangles, in imitation of the instruments of a full orchestra. The trombone kept up a perpetual snore, the human drum gave a series of *staccato* grunts, and the cymbals kept up a succession of sneezes and shivers which gave one a sort of confused idea of something between one of Coles's Rheumatic Bands and a regular orchestra. Altogether, we were amused, as we generally are by whatever Mr. Mitchell provides at the St. James's Theatre; but we confess we did not wait for the bagpipes, as the instrument is bad enough at His best, and our horror of a human wind-bag is almost as great as Mr. Carlyle could desire.

A very astonishing part of the performance was the facility with which the human instruments, after twisting and curling their lips and noses into all inconceivable shapes, were able to get the creases and folds out of their countenances in two or three minutes. The most remarkable feature of the whole affair was the prominent feature on the face of the drum, who drew his nose up into his eye, and let it down again with a facility that had a terrible fascination for the assembled audience. We looked very hard at the whole party, and felt we should have been doing them an act of charity to stare them out of countenance; but this we found impossible. To look at the painful faces they made, these human instruments appeared like instruments of torture; and it is perhaps in mercy, that they were only advertised for a week, lest the Animals' Friends should interfere for their protection.

"Ireland for the Irish."

We have always been told of the excessive love of the Irish for their country, but the way in which thousands are leaving it every week is a peculiar Irish method of proving it. If the emigration only continues at its present rate, the cry of "Ireland for the Irish" will have to be altered, for in a few years' time there will not be an Irishman left in the whole island. It will then be "Ireland for the French," or "Ireland for the Yankees," for we doubt if the English would stir a spoon in the matter—they have had more than enough of Ireland already.

The President—Pepin—and Charlemagne.

In one of the cities, the Imperial President was addressed as "Pope Zachary addressed Pepin le Bref," whom the President "resembled." A still greater resemblance—to use Voltaire's words—might have been adopted. As thus, the Mayor might have solemnly said—"President, you are like the sword of Charlemagne. You are long and flat."

New Edition.—*Just Published,* "Life in the *Green Bushes.*" By Madame Celeste.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER COMING DOWN EASY.

TOPSY-TURVY.

(Being Verses by a Poor Man Puzzled.)

Bill Sykes's home was a cadger's ken,
With a sack for a pillow and shavings for sheets:
He was never taught nothin' he don't know when,
His grand tour was the tramp and his school was the streets.

Bill Sykes, at six, went out on the lurk
Among the barges, as mud-lark and raker;
Bill Sykes, at ten, was advanced to work
As covering boy to an old cly-faker.

With higher ambition Bill Sykes he burned,
And, becoming experter as he grew older,
From cly-faking to crib-cracking turned,
And at handling the jemmy no cove was bolder.

The law to Bill Sykes was a thing to break—
The world to Bill Sykes was a place to prig in—
What came in his way he would stoop to take,
But he scorned to beg, and he couldn't stand diggin'.

And so Bill Sykes took the world as it wagged,
In blissful confusion of "your'n" and "his'n,"
Till in course of things Bill Sykes was lagged,
Tried, sentenced, and sent to a model prison.

In prison Bill Sykes's hair was cut,
He was neatly dressed in gray and yellow;
To an excellent school he was instantly put,
Well-fed, and clean-lodged—the lucky fellow!

And after a year thus spent at his ease,
Fed, lodged, and clad at the cost of the nation,
They sent him to Portland to sniff the sea-breeze,
And complete his industrial education.

And when he had learnt to hammer and chip
Like a stone-mason born, in the Portland quarries,
They put him on board a Government ship,
And off to Australia Bill Sykes they carries.

And then, when arrived in Botany Bay,
With his ticket of leave, of grub he lands full—
If he chooses to hire, it 's ten shillin' a day,
If he chooses to dig, it 's gold in handsfull.

Now making allowance for prison rules,
Uncommon pleasant, I think, his fate is—
Schooled, fed, and lodged, taught the use of his tools,
And at last shipped off to the Gold Diggins gratis.

And now that we 've shown, by Bill Sykes's fate,
How Government treats a blind 'un and bolter—
Pray listen, while I attempt to state
The story of hard-working, honest Giles Jolter.

Giles Jolter saw light in a Dorsetshire cot,
Through whose walls and roof wind and rain did rattle:
He was one of six, and the room for the lot
Was a place where you'd not have housed your cattle.

Old Jolter slaved that Giles might learn,
Though it pinched his meals and stinted his sleeping;
And there was a shillin' a week to earn
At pickin' up stones, besides cow-keeping.

At sixteen Giles to farm work went,
For his arms were strong and his heart was willing;
From day-light to dark his back was bent,
And his weekly earnin's they was six shilling.

In course of time Giles took a wife,
(For e'en Jolters victims to Cupid's wiles is,)
And then came the desperate struggle for life,
With a gradual increase of little Gileses.

From morningtide till evensong—
Hail, rain, or snow, whate'er the weather—
The whole year long, or sick or strong,
Husband and wife must toil together.

Their clothes was old, but they must wear—
Their meat was scant, but it must serve them;
On parish bread they scorned to fare,
So against hunger pride did nerve them.

So toiling, moiling, slaving still,
From dark to-day to dull to-morrow,
They struggled manful with each ill
That can steep poor folk's life in sorrow.

But honest Giles bore up through all—
Ne'er took to stealing sheep, or poaching;
Though from the Union seemed to fall
A shadow, evermore approaching:

When news was brought, how there were lands,
Where on the other side the ocean,
Work was more plentiful than hands—
Which set Giles Jolter's mind in motion.

"Lord, Lord!" said Giles, "could we but get
A lift to that there happy island!"
"Ah!" sighed his wife—though doubtful yet
How she could bear to leave the dry land.

At length Giles heard about a Board—
Commissioners of Emigration—
Charged a free passage to afford
For labourers, to this blesséd station.

Giles got an application made
By help of an enlightened neighbour,
Was call'd to town—flung down his spade—
Half sad, half glad to leave his labour.

He trudged to Park Street: in the hall
Kicking his heels four hours they kept him;
Then told him, six weeks hence to call,
And then they'd see if they could accept him.

With heart of lead poor Giles return'd—
Heart that had been light as a feather:
And by odd jobs, for two months earn'd
What just kept life and soul together.

To Park Street then he trudged once more,
In hopes his prayer would now be granted:
Waited—was call'd—but shown the door,
As "No more labourers were wanted!"

So Jolter still, on Dorset leas,
With wife and little ones is pining;
While Bill Sykes at the Antipodes,
His pouch with virgin gold is lining.

MORAL.

Labourers as wage and wittles likes,
Unto a jemmy turn the coulter—
If you'd dig nuggets with Bill Sykes,
And not potatoes with Giles Jolter.

HOW TO "FINISH" A DAUGHTER.

1. Be always telling her how pretty she is.
2. Instill into her mind a proper love of dress.
3. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home.
4. Allow her to read nothing but novels.
5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities, of life.
6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping.
7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself.
8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a ladies' maid.
9. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk in the Treasury upon £75 a year, or to an ensign that is going out to India.

If, with the above careful training, your daughter is not finished, you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you must look upon her escape as nothing short of a miracle.

Worth any Money.

A medical man, advertising his "Practice" for sale, winds it up, after stating all its advantages, with the following additional recommendation: "N.B.—Not five minutes' distance from a large Railway Station."

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS.

(*Being an Appendix to the Pilgrim's Ditto.*)

AND Lo! On my way I came to a fair city, and outside the gates thereof was gathered a great multitude, and *Lord Lickspittle*, the Prefect of the place at their head, and *Captain Brute-Force*, the commander of the garrison, on a great horse; and the chief councillors, *Easy-Man*, *Turn-with-the-Wind*, *Out-at-Elbows*, and *Worldly-Mind*, and a great multitude of soldiers with them.

And I asked one of the soldiers, who seemed heavy with drink, what this great gathering might be for.

And he told me, with much thickness of speech because of his potting, that it was because of the *Prince President Apollyon* that came that way.

Then I asked him what manner of man was this Prince President, that the great men thus came out to meet him. And he told me how he had, once upon a time, saved the country from a great red giant *Grim-gibber*. And I asked him who had seen that giant, and where he dwelt? But he told me that no one had seen him, nor knew well, of a surety, where he dwelt; but that, past a doubt, he was an awful giant and a fell, and was to have come in this year and slain men and women and children, and spoiled their goods, and put divers in prison and others driven over seas, but the Prince President had fought with him and mastered him, and so saved the country.

Whereupon I asked him in what manner the Prince President had fought with this fell giant, when no one had seen him nor could surely tell what form he was of? This he wist not aright, but, nevertheless, he told me how that the Prince President had truly conquered him; and, to that end, had in that city slain many thousands, both men and women and children, and had taken the goods of the Princes of the land, and put many thousands in prison, and more banished.

And I pondered much; for methought the Giant *Grim-gibber*, if he had come among them, could but have done the same. Nathless I held my peace, lest they should smite me. Then I heard *Lord Lickspittle* cry with a loud voice, "Lo! here cometh my Lord. Shout!"

Captain Brute-Force called also to the people in like manner. But they spoke not a word, save *Easy-Man*, and *Turn-with-the-Wind*, and *Out-at-Elbows*, and *Worldly-Mind*, who shouted till their throats were hoarse.

Then I saw the *Prince Apollyon* come riding; and *Lord Lickspittle* bowed down before him and licked the dust, and *Captain Brute-Force* put his neck under his foot, and *Easy-Man*, and *Turn-with-the-Wind*, and *Out-at-Elbows*, and *Worldly-Mind* wept for joy and beslavered his legs, and shouted, "Long live *Apollyon* the Great, that slew the great Giant *Grim-gibber*, and saved the land."

But when *Lord Lickspittle* saw that the people said not a word—as in truth they had more of a mind to curse the Prince, thinking of their friends, and wives, and children that he had slain, and banished, and put in stinking holds—he was at his wit's end, and wot not what to do.

Then there came one *Outward-Show*, that was a mountebank and a rare trickster, and had devised a certain motion of puppets such that, when he pulled the wires, would wag their legs, and arms, and heads; and among them was a motion of young girls that came forth and strewed flowers, and danced after the fashion of real maidens; and *Outward-Show* blew with a trumpet before them, and said:—

"Behold, our maidens come out to strew flowers before the great *Prince Apollyon!*" And *Lord Lickspittle* was well pleased, and gave *Outward-Show* certain pieces of silver that contented him marvellously, for he was a poor knave and a shifty, for all his witty devices.

Then *Captain Brute-Force* commanded his soldiers that they should shout, and they shouted; and the *Prince Apollyon* bowed his head, and *Lord Lickspittle* cried aloud, "Behold the people of the city cry, 'Long live the great *Prince Apollyon.*'" And the pen-men that were by wrote all this in their books, that it might be believed in far countries how that all in that city loved the *Prince Apollyon*. But, in truth, all this rejoicing came but from the *Lord Lickspittle*, and *Captain Brute-Force* and his drunken troopers, and *Easy-Man*, and *Turn-with-the-Wind*, and *Out-at-Elbows*, and *Worldly-Mind*, and the cunning rogue *Outward-Show*, with his motion. But methought the people cursed the Prince in their hearts.

POLICY OF PEACE-INSURANCE.

Lo! Masses mumbled to the cannon's roar,
And Eagles by embroidered bishops blest;
Soldiers and Priests combined on Gallia's shore:
These hate our faith and those our name detest.
Is this a time to sit, unarmed, at rest?
When scribes too, free to utter little more,
England with menace unrebuked defy:
Pooh pooh! drab cockneys, give your twaddle o'er,
Inviting war. How soon, should foemen come,
You'd cease that cant, to scream, with mouths awry,
For those defenders whom you now decry!
Ne'er let us beat again Aggression's drum,
And trust there's no attack for us in store:
Meanwhile, my friends, we'll keep our powder dry!

A Literary Flea-Bite.

HUDSON TURNER talks of a peculiar kind of flea which is only to be met with at the British Museum—and which, as he is sure it has no name, he calls the MUSEUM FLEA. This must be the identical Flea, then, which MR. PANIZZI has had so often in his ear for not getting on quicker with the Museum Catalogue.

And No Wonder!

BY a curious connection of ideas, whenever we read the advertisement commencing

"50,000 CURES,"

for the life of us we cannot help thinking of MR. ROBERT MOORE, the Monster Pluralist.

NO GOLD WITHOUT ITS ALLOY.

THERE is a rumour that DR. CAHILL has gone over to Australia!

POPULAR RAILWAY MAXIM.—"Your money AND your life."

ATROCIOUS ATTACK ON A BADGER.

Our susceptible readers—we thereby mean the sympathetic million—may have learned with a befitting horror the cowardly, the unmanly attack that within these few days has been committed on an unoffending, unsuspicious badger—the badger at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The innocent animal was seized upon in a confiding moment, and its mouth forcibly opened by two "gentlemen," as they called themselves at the Police Office: a quantity of loathsome gin—burning, blighting, bluely-ruining gin was thus insidiously forced into the animal's stomach. Shakespeare, when he would give the most touching picture of infant helplessness, speaks of the babe sent away with "the innocent milk in its most innocent mouth." Something of this sort will, of course, arise to the imagination of the reader, when he thinks of the destructive fluid in the innocent stomach of the badger. Directly *Mr. Punch* heard of the atrocious act, he took his hat and cane, and drove to the Gardens. *Toby* was at first stopped at the gate; "No dogs being admitted." *Mr. Punch*, however, cannot but acknowledge the courtesy that waved the rule in favour of *Toby*, he being, in the words of the official, a dog *sui generis*; or a dog by himself—which, being interpreted to *Toby*, that gifted animal understood to be a dog in a state of celibacy—upon which *Toby* howled accordingly. But we are forgetting the badger.

We were speedily ushered into the presence of the sufferer, and found that an ape—an ape of long-known, though rarely-practised skill—had been called in. At the very time the Doctor was with his patient. We say—Doctor: for in the thoughtful lines of the ape's countenance, especially about the nose, we distinctly traced the letters, F.R.C.S. The badger looked a little pale: but we have heard of badgers—like a lover of the Minerva Press—overdrawn; and on the whole, thought the badger had very likely suffered less from the fire-water internally taken, than it might have done from the teeth of badger-worrying terriers.

Having sympathetically surveyed the sufferer, and dropt our one tear—the smallest offering to wounded sensibility—we retired, the ape acknowledging our bow with a severe yet withal dignified gravity that would have graced a Court physician (no insinuation, Sir James Clark, upon our honour). Before we left the Gardens, we were obligingly presented with a copy of the Doctor's bulletin, as interpreted by the Æsop of the establishment (he was, years since, we have heard, the Poet of Cremorne), and by him fixed on paper. Here it is:—

"2 P.M. Found patient in a paroxysm of pain: doubled up like a hedgehog; and his best badger hair, that kings might have shaved with, sharp and rigid. Called in help, and unrolled him. Eyes fixed—pupils much dilated—pulse 120—very high, indeed, for a badger.

"Raved wildly: cried out that the dogs were at him, but he wouldn't be drawed as he had been, no, not for the best nobleman in the land! Evidently alluding to the festive scenes of former years.

"Ordered patient to be pumped over: howled again, and said he preferred hot, with sugar. Pulse falling. Ordered ten Teetotal Tracts, with treacle and butter, to be given as pills. Couldn't get 'em down patient's throat. Called in one of the pelicans; deposited 'em in the very inside pit of badger's stomach, which—rejected 'em.

"3 P. M. Administered, in dove's milk, powder of scraper of Exeter Hall. Badger fell into profound sleep—snoring heavily.

"5 P. M. Woke, weak, but not refreshed. Prescribed a slight stimulant. Decoction of juniper-leaves, hot with honey. Slept again.

"7 P. M. Woke, a little languid, but sensible. Asked him how he had liked his last prescription. Upon which, with a light in his laughing eye, the badger made answer—'Werry nice, indeed; but not *quite* the thing.' Slept again.

"9 P.M. Woke at nine: smacked his lips. Asked him if he could fancy anything; and if he could to name it. He did name it—'Gin.'

"11 P.M. Patient drunk and convalescent.

"Pugsy Cocoatop, M.D."

Medical.—The best line of business for a medical man to follow is a Railway line.

"TIME WAS THAT WHEN THE BRAINS WERE OUT," &c.

We have been requested by a candidate for the obsolete office of Lord Mayor's Fool to be the medium of forwarding a testimonial, which is comprised in the following "specimen joke," which we have no hesitation in saying is quite bad enough to justify the applicant in his low ambition. The joke runs, or rather halts, limps, and hobbles—as follows.

It is to be hoped that the new Lord Mayor will be careful as to what he eats and drinks at the City and other banquets during his year of office, for it would be sad indeed to have to speak of him hereafter as the "poisoned challice."

N.B. There is a note in the original manuscript, stating that Challis is the name of the alderman just elected to the Mayoral dignity.

THE FRENCH JACK SHEPPARD.

We do not wish to be disrespectful to the French Nation, but Louis Napoleon puts us strongly in mind of Jack Sheppard. He has been in prison—perhaps not so often as his prototype; but still he has had his full share of imprisonments, and, like Jack, he has always been successful in escaping. Then again, the *coup d'état* of December the 2nd might pass almost for one of the Sheppardian exploits, with the exception that Jack never perpetrated a burglary on so large a scale. At the utmost he broke into a private house, when all the inmates were in bed, and stole the plate. He had never an opportunity of breaking into a nation, and robbing it of all its liberties in the dead of the night. That was a burglary reserved for the nephew of an Emperor to lend his hand and crowbar to! But Jack's crowbar was innocent enough: it had no stain of blood upon it. There the comparison between him and the prison-escaping burglarious President of France ends. To push it any further would be injurious to our favourite Adelphi hero. Beyond a certain point, his dark lantern is completely put out by the superior darkness of his rival's. In humiliating impartiality, we are pained to confess that France boasts of a greater Jack Sheppard than we do. Louis Napoleon is, by the whole length of the Boulevards, the greater man of the two. In the perfection of cool, reckless burglary, Mrs. Keeley's *beau idéal* is no match for him!

At present, the French Jack Sheppard is busy carving his name on the beam which holds the future scales of France. That name, we need not say, is EMPEREUR. A nation must be blind, indeed, to keep any such beam in its eye!

DOCTOR MAC HALE IN LONDON.

Doctor Mac Hale is in London—in London multiplied by at least a hundred. Yes; no less than a hundred little Mac Hales may be counted along the line of Tottenham Court Road from Oxford Street to Camden Town: Mac Hales in everything save that they are not in canonicals, but in rags.

We are on the top of an omnibus, and there are half-a-dozen tatterdemalion Irish boys, their rags fluttering about them, whooping, shouting, begging, blackguarding for halfpence. Over and over they go—turning Catherine wheels—(holy St. Catherine wheels!)—and screaming and scrambling, now and then picking up halfpence, flung to them, and *at* them.

That little varlet in a brown tattered coat; shirtless, shoeless, hatless; whining, screeching, abusing for money—turning his Catherine wheels for coppers—that is Ireland, the Ireland of Doctor Mac Hale. Along the line of road, the "accursed Saxon" is blacking shoes—going of errands—selling apples or doing some sort of work, and doing it earnestly, quietly. But—

Stand out of the way, you little blackguard Saxon with blacking brushes and apple-basket; out of the way, and let the glorious Celt whine and beg and abuse, and—turn his holy Catherine wheel!

HINTS TO SERVANTS WHEN THE FAMILY IS OUT OF TOWN.

NOW is your time to examine the state of your mistress's wardrobe.

If the gowns should fit you, and the bonnets are becoming, you may as well wear them.

Should you invite a few friends to tea, you receive them in the drawing-room, of course—providing always the drawing-room is in a fit state to receive them.

The least you can do for them when they leave, is to ask the coachman to see them home in the carriage.

If any children are left at home in your charge, you should send them to bed very early; or, supposing any of them should be sufficiently advanced to play the piano, you may let her stop up to play quadrilles whilst you dance.

It is as well, however, not to let JOHNNY smoke in their presence.

It is probable you may find these children the great drawbacks to your enjoyment, so you must be very careful what you do before them. When you go out for a drive, you had better leave them at home; when you play at cards you had better send them into another room; when you wish to practise the piano, you should send them out walking; and if you expect any of the "military" to drop in during the evening, you had better take the precaution of putting them to bed two or three hours earlier.

As for their getting up in the morning, that is to be entirely regulated by the hour at which you rise yourself. So, if you wish to read the newspaper in bed, you needn't put yourself out on their account. Besides, children like stopping in bed.

If you have any leisure for reading, there are master's books; but, should you prefer novels, you can easily send round for them to SAMS', or the nearest circulating library.

Never mind about dog's-earing, or butter-thumbing, or coffee-spotting a book. It will never be known who has done it; and if you wish to lend a book to a friend, why should you hesitate when the books are not yours? To guard against accidents, make the borrowers always promise to bring the books back again.

You should not neglect this good opportunity—as you will naturally have access, either by fair or foul means, to your mistress's drawers—to have all her caps, and gowns, and "latest fashions," correctly copied by your milliner—(supposing you have not time to yourself)—so that you may wear them in your mistress's presence when she comes back.

Eat and drink of the very best: have hot luncheons, hot dinners (of course), and hot suppers, regularly every day—spare nothing—providing always you are not left upon board wages. In the latter case, the case is very different; but even then you can manage it, if you are clever, with the different tradesmen, by telling them to charge what you consume in the weekly bills, when "the family" returns to town. If the tradesmen, like fools, object, you have your remedy—you can change them for others who are more reasonable.

Your wine depends upon whether the butler drinks any himself. If he does, he must give you some, or else threaten to expose him.

If the plate has been left out, as a matter of course you use it.

You needn't work more than you like. You are your own mistress, and the principle is to enjoy yourself, more especially as your enjoyment only comes once a year. Accordingly you can go to the theatre as often as you can afford it, and stop out as late as you please, so long as you shut the door after you. The only thing you have to guard against is a surprise; but as "the family" is pretty sure to write home word to tell you when they intend returning, there is not much fear of any such accident. Then, providing the house is cleaned, a few of the books put back, the piano not much out of tune, the curtains not smelling of tobacco, the clothes all returned to where you took them from, and the children properly subdued, by tremendous threats of extermination, into silence, your master and mistress need not have the slightest suspicion how you have been enjoying yourselves whilst they have been out of town.

A RETIRED FLUNKEY.

RUNAWAY ENGINES.

OUR old country pounds for horses and donkeys seem to have gone out of fashion. Their place, however, promises to be supplied with railway pounds. According to the following extract:

"ANOTHER ENGINE CAPTURED.—On Saturday last another of the Great Northern engines was impounded as a trespasser at the Nottingham Station by the Midland authorities.—*Sheffield Times*,

it would seem that railway engines are as often in the habit of going out of all bounds as railway directors themselves. It would be curious to hear the town crier going round the district, crying a "Lost Engine," or giving notice, that if the engine which had strayed into MR. SO-AND-SO'S china shop was not taken away within so many days, it would be sold to pay the expenses. This kind of straying, however, is harmless compared to the straying and trespassing which railways have lately been indulging in. We allude to one train straying out of its direct course, and trespassing upon another. For these trespasses, which, when connected with the loss of life, can never be forgiven, there is no established pound, excepting such as a verdict gives in damages: and what amount of pounds, we ask, can ever compensate for the loss of a leg, or a couple of arms, or the death of a dear relative! There will be no security for the public until a Director is compelled, by Act of Parliament, to travel in every train.

Purveyor of Poultry. "WHAT SORT O' PEOPLE ARE THEY AT NUMBER TWELVE, JACK?"

Purveyor of Meat. "OH! A RUBBISHIN' LOT. LEG O' MUTTON A' MONDAYS, AND 'ASH AN' COLD MEAT THE REST O' THE WEEK."

Agricultural Intelligence.

WE understand, from our own exclusive sources, that MR. DISRAELI has just succeeded in inventing a new description of Reaping Machine, by which his distressed friends the Agriculturists will, he expects, be most materially assisted in reaping the benefit of what he has predicted to be "looming in the future."

Gifts to Louis Napoleon.

THE gifts made to the embryo Emperor on his progress have been very touching. One city gives its "soul to LOUIS NAPOLEON"—another, Roanne, gives "its heart." Why, long since, did not Paris present him with "its foot?"

NOT THE SLIGHTEST DOUBT ABOUT IT.—A young lady being asked whether she should wear a wig when her hair turned grey, replied with the greatest earnestness, "Oh! no, I'll die first."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 9th, 1852.

AN ELEGANT EXTRACT.

"My Dear Mr. Punch, *October 8th*, 1852.

"Although, unfortunately, I am one of the pig-eyed, bullet-headed, long-backed, bad-legged, slavish, lumbering Saxons, I am a humble admirer of truth when I meet with it, and hasten to corroborate as far as it is in the power of such a pot-bellied sulky boor, the profound remarks of the gentleman who so elegantly addresses the *Times* of yesterday. What candid man, of any perception, will not recognise at once, in the following feeble sketch,

'THE FLAT-FACED, SMALL-BRAINED, PROWLING ANGLO-SAXON.'

And who will not see at a glance that he does not possess the "cranial capacity," nor the "physical energy," of the dominant race? On the other hand, can there be any one so blinded by dulness or prejudice, as to deny that this is

'THE TRUE TIPPERARY MAN WHO WILL FERRET THE SAXON OUT OF RAILWAYS, COAL MINES, &c.'

The question allows of no dispute. It is as clear as noon-day; and one does not know which to admire most,—the correctness of Mr. Mac Elheran's observation, or the use he makes of it.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

"An Ill-Made Saxon, with a mop of flax on his head."

To — Punch, Esq. (a Celt, of course.)

THE WEDDING MORNING.

(ADDRESSED TO THE MARRIAGEABLE.)

Encouraged by the success which has attended the efforts of the original devisers of the system, *Mr. Punch* respectfully announces to the nobility, gentry, and (Protestant) clergy, and all other persons likely or liable to marry, that he is about to open an establishment for the supply of everything requisite and desirable at a Wedding.

He purposes to confide the providing the mere necessaries, as wines of the rarest vintages, the breakfast, plate, china, servants, carriages, and bride-cake, to the parties who habitually advertise their readiness to undertake such provision, and who, so far as he knows, acquit themselves with great credit. They will, of course, be enchanted to act as subordinates in carrying out the scheme he is now about to submit.

The first startling novelty of *Mr. Punch's* system is, that he undertakes to provide The Other Party. Any lady or gentleman, therefore, who may have obtained her or his consent to be married, has merely to write to *Mr. Punch*, ordering "the breakfast and the usual accessories."

If wished, one of *Mr. Punch's* young men will attend a party desirous to be married, with daguerrotypes of Other Parties on hand. The selected Party exchanged if not approved of, but, in the case of a lady, not later than twelve o'clock, or if a gentleman, than six o'clock on the day preceding that of the ceremony. Hair and teeth warranted, but neither age nor temper. Any amount of certificates and testimonials, however, may be had as to any point, *Mr. Punch* having engaged several eminent Begging Letter Writers to manufacture these to order.

Arrangements with the leading Ladies' Establishments in the metropolis and suburbs, enable *Mr. Punch* to offer selections from an assortment of the most charming Bridesmaids who ever cried before an altar. Due regard will, of course, be had in producing, or in avoiding, contrast between a lady and her bridal attendants. A group of old maids, with undeniable wigs, kept for occasions when younger bridesmaids may be deemed undesirable.

Several elegant young gentlemen, with others of more mature years, have been engaged, and will always be ready to enact the Bridegroom's friends, brothers, cousins, school-fellows, or any other relations that may be desired. (Parties finding their own plate need be under no apprehension for their spoons, a policeman, disguised as a City uncle, invariably accompanying the party.) Moustaches, or not, as may be ordered.

A heavy Father, either for Bride or Bridegroom, can be provided, and he will be warranted to sob audibly at the ceremony, and, if wished, to embrace the clergyman convulsively, and call for water in the vestry. He will be furnished with a chastely pathetic speech for the breakfast. A comic gentleman will also be sent to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and *Mr. Punch's* connexion with the journal bearing his name is a warranty for this party being supplied with novel and discreet jokes.

Clergy furnished according to the views of the parties. Those of the Clapham School entail a somewhat increased expense, on account of their large consumption of the good things of the table, and a Puseyite will also be charged extra, on account of the cost of the dress, which can be used for no other person (except on the fifth of November); but it is suggested that this official be left to *Mr. Punch's* selection, he undertaking on no account to introduce an Irishman.

A Member of Parliament (with a speech), a family solicitor (clerk with parchments perpetually in the way, extra), a Peer, a Baronet, a Banker, or any other character which may be thought desirable to enhance the *éclat* of the affair, will be supplied at the shortest notice. Any number of foreign noblemen without additional charge, and with orders, ribbons, and broken English complete.

Attached servants, of both sexes, who have known either Party, as may be wished, since childhood, will be included, and will cry violently, either in the hall, or when bringing in coffee, or at any cue which may be arranged. A white-headed old butler, with an agonized benediction on his young master or mistress (whose father saved his life) may be had, but as he is on the staff of a suburban theatre, this touching effect must be arranged so as not to interfere with his hour for rehearsal elsewhere.

A fashionable milliner and a first-rate tailor, always in waiting.

Love-letters, as also letters of congratulation, with wedding presents from distant friends, in constant readiness. Sentiments of such communications inserted to order, and warranted to read well when handed round.

N. B. Christenings on a similar system, and everything found, except the Baby.

A Sub-Editor's Motto (*On a Daily Paper*).—"Always to put off till to-morrow the things that cannot be published to day."

UNCLE TOM—"THREEPENCE" A HEAD.

Mr. Bosworth—the publisher of the authoress's edition—it appears, spontaneously offered to Mrs. Stowe threepence on every copy of his, that is her, *Uncle Tom* sold by him. We are happy to be enabled to state the fact; Mrs. Stowe's letter in acknowledgment having been published.

Mr. Bosworth has honourably led the way with his threepence. Who follows? Gentlemen publishers, don't hang back doing "good (to yourselves) by stealth;" but come out in the October sunlight that "tips you with gold;" and, in return, tip a little silver—even the silver of a threepenny bit.

Mrs. Stowe has built herself a monument in the human heart; let English publishers raise a monument—in precious metal—to the advantage of Mrs. Stowe. All honour to Mr. Bosworth for his first spontaneous threepence. If every publisher will contribute in a like degree, Mrs. Stowe will have an all-deserved monument in ready metal, a monument whose broad base may be five sovereign pieces; whose apex, silver pennies.

Now, gentlemen, whom shall we name for the next contributor?

MY HEART'S AT NEWMARKET.

DEDICATED TO THE JOCKEY CLUB.

(*Adopted by the Head of the "Canezou Cabinet."*)

My heart's at Newmarket, my heart is not here;
My heart's at Newmarket with Francis Butler*e*;
Watching the Hibburd marshal "cracks" in a row,
And hearing him utter the magic words—"Go!"
Farewell to Newmarket; farewell to the North,
Near whose Malton John Scott tests my two-year olds' worth;
Though o'er dull State papers my eyes now must rove,
The wide wolds of Malton for ever I'll love.

Farewell, my "black jacket, and cap white" as snow,
Which in triumph has swept many Grand Stands below;
Farewell, trial horses, lead pouches, and hoods;
Farewell, telegraph, scales, Clark, and "Tattersall bloods."
My heart's at Newmarket, my heart is not here,
My heart's at Newmarket with Francis Butler*e*,
Watching the Hibburd marshal "cracks" in a row,
And hearing him utter the magic words—"Go."

(Signed) Derby.

The Turn of a Hair.

Those who are acquainted with the expensive habits of Louis Napoleon, declare that he thinks less of the dignity of his present position than the salary, and that he is only cultivating the imperial for the sake of the tip.

A Ruinous Inheritance.

A distinguished gourmand, upon being reproached about the large sums of money he spent on the pleasures of the table, excused himself by saying, "It's no fault of mine! My father was a great eater—my mother was a great drinker, and I inherited largely from both."

The Gold Fever.—This fever is a remittent one, considering that large sums of Gold are remitted every week.

A MAYOR'S "DAILY BREAD."

Louis Napoleon continues his progress through France. The egg is chipped, and the eagle is already half-hatched: the bees are beginning to swarm, and in due season will alight upon the purple—bees, doubtless, full of honey from the historic lilies of France; although the lilies are still in the shade. Nevertheless, Louis Napoleon marches towards a throne—marches in a golden haze of purchased lying. Never was so much false emotion got up at so great a cost—never did printer's ink (government ink, be it remembered) reek with such falsehood. Honest men stop their noses at the official histories of the triumph.

Everywhere, Mayors are on their bellies, licking the boots of Napoleon—licking them like spaniels—as though there was the taste of manna in the blacking. And the basest of all these is the Mayor of a commune in the department of Hainault. Hear how the impious dog yelps!—

"Our Prince—You who are in power by right of birth, and by the acclamation of the people, your name is everywhere glorified; may your reign come, and be perpetuated by the immediate acceptance of the Imperial Crown of the great Napoleon; may your firm and wise will be done in France, as abroad. *Give us this day our daily bread*, by—"

We have given enough; and would, had we the power, assuredly give to the Mayor daily bread, and after this fashion, for some ten days or a week at least. In punishment of the impious rogue, we would have his hands tied fast at his back; then we would have him laid gently—very gently—within a few yards of a tolerably dirty gutter. Into this gutter we would break up, in small morsels, a couple of pounds of bread per diem—and this should be the "daily bread" vouchsafed to the Mayor of Hainault. Of course he would have to wriggle, and twist, and crawl towards the gutter, and then have to duck for the fragments. But crawling and ducking are the Mayor's specialty; and then for his reward, would be the "daily bread," though not quite of the sort he blasphemously prays for.

NAVAL COURTS-PARTIAL.

In political matters "things equal to the same are" not always "equal to each other," as may be seen by a reference to the recent Courts-Martial, where two offences, as equal as possible to each other, were visited with sentences by no means equal to the same, or coming to the same thing, but of very different degrees of severity. It is all very well to represent justice with a pair of scales, but there is sometimes either something very wrong about the weights that are used, or the scales are not fairly balanced. At all events we think the scales in which such apparently *un*even justice as what we are about to describe was weighed out, should be treated as defective, and dealt with accordingly.

In the first case a sailing-master was absent without leave for eight days, and in the second case a Lieutenant was absent without leave for five days. In the first case the prisoner pleaded "a mind upset by recent family misfortunes," while in the second case the prisoner's plea is not given, but it could hardly have been stronger than the one already cited. In each case, witnesses were called to the excellent character of the accused, and the reader may probably anticipate about as much difference between the two sentences as there is between the five days and eight days, during which the prisoners were respectively absent from their duty. Now for the result.

In the first case, "the Court declared the charge *partly proved*, and sentenced the prisoner to be *dismissed* from Her Majesty's service." In the second case, "The Court declared the charge to be *fully proved*, and sentenced the prisoner to be *severely reprimanded*."

It would seem from this, that a charge partly proved is more serious to the accused party than a charge thoroughly brought home to him, and the weaker the evidence against a prisoner the stronger will be his punishment. We are afraid there must be something wrong in the scales supplied for the use of Naval Courts-Martial. Perhaps the same habit of bungling in the dock-yards, that frequently causes a new ship to lean too much on one side, has affected the paraphernalia of justice, and prevented her from weighing out with an even hand the commodity she deals in.

SPECULATIVE SYMPATHY.

"MR. PUNCH,

"SOME little time since we had the misfortune to lose a relative. A day or two afterwards arrived a letter, addressed in a lady's hand, the stylish look and deep black-bordered envelope of which made us think it was one of condolence. But it proved to be from some linendrapers in Oxford Street, offering us their sincere sympathy, and enclosing specimens of crape, &c., and a card of terms somewhat as follows:—

TO THE BEREAVED.

MESSRS. GROGRAM AND TWILL

BEG to offer you their condolences upon your recent loss, and to forward you, with assurances of their sympathy, specimens selected from their large stock of Crapes, Widows' Silks, Twills, &c.

O! YE, whose hearts, half crushed beneath the blow
Of some sad loss, still struggle to be calm,
Receive, to soothe your unavailing woe,
Our crape and comfort, bombazeen and balm.

Taught, by our own, your sorrows to relieve,
Our house, the cheapest in its sad sad line,
Sells, with an aching heart, to all who grieve,
Rich widows' silks, yard wide, at six-and-nine.

The heart, dear friends, of sunshine and of showers
Oft times an equal dispensation needs,
To ripen in it Virtue's fairest flowers;—
And we have got the newest *mode* for *weeds*.

Then murmur not, though with the last caress
Of those you loved your aching brow still glows;
But humbly strive your sorrow to repress,
And take a pattern—such as we enclose.

Each day some loved one hastens to his end,
And from your grief few mortals may escape;—
And Paramatta's what we recommend,
For you *will* weep, and tears are bad for crape.

"The cock's shrill clarion and the sounding horn,
No more shall wake them from their quiet bed,"
The poet tells; and if for this you mourn,
Try if *our bugles* will not do instead.

And oh! ye mourners; oh! ye weary hearts;
Dry the vain tear, and hush the loud lament:
One solace more our tender firm imparts,—
For ready money it drops ten per cent.

"Sweet are the uses of Adversity,"
As SHAKSPEARE says. Ah! Had the bard but known
The use we make, he would have smiled to see
How far our knowledge had excelled his own. DOLOR."

FLUNKEYISM IN FRANCE.

FLUNKEYISM has been rampant throughout the Presidential progress: but we think Bordeaux has furnished the most glaring instance of it. For we read in the *Constitutionnel* that—

"Delegates have come to Paris expressly for the purpose of procuring the most exact information as to the livery worn by the servants of the President; the authorities of Bordeaux being anxious that those who wait upon the Prince during his visit to that place should wear the same dress as his attendants at the Elysée."

Well, after all, it was but natural that the "authorities" should feel a little "anxious" about the livery, seeing it was for their own wearing they wanted it. For we doubt not they were first to "wait upon" the Prince. And indeed the mere fact of the delegation proved them thorough "flunkeys."

The Correction of a Vulgar Idea.

IT is not that literary men quarrel more than any other class of men: it is that they have greater means of making their quarrels known to the public.

ERRATUM FOR FRANCE.—At the end of certain addresses presented to LOUIS NAPOLEON, for "*Amen*" read "*No* men."

THE EMPIRE OF BEADLEDOM.

LONG encouraged by events "over the water," the elected Beadle of one of our arcades—we will not say which—has struck a blow whose aim is to plant the staff of beadledom for ever in his own family.

He has recently been making a progress from the north entrance to the south, and the following are some of the *bulletins* that have reached us.

"*Arcade, Number One.*—The Beadle has just gone by the door of number one, amidst cries a million times repeated of *Vive* BUMBLE 2. As he approached the shop the master presented the following address: 'We hail you, Sir, as the legitimate heir of the BUMBLES. The inhabitants of this Arcade feel that their happiness is in your hands, typified by the staff that you grasp between them.'

"The Beadle was much moved by this touching proof of sympathy. His health is excellent."

"*The Toy Shop.*—The reception of his High Mightiness at the Toy Shop was admirable. Young girls belonging to the establishment, and dressed in O'leans cloth, came out to offer him a bouquet. The Beadle seemed to be greatly affected by this mark of confidence. His health continues excellent."

"*The China Warehouse.*—His Highness has just drawn up at the cheap China Warehouse, where a sort of triumphal pile of breakfast cups, jars, vases, and other objects of industry, has been raised to do him honour. The Beadle inspected the pile with much interest, and astonished all present by his sage remarks on the mode in which the chinaware had been heaped up. His observations struck every one with the conviction of his being a first-rate engineer, and he left amid a perfect storm of enthusiastic cries of *Vive* BUMBLE 2. His health continues excellent."

"*Jewellery Mart.*—His High and Mightiness is now at the Jewellery Mart, where the same enthusiasm follows him. He has just recognised an old officer of the sheriff, who served under the Beadledom of his uncle. He has given the officer three pieces of copper amid frantic shouts, five million times repeated, of *Vive* BUMBLE 2. His health is excellent."

"*Half-past* 6.—The Beadle has just returned from a visit to the desk and tea-caddy showroom of the locality. At every turn he was met by young girls, many of whom offered him bouquets. He afterwards visited the stock and collar establishment, where he passed under an inscription "To the Preserver of the Arcade and of family Ties," worked in silk cravats, stocks, and handkerchiefs. His Highness has just started for the toy bazaar, where he has promised to accept the ball—a large foot-ball—prepared in his honour."

It will be seen from the preceding reports that the Hereditary Beadledom is only a question of time; and indeed it would have been declared long since, but for the jealousy of neighbouring powers. The Police Inspector on the beat adjoining, though he takes no step to prevent what is going on, is evidently no indifferent spectator of the events in progress. Should the independence of the Savoy be threatened, the chief of that limited Beadledom will, no doubt, have the sympathy and assistance that may be required for preserving his authority, and keeping up the proper balance of power.

"The Boulevard du Crime."

THE above is the name of that part of the Boulevards where most of the melodramatic theatres are situate, and was so given on account of the style of pieces which are generally performed there; but we think that part of the Boulevards, where the massacres of last December took place, has greater reason to be called now "*Le Boulevard du Crime.*"

JUSTICE AND CHARITY.—Justice is rightly painted blind. When begging-letter writers appeal, let charity be deaf.

SIR (HERCULES) FITZROY KELLY AND THE FARMER.

BEFORE that the Bucolic Gods
Were lifted to their high abodes,
While yet on non-official earth
They walked as men of mortal birth,
The farmer's fate they would bewail—
Thrust from Protection's sacred pale—
And prove how 'twas with Legislators
Rested the price of corn and 'taturs:
How, were but law the farmer's friend,
Low prices and short crops must end;
And how on Ministers alone
The farmer's fate was justly thrown.

All this, at market-tables read,
Filled with high hopes each farmer's head;
On DERBY sure they might depend,
And DIZZY was the farmer's friend.
Were they—the Free-trade powers defeated—
In Downing Street's Olympus seated,
The suffering farmer would have there
A power, accessible to prayer,
To help him in his sore distresses,
And extricate him from his messes:—

Thus farming oracles declared,
And this belief the farmer shared.

In vain the Free-trade powers that were
Tried to self-help such minds to stir—
Preached to them faith in work and will,
In science, energy, and skill—
Told them that he who seeks a friend,
Upon himself may best depend;
That if two quarters must be sold
At the same price one fetched of old,
As good a trade might still be done
By growing two in place of one.
Such preaching passed, like idle wind,
The prepossessed Bucolic mind,
Which still believed the powers above
Ruled farmers' fates in hate or love.

At length, down to the nether world
The Free-trade Deities were hurled,
And lo! Protection's Gods, on high,
Were throned in the official sky.
True devotees, in wild delight,
The farmers hailed the new-risen light:—

"Behold, now reign the farmer's friends,
And all our cruel suffering ends!
You told us oft, while here below,
That 'twas from law our fate must flow;
That Ministerial aid alone,
Could lift those up Free-trade had thrown:

"So now you reign, our friends on high,
Look down and help us from the sky.
Our prices raise, our produce double,
And help us out of all our trouble."
"Unthinking men!" a god replied—
('Twas HERCULES, whom earth did hide
Under the form of FITZROY KELLY)—
"How often do we need to tell ye
That, if you wish your woes to end,
Upon yourselves you must depend?
Have you not learnt in suffering's school,
The universal golden rule—
For him who fights—for him who delves—
The Gods help them who help themselves?
To us 'tis useless to appeal:
Put your own shoulders to the wheel!"

Something for Louis to Put in his Pipe.

AT one of the places through which LOUIS NAPOLEON passed, he was greeted with a triumphal arch inscribed with the glorious and soul-stirring words

"CULTIVATION OF TOBACCO, 1852."

This was, perhaps, the most truly significant of all the mottos that awaited him, for it is not improbable that all will yet end in smoke.

Nests on the Rail.

IN Giessen, Hesse Darmstadt, two black redstarts have built their nests and hatched their little ones "on the collision spring of a third-class carriage." We have not, as yet, heard of a similar case on any English rail; but should any birds take a fancy to a like experiment, we take it that the redstart would not be appropriate to our lines. The bird for the English rail is—not the redstart, but the butcher-bird.

ALL BUT HATCHED!

PUNCH ON THE PLAYHOUSE.

HERE is a mournful feeling creeps over *Punch* in the early days of October. Whence is it—what its cause? Is it the yellowing, the falling October leaves? In every leaf,

> "Sylph or faery hither tending,
> To this lower world descending,
> Each invisible and mute
> In his wavering parachute."

(Somewhat like—and yet how different!—to visible MADAME POITEVIN of the Cremorne ascent and Fall?) Is it, then, the contemplation of the falling leaves—the dropping hairs of the garden trees—that imparts a pensiveness to the bosom of *Punch*? We think not: we have pondered the matter; it is not the autumn leaves, but the autumnal play-bills. Theatres begin to open; and we sympathise with the feeling of responsibility knocking at the heart of every manager. For great, as he knows, is his trust—solemn and very solemn his duty. For is he not made, or at least appointed by an anxious and most moral and most fastidious LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the teacher of the people in their play-hours?—the pedagogue to instruct by loftiest sports—the Dominus to drop into the open mouth and open heart of laughter, a sweetening truth—the Teacher, to touch and refine by the "sacred source" of tears, the sympathies and the affections of a docile and affectionate public?

Great is the responsibility—tremendous the charge—and every London manager—(and though we have no certain truths to go upon, no doubt every manager civic and rustic also)—shows, especially at the commencement of the winter season, the sense of the mighty duty it is his happy mission to fulfil. You may know—especially about the fall of the leaf—a London manager by the placid loftiness of his expression. He is raised a little above the world that he may consider it from a moral altitude. The future season is marked in lines of thought gliding up and down his visage; lines indicative of many coming play-bills, and, therefore, all lines of truth. On certain occasions his eye will brighten with the thought of the Christmas pantomime: a very serious matter, and deep, withal; so deep it begins in the brain—on the very top of the *pia mater* where the soul is said to reside, and when microscopes are brought to perfection where it will, no doubt, be shown at so much a head—it begins, we say, in the brain, and only ends in the very bottom of the pocket. Perhaps, in this multitudinous London, there is not a more contemplative, more self-denying, more public-spirited, and private-thoughted man than a London manager about to open in the month of October. He has for many months to please, instruct, and, by the purest and most refined means, to elevate a British public, and—(we have now, by means of a hop-pole, jumped from October, lighting among roses in July;)—and, of course, with scarcely an ignominious exception, of course he has done it. Anyway, he has done something.

Hail then, hail October; when the winter playhouses open! When the doors of the national academies turn on their "harmonious hinges" to take in an English public. Hail, ye play-bills; ye chronicles of truth! Beautiful is the odour of your ink—whether of violet blue, or rosy red. And for your black, how often is your black white, and your white so very black!

Biggest, however, of managers—for at this writing he manages the biggest house—is MR. GEORGE BOLTON, ensconced in the halls of Drury Lane, like the lady in the head of the lobster; and, it is said by the malevolent, knowing as much about Drury Lane as the aforesaid gentlewoman knows of her crustaceous dwelling-place. What of that? Play-house knowledge comes—even to simpletons—naturally as swimming to a goose. If a man can sit cross-legged as an irreproachable tailor, can he not also sit upon the Drama? Surely, if he can face a coat, he can face the public! But our BOLTON has had large experience; as a wandering meteor he has often appeared. Now is he seen fitfully sparkling at the Olympic—now he flickers and goes out at the Strand—again he is lighted and guttering at Marylebone—and the extinguisher being dropt, and after a while removed, he is, they say, again lighted and burning in the big candle-shade of Drury Lane.

The thoughtful and imaginative declare that as our BOLTON crossed the threshold of Drury Lane, the plaster effigy of SHAKSPEARE over Drury's portico was collapsed as with sudden belly-ache; and the marble of EDMUND KEAN in Drury's portico perspired a marble perspiration. But we give this merely as rumour.

And GEORGE BOLTON opened with *Richelieu*. To prove, too, that some of his company could read, one of the actresses generously played from the printed book! But enough of BOLTON.

Oh, Committee-men of Drury Lane, what are you doing? Was there no badger to be baited on the boards (there are spectators for all sights in London), that you should allow SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER—(one made to draw, not to be drawn)—to be bitten, and gnawed, and worried by tormentors from Plymouth, Nomouth, Allmouth, Wrymouth, and other towns and wapentakes? And then KNOWLES—dear, good, right-hearted KNOWLES!—why should he be tortured? Could it be any salve to the wounds of the poet to know that the actor who played *Master Walter* took a bold and original view of the *Hunchback*, playing him like a dromedary with two humps instead of one? Why exhibit the poet's *Hunchback*—when a real dwarf was to be had—bossed all over like a potato? Why, too, expose SHAKSPEARE when Spotted Boys are to be had or manufactured? We ask you why, because the exhibition in Drury Lane Van must be even more profitable than the exposure of the mangled bodies of outraged bards?

Oh, Committee-men—you may reply and say—"Drury Lane is a bad business; a dead thing; an extinct playhouse mammoth; the skeleton of a dead whale—only a thousand times bigger—like the cutting of whalebone shown once upon a time in Trafalgar Square. What shall we do with it? Counsel, advise us, oh *Punch!* Shall we make of Drury Lane a brewery?"

No: for what you have done, and are doing, will impart eternal flatness to your vats: your theatric thunder will for ever muddle the beer.

"Shall we make of Drury Lane a monster cook-shop?"

No, for fate will hang about it still: no man will ever be able to get salt from it.

"What then, oh *Punch*, shall we make of Drury Lane?"

And *Punch* answers—oh, Committee-men, make of Drury Lane Theatre a large Soap-boiler's; for only by so doing can you now by any chance come out of it with clean hands.

THE LIBERAL "ROPE OF SAND."

JOSEPH HUME has administered a fatherly whipping to the nominal Liberals in the House of Commons. If the castigation be deserved; if the boys be as naughty as JOSEPH, with a touch of sorrow, declares them to be: why then must the EARL OF DERBY rub his hands composedly, and even MAJOR BERESFORD take heart, with the hope of taking further salary; heart and pocket being at times synonymous—in fact, one and the same "hollow muscle."

A rope of sand! And is it come to this? Can we believe in the truth of the image? We, with the words of protesting candidates—(the porwiggle members that have since become full M.P. croakers)—still beating at our brain, can we consider those ardent, vociferous, patriotic men of the hustings as only so many particles, incapable, from their individual angularity—like particles of sand—of any cohesion? Is it impossible to bind them together? Can nothing be made of them? Let us hope it.

Granted that all these Liberals can take the form, the semblance of a rope of sand—and of such seemingly cohering, but really divided particles, JOSEPH HUME himself may make a tremendous weapon. As thus.

Sand, by intense heat, is vitrified; melted into one cohesive mass. Very well, then. What is easier than for JOSEPH with the fire and flame of his eloquence to turn the rope of sand into a twisted pillar of crystal? Ere now, eloquence has worked such wonders, melting and moulding divided bodies into one compact mass. Great—as PAXTON has shown, and will further show us—are the capabilities of glass. We have had our Crystal Palace: let us next winter have our Crystal Opposition. The Roman boasted that he found a city brick, and left it marble. Let it be the pride of HUME to find the Liberals, not bricks, but grains of sand; and to leave them an entire and "perfect chrysolite."

A LAMENT

ON THE SUBSTITUTION OF "THE SCENES IN THE CIRCLE" FOR "THE HISTORIC DRAMA" AT ASTLEY'S.

FROM BATTY'S boards the Tartar hordes
Have vanish'd like an idle dream;
Our history's page and Astley's stage
Identical no longer seem.

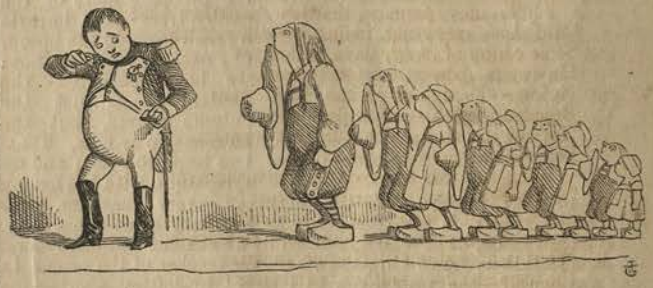
To Indian wars, in gilded cars,
No more the British chieftains jolt;
No horsemen fly o'er platforms high,
Secur'd by mortice, screw, and bolt.

Its eager course *Mazeppa's* horse
No longer runs with wild career;
And MISTER HICKS no longer sticks
To bare-back'd steed 'mid shout and cheer.

That aged man, the weeping *Khan*,
Has ceas'd to hug his long lost son;
The *Tyrant Greek* his pound a week
Has lost—his occupation gone!

BRITANNIA'S brow no longer now
Is crown'd with fresh historic bays;
In mimic field no Frenchmen yield
To six dramatic Scottish Greys.

NAPOLEON has pass'd and gone!
The part has left Astleyan hands;
But LOUIS B. they run to see,
Burlesquing it in foreign lands.



The hat and snuff, the small-clothes buff,
Once so familiar to the town,
Are on the shelf; BARRY himself
Must lay aside his stage renown.

The comic man no longer can
Defiance at the foeman fling;
But now he pokes his ancient jokes
At WIDDICOMB, within the ring.

The clever hack his bivouac
Upon the stage no longer takes;
At side-scene fount the wearied Count
His thirst no more in action slakes.

Yes, history now has made her bow,
And leaves the scene of other days;
The horses claim the wreath of fame,
The laurels will adorn the bays.

THE LONDON PARIA.

READER, if ever you chance to go
Through some narrow street of wide Soho,
Where the pavement swarms with children small,
And eggs are sold by the blouse-clad Gaul;
Where a penny is all the shaver's pay;
Where the Magyar seeks the Estaminet;—
Glance at the windows, while passing by,
The Paria, perchance, may strike your eye.
From a window that gapes on a second floor,
Crossing his arms on the sill before,
Gloomily calm is the Paria seen
Smoking his pipe with a lofty mien.
Beneath is a noisy, motley crowd,
But it turns not his thoughts from his broad white cloud.
What to him is the throng below—
The man's deep curse, or the child's shrill woe?
He watches his fumes as they rise and go,
Melting away into hueless air,
As sorrow melts into blank despair.
You'll fancy, perhaps, that his wandering mind
'Mid those spreading, fading wreaths can find
Some vision of happy days, which yet
He dwells upon with a fond regret.
Not so.—Though scorn has left its trace
Branded upon his proud pale face;
'Tis but the stamp of a pain that 's past,
For even regret must die at last.
What was this being cut off from the rest
Of the world and its varied interest?
Some talk of a fortune spent in youth—
But who can prove that they tell the truth?
What is his calling? No one knows.
He seems to have neither friends nor foes;
And yet you'll hear the neighbours say,
Though poor, he always "pays his way."
Perchance he writes with small profit—no fame—
A book that comes out with a noble name;
Or some kinsman rich, on his dying bed,
Left him enough for cheese and bread:
Or perhaps—perhaps—but conjectures tire,
When all know nothing, and few inquire—
We can learn by his broad unwrinkled brow
That the Paria, at least, is contented now;
And whatever storms have troubled the past,
A sort of haven is found at last.
To him who thinks life but a pointless joke,
'Tis enough to eat, drink, sleep, and smoke,
'Till he ends his course—alone—alone,
By none regretted—regretting none.

Punning in the Provinces.

AT one of the concerts of the late Norwich Festival, there was present that objectionable creature, a Wag, who, during a pause in the performance, was heard to observe, that he considered the audience had a perfect right to complain of the hardness of the seats, seeing that the Committee had promised them HERR FORMES (!)

THINGS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT NOT TO LOSE ON A RAILWAY.

A LIMB, or an eye, or a tooth, or your time, or your patience, or your trunk, or your luggage, or your wife, or your life!

"Plaudite!"

PRAISE the Wig that has never been found out; praise the Brandy that has never given you a headache; the Chancery Suit that has not ruined you; the Sermon after you have slept well; the Doctor when he has cured you; the Cabman that has left you without imposition or abuse; and the Railway that has carried you safely to your destination without a bruise, or an accident.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS.

THE following is the stereotyped official bulletin: "The President is Progressing as favourably as can be expected."

A SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—A Jesuit's College.

A NEW NAME FOR BASS'S BITTER ALE.—*Basso relievo*, or Bass-relief.

THE MARSEILLES PLOT.

(From our own Gobemouche.)

INCORRECT accounts of the discovery of an Infernal Machine having appeared in our contemporaries, we are happy to supply the following authentic details, which we have had "communicated" per Horse-marine Electric Telegraph:

"*Marseilles, Friday, One Second to* 6, P.M.—Our adorable Prince has this moment arrived.

"6 *o'clock.*—His Highness is alighting. Marseilles salutes him with her million lungs, *Vive l'Empereur!*

"5 *Minutes Past.*—The shout has caused an earthquake: the ears of thousands—even the deaf—are split.

"¼ *Past.*—Curiosity is on tip-toe. The Emperor has recognised an old woman in the crowd, and is now affectionately embracing her.

"35 *Seconds Later.*—It is the washerwoman of his infancy. What memory! What condescension! The populace is charmed with it.

"10 *o'Clock.*—The Prince is opening the Ball. His chosen partner is the venerable laundress. Rapture surrounds him. All *is* serene.

"*Midnight.*—Horror has seized us! An Infernal Machine has been discovered by the police. The hair of the city stands on end.

"*Half-past.*—At present all is locked in secrecy.

"6¾ A. M.—At length I've got the key. Listen. My ink runs cold as I narrate the details.

"Calmly our beloved Prince was coming from the Ball, when a sudden explosion was heard in an attic adjacent. Rushing on the instant up twelve steep flights of stairs, the police discovered an Infernal Machine of the most diabolical description. It consisted, in effect, of a *whole Volume of Punch!*

* * * * * *

"France pants for vengeance! Let these authors tremble. Perfidious Albion too long has shielded them. Too long these execrables——"

Here, from modesty, we break off.

LEGERDEMAIN À LA FRANÇAISE.

WHY would Irishmen have made first-rate auctioneers?
Because they are ready to "knock down" anything at their priest's "bidding."

A VALUABLE ANIMAL.

Gentleman (*fond of dogs*). "SAGACIOUS! OH, VERY! WHY, HE NEVER SEES AN OLD GENTLEMAN, BUT HE PULLS OFF HIS HAT AND RUNS AWAY WITH IT. HE'LL FETCH A DUCK OFF A POND; AND HE'S SUCH A NOTION OF TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF THAT HE COSTS ME FULL A GUINEA A-WEEK FOR THE LEGS OF MUTTON HE STEALS."

DRINK—THEN CRITICISE.

MR. M'KEAN BUCHANAN, who upon the authority of a few playbills, is "the greatest actor since KEAN," writes to an American paper the following truth upon English criticism:—

"Could the '*Café de l'Europe*' speak, it would reveal the cause of the success or failure of many an artist; for there *criticism is purchased at the price of a dinner, or glass of ale.*"—*New York Atlas.*

We do not know whether the *Café de l'Europe* is the old established shop for criticism in London, nor the quality of the criticism that is sold there—whether it is strong, or mild, or bitter, or mixed, or full-flavoured; but this we do know, that if MR. M'KEAN BUCHANAN did pay for his dinner or glass of ale to get the criticism he wanted, he has been very ill-used, and his money ought to be returned to him; for we do not recollect seeing a criticism in any one of the London papers that came to the same conclusion as the play-bills—that he is "the greatest actor since KEAN."

In the meantime the *Café de l'Europe* ought to write up over its door "CRITICISMS SERVED AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE," with an intimation that there is "A PRIVATE ROOM FOR AMERICAN ACTORS."

"Tipping a Wink."

WE believe there is such an expression as "tipping a wink." This expression might be applied to the Winking Virgin, for we are positive the Roman Catholic priests only keep up the "wink" on account of the "tipping" that is connected with it.

THE GREATEST POSSIBLE HAPPINESS FOR THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER.—**PUNCH!**

"MISUSING THE QUEEN'S PRESS—SHOCKINGLY."

FREQUENTLY *Mr. Punch* has had occasion, in the discharge of his duty as literary special constable, to apprehend offenders against his revered Sovereign, her crown, dignity, and English. But a more flagrant union of bad grammar and bad loyalty than has just caught his vigilant eye, has seldom disgraced the nation over which he watches. The following choice paragraphs emanate directly from the Horse Guards, are signed by LORD FITZROY SOMERSET, and, for the greater demoralisation of our gallant army, are ordered "to be read out at three parades." The case is that of one GIBBINGS, a gunner and driver in the Artillery—(not, as times go, a badly educated regiment, and, therefore, the more likely to be shocked at LORD FITZROY'S bad language)—and the misbehaving GIBBINGS having been duly tried by Court-Martial, and

"The Court having maturely considered the evidence, &c., *is* of opinion the prisoner is guilty, *which* being in breach of the Mutiny Act, *do* sentence him to be transported as a felon for the term of seven years."

The Court has, evidently, not made up its mind whether it is plural or singular. *Mr. Punch* would say, decidedly singular. As for that unhappy "which," no wonder it is "in breach," or anywhere else, to get out of the way of observance. It is the more surprising, as the SOMERSETS are not supposed to be justly chargeable with not knowing how to place their relatives. If anything set forth in the above passage is in breach of the Mutiny Act, it is clearly the conduct of the Court. But would that this were all! Alas! take the very next paragraph:—

"I have directions to acquaint your lordship that HER MAJESTY was pleased to approve the finding *and sentence* of the Court, &c.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"FITZROY SOMERSET."

LORD FITZROY SOMERSET has, hitherto, been held a nobleman of untarnished honour, and *Mr. Punch* regrets to affix the first blot upon his scutcheon. But it is *Mr. Punch's* painful duty to charge LORD FITZROY with having deliberately stated that which must be untrue. The QUEEN approve such a "sentence" as that! HER MAJESTY sanction three gross blunders, three distinct high treasons against her own English. No, LORD FITZROY. QUEEN VICTORIA may have approved that "finding," but that "sentence" HER MAJESTY certainly never approved, and your most graceful atonement for your offence will be, to order that these observations be "read out" at three mess dinners of the valiant and intelligent fellows whom your lordship has been mystifying, and whom you obviously suppose to be the unread and not the "red Artillery."

CHANCERY ON THE GO.

FORMERLY the Courts of Law used to follow the person of the Sovereign; and justice put up its booth wherever royalty happened to be staying. Something of a similar kind seems "looming in the future," or at all events we have had an instance of justice beginning to lead again a wandering life, for one of the Vice-Chancellors was to attend "on Tuesday the 12th, at the Pavilion Hotel, Folkstone, to hear motions." This seems to be the reverse of taking justice home to every man's door; and it is calling every man from his own door to the sea-side who happens to have a motion for hearing in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor. The counsel's fee will of course include his ticket by the rail, with his hotel and other charges. Perhaps the next move of justice may be on to the Channel itself, where the hearing of motions may be interrupted by the feeling of a motion peculiar to the element, whose uncertainty would make it a most appropriate spot for a proceeding in Chancery.

"Ris(e)um Teneatis."

SOME jobbers on the Stock Exchange have been offering large sums of money for the bull that went up with MADAME POITEVIN, for they foolishly imagine if they could only "bull the market" with it, that certain shares, which at present cannot be made to "go up" by any means of inflation, would be sure to "rise."

A PERSONAL CANVASS.—Taking your own Portrait.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their [illegible] Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1852.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

SIR.—"T'other day—just before pipe for dinner—BILL FLIP says to me, 'JACK,' says he, 'do you know who the little cherub is that sits up aloft?' 'No,' says I. Well, with that, Sir, he puts into my hand a newspaper called the *Chester Chronicle*, and says 'Read this,' pointing to 'Local and District.' Well, I could not believe my own eyes. I placed the newspaper at a proper distance and got it into the field of my DOLLOND, and I read again:—

"'The youthful LORD GILBERT GROSVENOR, whose appointment as flag-lieutenant to REAR-ADMIRAL PURVIS on the Cork station has been cancelled, will shortly be appointed to another frigate. His Lordship is brother to the DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, First Lord of the Admiralty.'

"We need scarcely tell you that we saluted Her Grace—the cherub—the Lady Admiral, with a 'broadside'; and knowing that you, *Mr. Punch*, take a lively interest in the welfare of POOR JACK, we rammed the newspaper into the mouth of our best gun, and placed her muzzle right to 85, Fleet Street, where, we trust, the newspaper arrived in time for the insertion of the above important information in your next number.

"I have the honour to be, *Mr. Punch*,
"Your obedient servant,
On Board the Northumbria, Oct. 18, 1852. "JACK BUMBO."

APOLOGY.

PUNCH presents his compliments to the late LORD FITZROY SOMERSET, whom he addressed last week on some bad language used by his lordship to the Artillery. *Punch* did not intend that so severe a punishment as has followed his criticism should have fallen upon that unfortunate nobleman. *Punch* always endeavours to temper the blade of justice in the water of mercy. Could he have foreseen that when his paragraph met the eye of the FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR, the ILLUSTRIOUS QUARTER in question would have felt so incensed with LORD F. S., as to order that his name should never be pronounced at Court again, *Punch* would have paused over his castigatory sentences. The *Gazette*, introducing LORD RAGLAN to a generous British public, so instantly followed *Punch's* remarks as almost to astonish that gentleman. However, what is done cannot be undone, and *Mr. Punch* can only express his regret that, in complaining of his fellow-servant's conduct to their ROYAL MISTRESS, he should have compelled that servant to go to "another place."

MY VOICE IS FOR "PEACE!"

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

"In the name of the French nation—I mean the Empire—I ask and pray for peace. We want peace! What are armies? Necessary evils. What is glory? Golden smoke." Something after this fashion speaks LOUIS NAPOLEON at Bordeaux.

An owl in a holly-bush is a familiar object of the gravely ridiculous: but the owl is beaten. Think of an eagle in an olive-tree! The soaring, carnivorous bird, that, instinct with glory, smells the battle from afar, and cleaves the air, to come pounce down upon the dying. Beak and claws red and wet with blood; and gorging, gorging its belly-full!

But this is all over. The eagle gives up a flesh diet; and, forsaking its rocky high place, will become even as domestic poultry. The eagle will perch, and no doubt do its best to coo in an olive-tree,—living upon olives as a poll-parrot eats shelled almonds.

After all, it is natural that the man tired of gunpowder—especially of the civic sort that made the glory of the 2nd December—as he nears the throne should desire to sit still awhile and rest himself. And will he not have bees about him—a very swarm of golden bees—all suggestive to the Imperial mind of industry, and rewardful labour, and sweet content? And therefore, and from the very bottom of his heart—(if it has a bottom; though, from the profundity of the sympathies attributed to the man by a truth-loving Church, we doubt if the bottom has ever yet been fathomed)—therefore does LOUIS NAPOLEON hunger for peace. "Crook me that Imperial sword into a sickle; melt me those firelocks into ploughshares; convert me those helmets of the Imperial Guard into bee-hives." These must be the thoughts, the aspirations of the man that, like a newly-bruised eye, is fast becoming very purple.

"But how"—certain inquisitive people may ask—"how about the steam-navy?"—

"To be sure. There is the *Napoleon*, capable of transporting 5000 troops."—

"Yes; and the *Austerlitz*, first-rate man-of-war steamer, with broadside weight of metal that can splinter up Gibralter? What are these and others on the stocks for? All for peace?"

"For peace," replies the EMPEROR. "Built, purely, for voyages of discovery. To discover the Gardens of the Hesperides (*aside*, or the Gardens of Folkestone)—to trace the source of the Pactolus (*aside*, or the source of the Thames). Yes: I cry peace—peace is my mission. And so believing, how I yearn to plant the olive in the Tower of London, or the forecourt of Buckingham Palace."

SEVEN FOOLS.

1. *The Envious Man*—who sends away his mutton, because the person next to him is eating venison.
2. *The Jealous Man*—who spreads his bed with stinging-nettles, and then sleeps in it.
3. *The Proud Man*—who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.
4. *The Litigious Man*—who goes to law, in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.
5. *The Extravagant Man*—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.
6. *The Angry Man*—who learns the ophicleide, because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbour's piano.
7. *The Ostentatious Man*—who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.

LINES ON THE DEMISE OF DOE.

(*Affectionately addressed to his friend* BRIEFLESS, *by a sympathising Junior of some* 45 *years standing.*)

AIR.—"*Cheer up, my own* JEANETTE."

CHEER up! cheer up! my BRIEFLESS, yet: though doomed is RICHARD ROE;
For all the changes we may see there 'll still be law enow;
What if they kill both ROE and DOE?—you 're surely not so blind,
To think there 'll be *no* plaintiffs or defendants left behind!
There's not a lawyer in the land so exquisitely green,
As to fancy law will cease because poor ROE has left the scene;
They *will* make what they call "Reforms"—the lot hath chanced on DOE—
But is it then a *sequitur* that BRIEFLESS down must go?

Why, ever since the world began, the surest road to fame
Has been through Fields that to the Inn of Lincoln owe their name;
And well I know the brightest eyes have ever brighter shone,
When looking at some lawyer bold, returned from Action won!
And think'st there 'll be an end to "deeds" that lawyers love so well?
And think'st there 'll be no more "reports" our libraries to swell?
The lawyer's is a lasting trade—so, BRIEFLESS, wail no more:
While only men *are* men, be sure, there'll be no end of Law!

OLD BEDLAM BACK AGAIN!

FROM this stage of advancement in psychology and humanity, we look back almost incredulous at the miseries, the tortures, the cruelties, the atrocious *mal*-treatment, once, under the name of *treatment*, inflicted on the insane. Accompanied with some doubt that such horrors ever existed, is our retrospect of the fetters, manacles, stripes, bruises, wounds, sores, nudity in straw, filth, and vermin, then ordinarily associated with the idea of madness—then the regular circumstances of a residence in Bedlam.

However, there is no doubt that such things were—once upon a time. Of course, a very long time ago; somewhere in the dark ages, the days of racks, thumb-screws, red-hot pincers, whipping, branding, ear-cropping, half-hanging, embowelling, and burning alive? Not later, at least, than the good old times, whose goodness is chronicled and illustrated by FIELDING and HOGARTH?

Why no; not quite so near to primitive antiquity. A little farther from the mythological era: somewhat less deep in the gloom of ages. Not in the epoch of the late SIR THOMAS BOOBY, but in that of the present SIR PETER LAURIE; in short, only the other day.

Read the evidence that has been laid before the Commissioners of Lunacy relative to the management of the patients in Bethlehem Hospital. In particular, peruse the cases of MISS HANNAH HYSON, of MISS WHITTINGHAM, and MISS MORLEY—if you can. For that may not be possible if your sensibilities are strong and your stomach is weak; and hence it may be understood why the details alluded to are not quoted in a periodical which is taken in at every coffee-house, and lies on all tables at every meal.

Read also the statements,—explanatory and apologetic—of the Treasurer, the Matron, and the Resident Medical Officer, together with MR. P. N. LAURIE'S defence of the Governors; from all which testimony you will discern that the facts of these filthy and frightful disclosures resulted, in the main, from some of the parties responsible for the conduct of the Hospital being too lazy, others too fine, others too much overworked, properly to attend to it: the end being that the unfortunate patients were abandoned to BETSY PRIGS, who consumed their provisions, drank their "stimulants," probably withheld their medicine, starved them, beat them, kept them in filth, straw, and, it would seem, in chains.

To account for these enormities may be mentioned one more circumstance—thus stated by the *Observer*:—

"It will be remarked that at the head of this establishment of officials is SIR PETER LAURIE. Some of our readers may probably bring to their recollection the many and the heated discussions which took place at the meetings of the magistrates for the county of Middlesex upon the motions that were brought forward by MR. SERGEANT ADAMS and others for the introduction of the 'Humane or non-restraint system' of treating the lunatic paupers in the Hanwell Asylum. Who was the most violent opponent, upon those occasions, to the motions? A reference to the reports of the various meetings will prove that that opponent was SIR PETER LAURIE. Moreover, it will be found that the worthy alderman, in most of his speeches in opposition, not merely condemned the attempt to recognise and introduce the 'non-restraint system,' proposed by DR. CONNOLLY to be put into permanent practice at Hanwell, but he set up the course of treatment in use in Bethlehem Hospital, of which establishment he was himself the leading head, and the good resulting from the plan adopted in St. George's Fields, as the strongest possible ground for not entertaining the proposition."

SIR PETER has now pretty good proof that the inhuman and restraint system—or what amounts to the same thing, the negligent system, of treating the insane does not answer. Let him—who puts down everybody and everything that exalts itself against his majesty, from suicide to JOSEPH ADY—put down that. Surely the stubbornness of SIR PETER LAURIE, even, exceeds not the stubbornness of facts. If it doth, long are the ears of LAURIE, and he goeth on all-fours; let him graze grass, and drink water, and munch the thistles of the plain.

"PROTECTION" IN FRANCE.

WE read in the *Times* the other day, that among the inscriptions to LOUIS NAPOLEON during his late "Progress," there was one at Lyons—

"TO THE PROTECTOR OF AGRICULTURE."

And, as a proof of his Protectorship, we find it stated in the same day's paper that—

"The President has suppressed the National Agricultural College at Versailles That branch of industry is therefore now abandoned to itself. It is the only one which may be said to be so."

A pleasant *instance* of his "Protection" this! The "protection" truly of the Upas tree—blighting where it overshadows.

RAILWAY SLIPS.

THE papers contain another account of a great "Railway Slip"—meaning, a slip of land. But there are other slips upon a railway, which the papers do not take such frequent notice of—slips of time and comfort, and proper attention—slips that are repeatedly followed by the loss, not only of property, but of life. This excuse, however, must be made—that, if notice were taken of all these little casualties, a newspaper would be made up of nothing but "Railway Slips."

An Arch Amendment.

AMONGST the many triumphal arches erected in the *Moniteur*, in honour of the President's Progress, there was one with the following inscription, "A LOUIS NAPOLÉON, ST. MACAIRE." That inscription is capable of a very great improvement, which would admirably illustrate the present position of French affairs, besides bringing prominently forward the name of the prime mover of the Presidential triumphs. The inscription, strictly speaking, should have stood thus:—

"A LOUIS NAPOLÉON, ROBERT MACAIRE."

LETTERS FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR *to* LOUIS NAPOLEON.

ON PRINCE,—I have heard some unfortunates say,
Who were killed by your troops in the Rue de la Paix,
That some mortals are foolish enough to compare
Your actions and fortune with mine; but my care
For my character bids me here let them all see,
How greatly we differ — how slightly agree.
I grant some resemblance at first may appear,
For we both have had Uncles, and they are both here;
Each was great in his day, and *I* shall not disclaim
My share of *our* debt to their fortune and fame.
Like yours, too, my power at first became great
By the feuds and the factions which harassed the state;
For my country, like France, in her thirst for repose
From the blunders of friends and the bluster of foes,
Seeing evils all round, thought the smallest of any
Was to help the one tyrant to keep down the many.
Your eagles, I doubt not, are modelled on mine;
And my cohorts, no less than your troops of the line,
When employed on the dirtiest jobs of their trade,
Merely cared not for what, but how much, they were paid.
Like you, then, I waded through blood to a crown;
Like you, bound the last friends of Liberty down;
There the parallel ends: would you have it endure?
Know—the chains that will stretch most will prove most secure!
Although cruel at first, I grew clement in turn,
And knew how to forgive; you've that lesson to learn:
I furnished a theme for CORNEILLE'S glowing page,
You—on fête days exhibit CORNEILLE on the stage;
Content with controlling the actions of each
In my empire, I left them the freedom of speech;
They might murmur who pleased, if they yielded to me;
You expect all your slaves to affirm they are free:
If a satire were good, why! I laughed with the rest,
And punished no libel; you chafe at each jest.
Believe me, a ruler gives point to a joke,
When he shows it possesses the power to provoke:
I did nought to corrupt those I sought to enslave,
But was decent in private, in public was grave;
For my friend every statesman I laboured to gain;
You have banished all those who could teach you to reign,
And, when asked with what sages or wits you are seen, I
For AGRIPPA name FOULD, for MECÆNAS, PERSIGNY:
I kept genius at home to emblazon my fame;
You have forced it to travel and publish your shame:
Like you, I was flattered, you'll say; but, vain Fool,
I was flattered by HORACE; *you're* spurned by REBOUL:*
VIRGIL deemed his best strains to my clemency due,
But VÉRON himself cannot always praise you.
The world from the grave SUETONIUS has heard,
I was firm in my friendships, and true to my word;
But CASSAGNAC even, whatever might be
His reward, could not pay that last tribute to thee:
Thus, unguarded I lived, in the streets or at home,
And one cohort sufficed to keep order in Rome.
Yes, Prince! you may hasten the Empire to claim
(I had ruled twenty years ere I heard of the name),
But think not—although to your pride and your power
No check shall arrive till your life's latest hour;
Though the people, still servile, the troops, always true,
Shall join in no plots, save those sanctioned by you,—
Though new virtues the press to your race shall ascribe,
And, now cowed by a menace, now fed by a bribe,
All its former wit merged in a blasphemous whine,
Shall affirm that its master is all but Divine;—
Yet think not, buoyed up by a dream of success,
When their lips praise you most, their hearts hate you the less:
Your people may cringe; ours, thank Heaven! could trust us;
Your's can only fear you; ours respected AUGUSTUS.

* REBOUL, the poor poet of Nismes, who has just refused to accept the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the Prince President.

SAFE FIGHTING.

THIS is to be done—after an Irish fashion. It appears a contradiction, but we can have a most tremendous war between the magnanimous Celt and the contemptible Saxon, and no bloodshed, no bones broken. The notion must have been whispered by the dove of peace—whispered into the writer's ear, even as MAHOMET'S pigeon cooed celestial intelligence to the Prophet. The editor of the *Galway Execrator* asserts and proclaims:—

"That the Irish are perfectly armed; let it be known that while we have steam-engines we can bid defiance to brutal Britons. A man can throw stones, a steam-engine will likewise throw stones, because a steam-engine will do anything a man can do! The steam-engine will wield a sling, nay fifty slings *whose cords are cables!* and *whose missiles are rocks!!* It will sweep into the air masses of granite, which *whirling on high large as a cabin, and soaring into the sky!!!* will descend with *a terrible rush* upon squadrons of horse and regiments of infantry, *will make mash of men and horses*, or, breaking their ranks, will make them fly in every direction like madmen!! Shareholders in railways should know, &c., &c., that democracy can arm itself with steam-engines."

But stop—a word in your ear, friend *Execrator*. If it must come to this, if the Celt will have steam-engine slings, why not the Saxon? We know, in comparison with Celtic intelligence, we are a benighted, stupid people: we are misty-brained and moony-eyed; nevertheless, we are not quite such fools as to march to be made a "*mash*" of. We would not, dull as we are, attempt to recruit to meet such a power. "Wanted, five hundred fine young men for the Hare-brained Cavalry, to meet missiles like rocks, to be mashed men and horses, and, *finally*, to fly in every direction like madmen." The Saxon humbly owns himself a fool, but not quite such a fool as that.

Therefore, friend *Execrator*, we shall fight your steam-engines with *our* steam-engines. Iron to iron—stone slung against stone. And how beautiful, when the stones, big as cabins (Irish cabins, those homes of peace and self-respect!)—how beautiful when the stones clash in the air, and break into powder; the fight being left entirely between the contending engines, the opposing missiles. This is a very pacific improvement upon war; moreover, it is quite Irish. A terrific hubbub, and nothing done.

The Saxon had his iron general; but the Celt will have an iron army. When, may we ask, will GENERAL PISTON, COLONEL HIGH-PRESSURE, MAJOR VALVE, and so forth, be gazetted? What if we propose as the auspicious day, the Fifth of November?

THE MORISONIAN SYSTEM OF PUTTING OUT A FIRE.

MOUNT ÆTNA has been on fire for nearly two months. It is blazing away even now. It is rather too far to send MR. BRAIDWOOD with a detachment of engines, for the purpose of extinguishing this "Tremendous Fire," but we propose that MR. PHILLIPS be despatched instanter with a supply of his "Fire Annihilators" to try what he can do with them. Let him throw into the mouth of the crater, by way of a first dose, two dozen of his fiery boluses. If they do not make the patient a little more easy, let the second dose be increased to four dozen; and, if these do not give Ætna its *quietus*, let the third dose be augmented to eight dozen, which, if there is any faith in the MORISONIAN system of pill-taking, ought to prove an effectual extinguisher. This would only be a fair test of MR. PHILLIPS'S "Fire Annihilator;" for it stands to reason that, if it succeeds in putting out the pipe of a volcano that has been smoking, with an endless supply of "fire," for upwards of two months, it must be equally successful in blowing out any little farthing rushlight of a conflagration that we may have in England. We should like to be present to see MR. PHILLIPS standing over the crater, with a Fire-Annihilator, like a pill, between his thumb and his fore-finger, and to hear him say to Ætna, "Open your mouth and see what I will send you."

Near the Truth.

WHY is the ruffian CANNON, who nearly murdered the policeman, like a certain popular swindle?—Because he is a Monster Sweep.

A PENNY-A-LINER'S PROVERB.—"There is many a *slip* between the pen and the tip.

Little Gent. (*with undue familiarity*). "I SAY, MY OLD COCKYWAX,—I S'POSE THE FISH AINT VERY LARGE OFF RAMSGIT—ARE THEY?"

Fisherman. "WELL! I SHOULDN'T SAY AS THEY WAS WERRY SMALL—WHEN WE 'RE OBLIGED TO USE SICH FLOATS AS THEM TO OUR FISHIN' TACKLE! MY YOUNG COCKYWAX?" (*Gent. is shut up.*)

WESTMINSTER THEATRE.

A NEW piece, adapted from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was read at the Westminster Theatre, preparatory to the opening of that establishment. The piece seems likely to be successful, owing, probably, as much to the consummate versatility and talent of the actors engaged, as to any intrinsic merit of the work itself. We have extracted the following Scene. We may mention that emblematical ribbons, bills, measures, and so forth, are a peculiar sort of African charm, which niggers always wear about their person.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOPSY (*a Nigger, taken into the household of* MR. BULL, *and whose former master was a Buckinghamshire farmer*) — MR. BEN. DISRAELI.

MISS FEELY (*housekeeper to* MR. BULL) . . . . . MISS VICTORIA REGINA.

JOHN, JOE (*well tried Servants of* MR. BULL'S) . . . . — LORD J. RUSSELL, MR. HUME.

Other Niggers, LORD DERBY, LORD MALMESBURY, MR. WALPOLE, SIR FITZROY KELLY, &c. &c.

The Scene is laid in MISS FEELY'S *sitting-room, which commands a view of St. James's Park.* MISS FEELY *makes* TOPSY *stand opposite her.*

Miss F. Now, TOPSY, who were your political parents?

Topsy. Dun' no, Missis—never had none. [*Grinning.*

Miss F. Never had any—what do you mean? Of what party were you born?

Topsy. Never was born. [*With a grin.*

Miss F. How long have you served your former master?

Topsy. Dunt 'zactly know, Missis.

Miss F. Don't know, Topsy! One year or several?

Topsy. Several, off and on, 'should think.

Miss F. Now, tell me who made you politically?

Topsy. Nobody as I knows on. Don't think nobody never made me. I 'spect I growed. [*Looking amazed and twinkling his eyes.*

Miss F. What did you do for your former master?

Topsy. Laws, nothin', Missis—jawed a bit nows and thens.

Miss F. What can you do, Topsy?

Topsy. Anythin'. Chiefly I is good at climbin' up a poll. [*Grinning.*

Miss F. Now, TOPSY, what are your politics?

Topsy. Laws, Missis, 'most anythink.

Miss F. Why, TOPSY, what 's this?

[*Pulling at a ribbon which was hanging out of* TOPSY'S *pocket.*

Topsy. Laws, why that ar's the ribbon I had at late Mas'r's.

Miss F. But here is another, besides.

Topsy. Laws, why that 's JOHN'S ribbon; how could it 'a got in my pocket.

Miss F. TOPSY, you naughty thing, don't tell me a lie; you stole that ribbon.

THE POLITICAL TOPSY.

"I 'SPECTS NOBODY CAN'T DO NOTHIN' WITH ME?"—*Vide "Uncle Tom's Cabin."*

Topsy. Missis, I declare for't I didn't. Never seed it till this blessed minnit.

[MISS FEELY *becomes so indignant that she shakes* TOPSY, *which causes some papers to fall.*

Miss F. There you! will you tell me you didn't steal the ribbon?

Topsy. Laws, now, if that isn't JOHN's M'litia Bill (*looking rather guilty*). I mind JOHN lost it one night, and I jest picked it up.

Miss F. You've tried to change its appearance, you naughty thing. Now, TOPSY, confess what else you 've stolen.

Topsy. Well, I took JOHN's Chancery Reform Bill, and 'bout half his Parliamentary Reform Bill, what he had round his neck when he lost his M'litia Bill, and bits of JOE's measure, what he's al'ays losin'.

Miss F. Bless me, what a thief! (*hopelessly.*) Is there anything you have not stolen, Topsy?

Topsy. Laws! Missis. There's the Income Tax Repeal Bill.

Miss F. Now run, TOPSY, you naughty thing, and get me the Reform Bills you stole from JOHN and JOE, and what you have of your own. MR. BULL wants them directly.

Topsy. Laws, Missis, I can't.

Miss F. What a story, TOPSY! Get them this minute, or I'll discharge you.

Topsy. I can't, Missis (*with loud protestations, and tears and groans*). They's loomin', they is."

Miss F. You naughty creature! Why did you tell me you'd got them?

[*Quite bewildered at this incomprehensible language.*

Topsy. 'Cause I's wicked, I is; I's mighty wicked anyhow. I can't help it.

[*At this moment* JOHN *and* JOE *enter together:* JOHN *wearing his bill still round his neck, and* JOE *with bits of his measure stuck all over his person as usual.*

Miss F. Why, JOHN and JOE, how did you get those again?

[*Pointing to the bill and the measure.*

J. and J. (*together*). Dese ar! had dese ar all de time. Can't pass dem nohows.

Miss F. What in the world did you tell me you took those things for?

Topsy (*rubbing eyes and whining*). Why, Missis said I must 'fess or Mas'r would turn me away, and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess.

Miss F. But of course I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do. That's telling a lie just as much as the other.

Topsy. Laws, now, is it? [*With innocent wonder.*

J. and J. (*Looking indignantly at Topsy*). Da'r a'nt no such thing as truth in that limb.

Another scene deserves mention. TOPSY is amongst his fellow-niggers, perched on a high stool in MR. BULL's house in Downing Street. JOHN and JOE have both been dismissed in disgrace, owing to TOPSY's wicked manœuvring.

Topsy loq. Law! you niggers, does you know you's all sinners? Well, you is, all on you; MISS FEELY says so; but, lor, ye an't any on ye up to me. I's so awful wicked, there can't nobody do nothin' with me. I used to keep old Mas'r a swearing at me half de time. I 'spects I's the wickedest crittur in the world.

[*Here* TOPSY *cuts a somersault and comes up brisk and shining on to a higher stool next him, displacing, with much violence, a suspicious brother nigger, who is admirably acted by* LORD DERBY.

ALLEGED HEARTLESS ROBBERY OF A BRITISH AUTHOR.

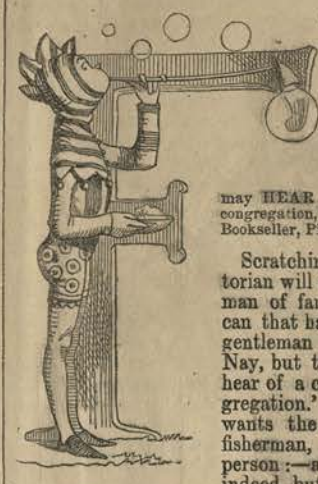
WE take from the *Sunday Times* the subjoined paragraph—which, perhaps, our contemporary took from the *Hue and Cry*.

"An American author has, we understand, written an 'Alpine Entertainment,' after the manner of ALBERT SMITH's, for a popular comedian of the United States, who intends producing it in New York in the coming winter. Of course the clever gentlemen who have seized upon MR. SMITH's ideas will endeavour to pass them off as original 'notions' upon their countrymen. We recommend our transatlantic friends not to be in a hurry, but to wait until the real Alpine traveller visits them with his genuine entertainment."

MR. ALBERT SMITH's "Ascent of Mont Blanc" is a mental article, a piece of ideal goods—the materials thereof provided by hardy enterprise—woven out of the fibres of the brain. What a pity that it cannot be squared and hemmed, and marked A. S. in the corner! Then the act of its appropriation without its owner's consent were an error that might be rectified at the Middlesex Sessions; as the case is, the "American author and popular comedian"—if they have really stolen MR. SMITH's notion—are only indictable at the tribunal of opinion. That court of justice, however, will convict them of no petty larceny, but rather of plagiarism, amounting to virtual felony; and Notice is Hereby Given, to all whom it may concern, that the receivers of Alpine Entertainments are as bad as the plagiarists.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DINNERS.—There would be very few dinner-parties, if the rule were once made only to invite those to dinner who really were in want of one!

A GENUINE TITLE FOR ORDERS.



FROM the *Times* of October 7th, we take an advertisement which may puzzle some future MOSHEIM, or other writer of ecclesiastical history:—

TITLE for ORDERS, at the ensuing Christmas Ordination.—A young gentleman of family, evangelically disposed, and to whom salary is no object, may HEAR OF a CURE in a fashionable West End congregation, by addressing the REV. A. M. O., Hatchard's, Bookseller, Piccadilly.

Scratching his head, the future Church historian will say to himself: "'A young gentleman of family evangelically disposed?' What can that have meant in those times? A young gentleman of evangelically disposed family? Nay, but the context forbids that view, "May hear of a cure in a fashionable West-end congregation.' The 'fashionable' congregation wants the young gentleman of 'family;'—no fisherman, or tent-maker, or any such low person:—a young gentleman of low Church, indeed, but of high respectability. Doubtless, then, 'Title for Orders' meant a Baronet's at least. What is the 'Cure' this young gentleman might have heard of? Hardly a cure for exclusive pride and vanity. And what manner of persons were the 'fashionable West-end congregation?' What, but gentlemen of the cockade and shoulder-knot—wearing shoulder-knot and cockade on the inner man?—the *proper* 'cloth' for the pastor of such a flock being plush."

Thus will the MOSHEIM of the time to come talk to himself, or to the contemporary New Zealander, who from Blackfriars Bridge shall contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's Church—and wonder how St. Paul's Church came to be ruined.

GREEK AGAINST GREEK.

THE Police Reports have contained an account of the ferocious assault on a patient and brave policeman, committed by a biped brute named CANNON. However, among the Police this CANNON might have met with his match. Under the head of Bridgnorth, the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* records the case ensuing:—

"THOMAS BROWN, a weak and sickly-looking young man, who had been in prison since the previous Saturday, was charged with being drunk. In this case some sensation was created in court by the disclosure of the way in which the policeman, DOVEY, acted in conveying the defendant to prison. The defendant said that DOVEY struck and knocked him down several times, and also bumped his head upon the pavement. DOVEY did not deny having used some violence, of which the defendant's face bore ample testimony. The MAYOR told DOVEY that he thought he had no right to use such violence towards any man. To which the officer replied that he was quite justified in what he had done, and that according to the directions issued to the force, he would have been justified in knocking out his (the defendant's) brains (*sensation*). MR. WYLDE BROWN, one of the magistrates, said the police were allowed to use their own discretion, and must be protected. The MAYOR begged to express a different opinion, and again told DOVEY that it was certainly not right to use such an amount of force towards so weakly a man as the defendant. The policeman replied that he had not exceeded his duty, "and," said he, "the next drunken man I take up, I will break his head with my staff." We may mention *en passant*, that although DOVEY is considered a good officer, he is in the constant habit of having a large dog at his heels whenever he has any duty to perform. The subject of the propriety of keeping such a dog has been brought before the magistrates more than once, but still the system is followed up."

Now, this gentle "DOVEY" would have been just the bird to oppose to such a beast as CANNON. The latter is precisely the subject for the former to have taken up. Mutually opposed, they might, like violent chemical agents, have neutralised each other's active properties: at least have reduced one another to that state in which each had better be for the welfare of society.

AN UNENLIGHTENED CLERGYMAN.

WE are apt to boast of the intelligence of the age, but great intellectual destitution still exists among us, in the provinces. At the late Castle Hedingham Conservative dinner, a clergyman, the REV. J. COX, alluding to the insults offered to MAJOR BERESFORD at the election for North Essex, said,

"Among the disgraceful standards exhibited, was one with the words 'A shilling for his head and pluck!'"

Now really we must say, that MR. COX, as a teacher of the people, ought, at this time of day, to know better than to understand the words "head and pluck" in the literal, anatomical, and sanguinary sense. Another time we trust MR. COX will recollect that "head," in the language of the free and independent signifies wisdom, and "pluck," valour, and not run his over-sensitive nose against a popular metaphor.

THE LEADING MEN IN THE CITY.

We hear a great deal about the leading men in the City, and one would naturally expect to find them a good way in advance of the age; more especially when we see them putting themselves forward to claim precedence on numerous occasions. Whenever there is a feast or a show on any grand scale, the Corporation of London wants to have the first finger in the pie, and all the front seats at the spectacle. When the Queen visited the City, the Corporation had not only the first finger in the pie, but all its fingers in all the pies, tarts, jellies, and custard cups. Not satisfied with a reasonable proximity to Royalty, the Corporation and its friends mobbed Majesty to such an unpleasant extent, that the Queen could hardly make her way to the "appointed spot" where refreshments awaited her.

After the specimen thus recently given of the sort of use made of their precedence by the City Magistrates, we may naturally ask, what is likely to be the result of their having it their own way at the late Duke of Wellington's funeral? Setting aside the possibility of their not knowing how to behave themselves, and converting a solemn ceremony into an indecent scramble, we should like to inquire how far the City potentates are foremost in general matters, so as to justify their claim to take the first place on great occasions. The City has, undoubtedly, taken precedence in the great Smithfield nuisance question, for it is only too notorious that the City has been the first—and the last—in trying to uphold the cause of filth within its precincts.

In the article of Sewers, also, the City has shown a forwardness in hanging backward, and a strong disinclination to follow anything—even though it should be the spirit of the *Times*—which points in the direction of progress. Another remarkable instance of City forwardness is shown in the eagerness of the Corporation to advance the price of coals, by putting a tax on them for the profit of the Corporation, and for the loss of the public in general. Another claim to precedence on the part of the City may be deduced from its going beyond everything else in the way of exaction, and rushing forward to its very gate to take toll from those who enter.

We think we have disposed of the claim to precedence set up by the civic authorities. We are aware that the Lord Mayor assumes the right of blocking up Temple Bar, even against Majesty itself; but, happily, loyalty, in the humble guise of a hair-dresser, has taken up its quarters in the shop under the archway, and is ready to let Her Majesty in by a side-door, should the City potentates venture to carry their claim of precedence to such a point as the exclusion of the sovereign from the seat of Mayoral mock monarchy.

TOL(DEROLDEROLD)ERATION!

SONG AND CHORUS: TO BE LEARNED BY MR. LUCAS AND THE IRISH BRIGADE,

And Sung by them at the Opening of Parliament, to the tune of the "Vicar of Bray."

Sweet Protestants, attend to me,
Dear goose, and gull, and pigeon,
We want to have equality
In matters of religion;
But what that means let me expound,
And don't suppose we hate you;
I'll tell you how—should we get ground—
We mean to tolerate you;
Chorus.
Yes, when we once have gained our end; and that is Domination,
We'll tolerate you with a tol—derolderolderation.

Between us whilst the people are
In equal parts divided,
The Law's protection we will share
In no respect one-sided;
Be free to teach, and preach, and pray,
As pleases your volition,
And unmolested go your way
Serenely to perdition;
Chorus.
And when we once have gained our end; and that is Domination,
We'll tolerate you with a tol—derolderolderation.

Object to relic or to saint,
Our wonders treat as fable,
We 'll put you under no restraint
One hour before we 're able;
Your tongues against our tenets wag,
And we will grin and bear it,
Nor ever put you on the gag,
Till we can make you wear it;
Chorus.
Then when at last we 've gained our end; and that is Domination,
We'll tolerate you with a tol—derolderolderation.

But when—the blessed day, we hope,
Is not extremely distant—
The realm at large shall own the Pope,
We must be more consistent.
To wretch that from our faith secedes
Due justice shall be meted;
For heretics are baleful weeds,
And should as such be treated:
Chorus.
So when at length we 've gained our end; and that is Domination,
We 'll tolerate you with a tol—derolderolderation.

And thus we 've made it plain and clear
As daylight, Mr. Speaker,
That you from us have nought to fear,
As long as we 're the weaker;
Our liberal professions you
Will not look as a sham on,
But rest assured that they are true,
And no delusive gammon;
Chorus.
Aware that when we 've gained our end; and that is Domination,
We 'll tolerate you with a tol—derolderolderation.

So when we rise to ask full swing
And scope for our persuasion,
The Madiai of course you 'll bring
Not up on that occasion;
Nor, now our sentiments are known,
And you see what we 're after,
Receive our eloquence with groan,
And hiss, and scornful laughter;
Chorus.
Assured that when we 've gained our end; the which is Domination,
We 'll tolerate you with a tol—derolderolderation!

PUNCTUALITY (NOT) THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

It is evident that the railways are governed by old Tories; because the trains are always behind their time.

"TWO GOOD KISSES" OF THE POPE.

The French General Gemeau is a proud, almost a sacred man. He has given two good kisses to infallibility. The Pope, writes the General, embraced him cordially, when he says, "I took the advantage"—(leave Louis Napoleon's general alone for that)—"the advantage of this to give two good kisses to the august head." Kisses so given must have been sublimating: nay, would, no doubt—(it seems a paradox)—have been equally so, had they been quite the reverse.

"The august head"—continues the General—"which it is permitted no one to touch, or scarcely even to look in the face." But it is otherwise with the General: he has at once indicated his filial affection as a son of the Church and his audacity as a soldier. General Gemeau has kissed the Pope, and may henceforth take his place side by side with the courageous cat that looked at a king!

Two good kisses of the Pope by the private ambassador of Louis Napoleon! Kisses of Judas in regimentals! Traitorous smacks that, at this minute, resound through France; making sad, almost despairing the hearts of true men, and filling the smothering bosoms of a grasping, tyrannous, and soul-enslaving priesthood with hopes, nay, with assurance of domination. Louis Napoleon kisses the priesthood; gives them affectionate salutation, and the priesthood, for a time, make him a present of their bodies and souls. The callow Emperor is such an affectionate, such an enduring son of the Church, that the Church will sing Hosannahs to him—will see in the hero of the second of December the "Elect of God;" the election having been made in fire and blood, and hailed with the groans of the outraged and dying.

However, we are glad that the Pope will visit Paris: for there is now no doubt of the nature of the General's visit to the Vatican. It is only right that Pius the Ninth—the Wolf in the Holy Lambskin—should consecrate Louis Napoleon, the Perjurer in the Purple.

Of course Napoleon III. will be duly anointed. How about the oil? Could it not be brought to him by a real dove? The Boulogne eagle was a failure; but doves are more teachable. Again, if no live dove can be got up in the part, there are needy clever fellows, adroit mechanicians among the Jesuits, who—after the manner of Regiomontanus—could make a wooden dove that should seem like life. When a religious mummery is to be got up, the Catholic Church was never *yet* short of properties. Let a dove be ordered.

And for the anointing, if there be any gratitude—even a suspicion of gratitude—in Napoleon III., he ought to have the oil not simple oil, but oil mixed: darkened and flavoured with printers' ink: say three or four precious drops from the ink-tubs of the *Morning Post!*

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BUDGET.

(From a Sunday Paper.)

We are enabled to state, from exclusive sources of information, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is constantly and intensely occupied with the preparation of his forthcoming Budget. As he works with his door bolted, and has stuffed up the key-hole with paper, under the plausible, but transparent excuse of a draught, we cannot pretend to describe the exact manner in which he proceeds, but from sounds which are occasionally heard, and from the report of the servant who brings the Right Honourable gentleman his lunch, we can state, unhesitatingly, that he is taking great pains with his work. We were the only journal to mention, last week, that the report that Mr. Disraeli used quills was unfounded, and we are now able to add, that he never writes but with a magnum-bonum, into which an ivory handle used to be inserted, but this, which the Right Honourable gentleman found too cold for his fingers, has been rejected for a cedar-wood pencil (HH.). Of course it would be premature to offer any speculation as to the nature of the fiscal changes to be proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but from personal inspection of the marks on the pad of blotting-paper on which he works, our informant states that there is no reason to believe that any of the more important interests of the country will be specifically assailed, although the general complexion of the budget will, probably, be of a Protectionist character. Irish politicians may deduce some fanciful prophecy from the fact, that several pieces of Orange-peel have been observed in the Right Honourable gentleman's fender, and the advocates of Jewish emancipation may not be uninterested in learning, that Mr. Disraeli has twice purchased oranges at the shop of a well-known fruiterer, of the Hebrew persuation. But we are not inclined to assert for these circumstances more significance than attaches to an accident.

Late in the afternoon of yesterday Mr. Disraeli was overheard to remark to himself that it was "deuced cool," but whether this observation applied to any political act of any of his colleagues, or to the state of the weather (our readers will remember that the thermometer was low all day), we will not presume to decide; though, if we couple the remark with the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer shortly afterwards rang for coals, we think we may claim an approximation to the real truth of the case, in preferring the latter solution.

During the earlier portion of his labours Mr. Disraeli invariably wore the plaid waistcoat well known to frequenters of the House of Commons, but he has exchanged it for a purple velvet one since the cold weather set in. It is a curious coincidence, to say no more, that Louis Napoleon, and our own Chancellor of the Exchequer, should be assuming the "imperial purple" at the same time, but truth is stranger than fiction. We have only to add, that the Honourable gentleman is fully alive to the wisdom of the old adage *Delookulo serjere Sal uberrimum est*, being always at his desk by eleven o'clock in the morning; but although we know it is the early bird that catches the "worm," we are disinclined to believe the Chancellor of the Exchequer meditates any new duty on ardent spirits. Time will show. *Nous verrons.*

[LATEST PARTICULARS.]

Saturday Night.

We have an important addition to make to our announcement. In a conversation which Mr. Disraeli had this day with his wine-merchant, Mr. Bung (of the eminent firm of Fungus and Bung, Piccadilly), the Right Honourable gentleman, in ordering some claret, said, on Mr. Bung's mentioning the price, "Too dear, Bung; too dear." It is hardly to be supposed that an individual in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's responsible situation would use such words without a deeper meaning than belongs to the language of non-official men. Claret *is* too dear. This the Right Honourable gentleman admits. And how is it to be cheapened, and who can do it? *Verbum sap.* The duty on French wines *is to come off.*

A BOLD EMPIRIC.

The grand metaphorical figure—of fun—embodied in the old *tableau* of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street, has been at last matched by the Mayor of Sèvres, who, in the name of the French people, has proclaimed the Empire. Such a declaration from such a source is about equivalent to a manifesto from Putney, proclaiming England a republic, or an ukase from Islington, placing the nation under a protectorate. Sèvres, as almost everybody will be aware, is a suburb of Paris, and is famous for the manufacture of Porcelain; but we doubt if it ever turned out a more fragile article than that which its Delphic oracle, the Mayor, has been so eager to fabricate. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that Sèvres, the emporium of Porcelain, should have been the first to declare an Emperor so absolute as to be worthy of China.

A Whale with the Tooth-ache.

We have lately seen an account of a whale suffering severely with the tooth-ache. We pity any poor creature, and especially a whale, afflicted with such a malady, particularly as there is no effective remedy but extraction, and there is no dentist to whom a whale can apply to "have it out." The harpoon is rather a formidable toothpick if it happens to hit the right place; but the suffering whale would experience little relief from such dental—or rather acci-dental—succour. We must confess we disbelieve the story of the tooth-ache, which is so very *un*-like a whale.

Sympathetic Paper.

It seems paper can be made out of sheet-iron. May we recommend the use of this paper to Louis Napoleon? It is decidedly the best material for him to write his decrees upon. The Code Napoleon, too, when amended for the new Empire, should be printed on a similar kind of paper. The laws which govern the French should be, like the French themselves, appropriately bound in iron.

Mrs. —— "Oh! do look here, Dear! How extremely pretty the Autumn Fashions are, to be sure. What a perfecily lovely little Cloak!"

Mr. —— (*rapidly changing the subject*). "Yes, yes! Beautiful! beautiful! but see, love, what a magnificent brown Horse, and how splendidly that Fellow sits him!"

AN OUTFIT FOR TEN GUINEAS.

Of course, to a shoe-maker, there is "nothing like leather," and it is not very surprising, therefore, that an advertising dealer in ready-made boots, recommends an "outfit," consisting solely of that desirable, but, certainly, all too insufficient article of attire. Some persons in this country have, we are aware, a vague notion, that in the Colonies the natives are distinguished by a lightness of dress amounting to downright levity, and that they look upon a few feathers, stuck in the head, as a sort of graceful toilette upon which they have a right to plume themselves. A handbill we have just seen from a puffing shoe-maker, rushes into the opposite extreme, and recommends boots and shoes as the sole articles necessary in an outfit. Ten guineas' worth are selected, with a due regard to variety, from the elegant dress japan to the coarse and clumsy highlow. It is true that an intending emigrant takes an important step, but this is no reason why his feet only should require looking to. A gentleman who should land at a Colony with no other wardrobe than an extensive stock of shoes, would feel that the tradesman thus fleecing him would owe him some sort of redress, which would then be unattainable.

We do not profess to understand the principle upon which a stock of boots and shoes are advertised as a complete "outfit." Among the items we find a pair of "resilient, or perfectly elastic ball or dinner boots for thirty shillings." The word "resilient" means, literally, "leaping up again and again," a quality in a pair of boots, which, though perhaps suitable to a ball, would be rather inconvenient at a dinner.

The Conjuror Puzzled.

Expectation will soon be on the sharpest tip of its longest toe, for the purpose of witnessing the Grand Bottle Trick of the great political Conjuror. The Wizard of all the points of the weathercock is naturally puzzled as to the means of "doing the trick," and he sits at present pondering with great anxiety over his "measure." Wishing to lend him a helping hand, we offer him the friendly hint, that if he hopes to get into the quart bottle, his only chance is to strain a pint.

INTERPRETATIONS FOR THE MILLION.

As Ministers utterly refuse to reveal anything of their opinions and intentions, people are driven to endeavour to discover them, in some degree, for themselves. *Punch* is, at this present writing, quite overwhelmed with the shower of anecdotes which the nation, thirsting for information, is pouring in upon him, with supplications that he will draw inferences as to the views and designs of the eminent individuals whose sayings and doings are thus recorded for him. Ever anxious to benefit and to oblige, *Mr. Punch* subjoins a few interpretations which he has put upon the remarkable facts recently communicated.

"Sir,—At a recent dinner-party, the Earl of Derby seeing Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Secretary, about to take some anchovy with his cod-fish, said, hastily, 'Ah! my dear fellow, don't, don't.' What do you infer from this?

"Your obedient subscriber, Query."

[That the Premier strongly disapproves of Lord Malmesbury's habit of putting up with foreign sauce.—*P.*]

"Lady Blanche Almondville (by her papa's desire) informs dear *Mr. Punch* that she was the partner of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a quadrille last week. After the second figure, Mr. Disraeli, who talks very delightfully, said, 'I think we got through *l'Eté* pretty well.' Lady Blanche is desired to ask *Mr. Punch* whether there was any concealed meaning in these words—she does not believe it, but her papa does."

[The Earl is right. Mr. Disraeli meant that his party was satisfied with the result of the General Election this summer.—*P.*]

"Dear Mr. Punch.—I had a box at the Haymarket Theatre a few nights since. My next neighbour was one of the Ministers, with a party. In the course of the performance, which was *Money*, the Minister said 'Webster will show his teeth directly; capital fun.' Surely this meant something more than mere appreciation of my friend Benjamin's humour.

"Yours perpetually, Scrutator Publicus."

[It meant that a certain American Statesman might see fit to swagger, but that he was only talking for the elections. No war.—*P.*]

"Mr. Punch.—Going by the Lord Chancellor's house on Tuesday, I observed two of his lordship's domestics at the door. One of them, as I passed, said to the other, 'His lordship thought he should get to Doctor's Commons before William, who was a-foot.' Had this speech any other significance than what lies on the surface?

"I am, your obedient servant, Vigilant Jones."

[Certainly, Jones.—It meant that Lord St. Leonards hoped to pass a Bill walking into the Ecclesiastical Courts.—*P.*]

"Two gents beg to inform *Punch* that travelling for a lark last week, they were by haccident in the same train with the Secretory of War. He was quite haffable, and did not abuse them in the least, neither call them 'rabble,' which, as they have not either of them got votes, he might have done. But, at getting out, the Major said, 'Behind time again, as usual. Upon my word it's too bad.' Did he mean anything more than he said, the gents would like to know, as there is a bet on the subject?"

[No, gents. The Major's speeches have never more than one meaning, and not always even that.—*P.*]

A Happy Expression.

One of "Our own Correspondents," speaking of the (alleged) discovery of an infernal machine at Marseilles, says, very innocently,

"The plot, it is thought, was originally hatched at Toulon."

Hatched! Yes; that's just the very word for it: seeing that the discovery, there is little doubt, was a complete mare's nest.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—Saturday, October 23rd 1852.

APPROPRIATE PRESENT.

THE annexed is a little offering of respect and gratitude from the last ship-load of convicts to Australia to the present head of the Home Office. It is a beautiful work of art, representing the head or "nob" of a "cracksman," made of pure gold from the Diggings, and bears the following inscription:—

"TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE
FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT FOR THE TIME BEING,
THE GRATEFUL OFFERING OF 500 CONVICTS,
WHO, HAVING LEFT THEIR COUNTRY FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S GOOD,
HAVE FOUND IT VERY MUCH FOR THEIR OWN GOOD ALSO.

"To all who wish to better themselves in life we can hold up our own example and say, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

The gift was accompanied with the following copy of verses, evidently the production of one of these unlettered and simple-minded men.

"We wos lagged for warious acts of priggin',
And in consekvence was sent to the diggins',
Were we 'as the best o' grub;
And if so be we likes the washin' tub,
We can wash each man his hounce a day,
Wich is upards o' three pound, wich it aint bad pay.
Whereas when at 'ome, a chap as liked work,
And warn't reg'larly on the priggin' lurk,
Vy, he couldn't earn above two shillin'
Though he might be both strong and willin';
Wich shows the difference atween the old country and this ere—
So weep not for me, my comrades dear,
My time is hup, my fate you see,
Then stay awhile and foller me.
Crack a crib as I done, and get fifteen year,
And arter two they sends you out, with your ticket o' leave clear;
Where you can either dig gold yourself like hus,
Or if you dont like that, vy you can bone from them as does.

"(Signed) BILL SYKES,
"his X mark."

"THE PEOPLE'S SUNDAY SCHOOL."

THEIR Crystal Sunday School—Sunday having had its religious dues; dues, by the way, more likely to be paid by the exalting, purifying influences that must of a surety make the atmosphere of the People's Crystal Palace; an excellent and appropriate name for it, doubtless, in its work-day guise. But, on Sundays, let it be deemed and visited as the People's Sunday School—a title happily bestowed upon the marvel—as the rumour has reached us—by the enlightened and profound CHEVALIER BUNSEN, Prussia's learned ambassador; a man, we humbly believe, to the full as likely to know the required dues of the Sabbath as even SPOTTISWOOD, aye, or it may be, PLUMPTRE. And, stimulated by such knowledge, our Prussian Ambassador, with other ambassadors, is doing his best and heartiest to furnish the aforesaid Sunday School with wondrous objects, each of them a potent text to raise and refine the pupil people: objects, it may be, of a somewhat more remote sort than are to be found at the Rosemary Branch on Sundays, or even at the Sabbath Grecian Saloon. BUNSEN sends to men of kindred worth and knowledge — to GERHARD, LEPSIUS, DE OLFERS, of Berlin—to throw open their precious stores to the searching and selecting capacities of OWEN JONES and DIGBY WYATT, the Crystal travellers sent away to bring back and naturalize at Sydenham all the wonders of ancient, foreign art. At Naples, the travellers—for the first time checked—strangely enough meet with the coldest of cold shoulders from the most sulphureous of Kings, BOMBA of bomb-throwing note. What then? SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE—stout brother of the stoutest and blithest of bottle-holders, PALMERSTON—steps in; mollifies the brimstone court towards JONES and WYATT, even though catering for heretical, liberal England; and our travellers, further aided by letters from PRINCE CARINI, Neapolitan Ambassador at Lutheran St. James's, are permitted to make their way to the treasures of Naples, to elect objects to be copied, casts to be taken; in fact to lay Naples under such pleasant, humanizing contribution that—ever since her monopoly of sulphur ceased—it may be Naples has never been so complaisant to unorthodox England. And let justice be done to—what shall we call them?—the Tories, now in Downing Street? No: They renounce the name, smelling as it does of bigotry dead, and a little noisome. Protectionists, then? Why, no; by no means Protectionists, as it is said LORD DERBY'S QUEEN'S Speech from the throne will make manifest. Well, then, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers—even short-coming MALMESBURY, to boot—have smiled upon the People's Crystal Palace and People's Sunday School, vouchsafing to MR. SAMUEL PHILLIPS—active, suggestive teacher and Gold-Stick at the School and Palace of the coming summer—sympathising and encouraging syllables. For the EARL OF DERBY—and he knows it—will have to face the bishops; will have to answer well-meaning, but at times weakly-thinking SHAFTESBURY. Exeter Hall, with its thousand indignant fingers, twitches its thousand white neckcloths, crying, "No such Sunday School for the People." The meek and pious ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is beset by a horde of what is called the inferior clergy. Pluralist rectors and vicars, with souls separated by counties to save, wax wroth in the pulpit, smiting the cushion as though that church velvet were Sydenham Crystal to be shivered into atoms by the pious fist. And the EARL OF DERBY will have to meet this: yes, he will have to swallow the black draught prepared for him at Exeter Hall, and has resolved to take it, defying its effects.

We can almost prophesy a few of the arguments—all of them thunderbolts—selected even from the *Times* of Friday, in which the future wonders of the Crystal Palace are gorgeously forecast like the glories of an Eastern sunrise. Is there not to be an Italian garden—one of the many wonders of wonder-working PAXTON—of 40 acres? And will not this Italian garden — MR. PLUMPTRE may weepingly demand—lead away the thoughts of Protestant England to the soil of Rome? As a sample of what is to be done, no less than 50,000 scarlet geraniums are ordered; and in early season will be in full bloom. Consider it: 50,000 scarlet geraniums! Why, pondered on Sundays, will [they not convert the Protestant mind, causing it by irresistible influence to accept and love the Scarlet Abomination?

Again. PAXTON promises that his two Pyramid Fountains will play twice as long as the "Grandes Eaux"—the Great Waters at Versailles. With twice the bulk of water, will there not—asks the REV. JABEZ CRANK—will there not be twice the amount of Sabbath sin? The wickedness of Versailles will, of a verity, be doubled at Sydenham!

Moreover, there are to be water-falls, small Niagaras. Why, it is plain that the people, after looking upon so much water—water sparkling here, water roaring and tumbling there—will only feel a greater thirst for the public-house, says FRANKINCENSE. Is it not plain, my brethren—is it not inevitable human wickedness that it should be so—that with so much water, the people *will* and *must* have so much Sabbath gin?

Yet further scandals. There are to be rocks scattered here and there, to preach geology. Sermons in stones! When such sermons are listened to, is not—asks a Canterbury MOORE—is not the Church in danger?

And to conclude, we are to have models of Nineveh Lions (all of them smacking their lips at the cocknies to be devoured), Assyrian Palaces, Assyrian Courts, with all the doomed and denounced of SENNACHERIB and others too wicked to mention. DR. LAYARD and M. BOTTA are to superintend the idolatries, and—where do they think they 'll go to?

Such—*Punch* prophesies—is a sample of the withering, destructive arguments to be hurled at the head of the EARL OF DERBY, who, in the stiff-neckedness of profane chivalry, has resolved to meet and, in his own graceful way, to smile at them.

"A PERSON OF HIS RANK."

SIR JAMES FRANCIS RIVERS, BART., has been fined and drolly lectured by the awful Magistrates of Bath. SIR JAMES FRANCIS RIVERS, BART., is an eccentric gentleman—an odd chivalrous member of the bloody hand, the symbol of his title: for SIR JAMES FRANCIS RIVERS, BART., driving to the Bath Railway in a fitting dog-cart, was—on good occasion—mildly remonstrated with by ISAAC CREW, railway porter, and SAMUEL HAINES, railway policeman. To shorten the tale, SIR JAMES FRANCIS RIVERS, BART., beat and lashed about him with his whip CREW and HAINES, finally dealing upon the policeman a blow in the stomach which had disabled the man from his duties since the time, causing him to spit blood.

"The magistrates having consulted together, the Mayor (MR. W. LONG), addressing the defendant, said the magistrates had had no hesitation whatever in coming to a decision on this matter, which was very discreditable to him. For the first offence he was fined 50*s.* and costs, or in default to be committed for one month; and for the second assault, which was more serious, he was fined in the full penalty of 5*l.* and costs, or in default to be committed for two months."

Of course SIR JAMES FRANCIS RIVERS, BART., put his symbolical "bloody hand" in his pocket, and pulled out the fine and costs. Mild and merciful magistrates of Bath,—fortunate SIR JAMES FRANCIS RIVERS, BART.! For once upon a time there was—and is, and will be, we hope, for many a day—a London Magistrate named HARDWICK, who adjudged one of the folks of rank named SOMERSET, to penitential retirement under the guardianship of GOVERNOR CHESTERTON, the firm and bland, of the House of Correction: the said HARDWICK refusing to mulct in money the police-whipping SOMERSET. Hence, it is safer for a "man of rank" to soundly thrash two men at the Bath Railway Station than to give two or three flourishing cuts about one policeman in Rotten Row. The supplementary wisdom, too, uttered by a Bath Mayor is, we hope, novel if not instructive. Addressing SIR J. F. R., BART., he said,

"For a person of his rank such conduct was *most discreditable*.—The fines having been paid, the defendant left the Court. It is not long since SIR JAMES was fined in the same court for furious driving."

Most discreditable! Quite otherwise, MR. MAYOR. Nothing in this commercial country is discreditable if a man can, and is allowed to pay, for it. Money is the real fuller's earth, and—if permitted to be applied—takes out even stains of ruffianism. It would have been "most discreditable" to SIR JAMES FRANCIS RIVERS, Bart., had he been locked up for a term with penniless ruffians, pauper desperadoes; but the "fines having been paid," there is nothing discreditable in the transaction. Ready money covers a multitude of sins.

Political On Dit.

IT is said that the EARL OF DERBY is about to issue cards to the leading members of his party, for a grand dinner on the 3rd of next month, being the eve of the opening of Parliament. The principal dish at this entertainment, will, we understand, consist of a large Humble Pie, which the guests will partake of previously to renouncing Protection, and making amends to the memory of SIR ROBERT PEEL.

AN ILLITERATE MONSTER.

THE QUEEN'S Stationery Office is to be removed from Great James Street, Westminster, to Princes Street. A sad fellow—better versed in MILLER than in DILWORTH—says he didn't know that the Stationary Office was moveable!

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE BEADLES INTO THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

AT two o'clock his Highness the Beadle, accompanied by a very brilliant staff—quite new for the occasion—arrived at the Strand terminus of the Arcade, followed by an immense crowd of young girls, and still younger boys, who saluted him with the wildest shouts of "Long life to the Beadle," "*Vive* BUMBLE II.," and other demonstrations of affection.

It is impossible to give a detailed account of the various structures placed in his way, but the operations were so extensive that they were scarcely completed when he reached the entrance of the Arcade, and the noise of the hammers blended cheerfully with the cheers of the ninnyhammers at the moment of his arrival.

There were several triumphal monuments in various parts of the Arcade; but, perhaps the most striking of the whole was that in the window of the pastry-cook at the principal entrance. The monument consisted of a double range of columns of the Corinthian order placed one above the other. The lower series were of a delicious spongey-looking cake, bearing on the frieze a scroll containing the words, "Orders supplied," and intended, no doubt, as a compliment to the Beadle, by whom Order had been re-established. The upper columns were of beautifully transparent barley-sugar, surmounted with capitals of almond cake, enclosing the word "Ratifée," in honour of him by whom the hopes of the Arcade are ratified.

In the middle of the temple was a figure pointing with one hand to some magnificent bowls filled with a dark substance resembling marble, while the other hand—containing a scroll, with the words "always ready,"—seemed to indicate that the Beadle might rely on the Arcade being constantly prepared to do him honour.

At the toy-shop, the front of the ground was occupied by a line of cavalry, consisting of a file of light wooden horse, while, immediately behind, there arose to a tremendous height a pile of shields, arms, and flags, there being one larger than the rest with the words "BUMBLE II." on a glazed calico ground in gold paper letters.

Near the centre of the Arcade was a triumphal arch, going completely across from side to side, and erected at the joint expense of the cheap China-shop and the establishment for the sale of wind instruments. One side of the arch sprung from a gigantic vase at the base, till it tapered up into a small candlestick, holding a taper in the centre, where it was met by the mouth-piece of a small flageolet, and terminated on the other side in the wrong end of an enormous ophicleide.

The balcony at the hair-dresser's was ornamented with a *façade* of barbers' poles, from one of which depended a fac-simile of the first Beadle's wig, having a large label attached to it, inscribed

"VIVE BUMBLE II!—THE HAIR OF THE BEADLEDOM."

The front of the tailor's was completely coated over with specimens of his art, and at the great crockery concern, over the way, the "United Services" were represented by the ingenious blending of a tea and dinner set. At the same establishment there was also a detached pile, consisting of several plates of China, laid one above the other, and surmounted with a vase bearing the word "Desert," on a white ground, and intended to testify to the desert of his Highness the Beadle.

At a small toy-shop near the centre of the Arcade there was a remarkable ornament, representing a colossal cockroach, having the words "*à la Beadle*" on its fore feet, and surmounted by a Beadle's staff encircled by a scroll, on which was written "*L'Arcade de Lowther à* BUMBLE II.," in golden letters. At about half-past one the music of the celebrated Rheumatic Band—so remarkable for its shakes—was heard in the Strand, and the Band immediately fell in at the corner of the Arcade, where it fell out with a constable.

In the mean time a stream of deputations from all the markets of London began to congregate at the same spot in the following dis-order.

A band of fish-dealers represented the market of Clare, all carrying their baskets, one of which was surmounted with a huge representation of a Whelk inscribed, in the touching *patois* of the place, with the simple word "*Welk-'um!*" Newport Market came next, represented by a party of young boys and old girls—the former wearing blouses, and the latter bearing large bunches of greens and evergreens.

At a quarter to two, the old watchmen of the first Beadledom made their appearance, while the Rheumatic Band struck up "*Charley's my darling;*" and at their rear walked a man with a banner, supposed to be intended for a portrait of the greatest of all Charlies—the illustrious CAROLUS MAGNUS, or CHARLEMAGNE.

At length the hero of the day made his appearance, dressed in the complete uniform of a General Beadle, with his hat in one hand, and supported by the brilliant staff already alluded to. The moment he was seen, the Whelk inscribed "Welk-'um!" was held up to his eyes, at which he smiled and bowed; and each of the market-women presented to him a small *bouquet* of water-cress, which he held in his hand for some time till he ate a portion, and pocketed the remainder.

A young girl then came forward with something in her hand, and the

bystanders would have kept her off, but the Beadle, waving them back, stooped down and received a sweetmeat, known as BONAPARTE's ribs, which he pressed to his heart, and then put to his lips, very fervently, during the rest of the day's proceedings.

In the meantime the Beadle made his way through the Arcade, where he was received in the most enthusiastic manner.

In the centre of the Arcade the Beadle drew up opposite his own watch-box, and released from it a boy who had been confined there during the morning for disturbing the public tranquillity, by raising the cry of "Lul-li-e-te"—a cry associated with such *tristes souvenirs* to the party of order. This act of clemency had the best effect; but it yet remains to be seen how the other Arcades—or foreign powers—will receive the establishment of hereditary Beadledom in the BUMBLE family. The Burlington autocrat will not, it is supposed, make any hostile demonstration, unless an attempt should be made to extend the Lowther boundaries with a view to the ultimate annexation of the Arcade-dom of Exeter. The independence of this small constitutional Beadledom is thought to be so essential to the balance of power, that any outrage on its flag by invading its pavement would at once call forth a remonstrance from foreign Courts, among which St. Martin's Court would be the most prominent.

At the conclusion of the ceremony His Highness retired, amidst enthusiastic shouts of "*Vive* BUMBLE II.," while the Rheumatic Band played a favourite air, and minute guns—the minutest that could be found in the local toy-shops—discharged repeated volleys of nothing, in honour of the occasion.

THE EVE OF ST. GUY.

(*From the "Galway Vituperator."*)

"Parliament will meet on the Fourth of November."—*Times.*

UNPARALLELED insult! More Saxon oppression!
Another foul blow at the Church that they hate!
Oh! was there no day for commencing their Session
But that most disgusting and Protestant date?

No hour when our dastardly foes could assemble
Their hypocrite horde in their shopkeeper sty;
But the Eve of the Feast at whose mention they tremble
—Those skulking assassins—the EVE OF ST. GUY?

Yet, ha! let us thank them—aye, thank them sincerely;
Their blunder its venomous enmity baulks,
And the Commons of England shall rue very dearly
The taunt that presumed to remind us of FAWKES.

Yes, GUIDO the gallant, thy torch, though unlighted,
Has lighted a flame we will never let die,
And in awful debates shall the scoff be requited
That summon'd the House on the EVE OF ST. GUY.

Aye, Martyr the Matchless—(forgive the misnomer,
Thy bundle of matches one moment forgot)—
We come for a battle more deadly than HOMER
Could sing, were he extant, which HOMER is not.

The Irish Brigade, in a holy alliance
No Saxon shall browbeat, no heretic buy,
Bids the vile English boors a tremendous defiance—
The fight to begin on the EVE OF ST. GUY.

By our rites and our wrongs! By those Virgins you slaughtered
(Whose children shall yet for red vengeance arise):
By the gallons of whiskey so brutally watered
To suit the mean guage of your hateful Excise:

By BRIAN BOROO, and that other O'BRIEN
Deposed and deported—to reign by-and bye—
We swear that in future the cowed British Lion
Shall howl when he thinks of the EVE OF ST. GUY.

For we'll better the lesson of GUIDO, your victim,
Whose failure alone can be counted his crime;
The minions of Protestant tyranny nicked him,
As the saint was proceeding to kindle the "prime."

More neatly we'll manage *our* Popish Aggression—
("Tis bless'd by Our Lady Who Winks With Each Eye)—
We'll BLOW ENGLAND UP every night of the session
She dares to commence on the Eve OF ST. GUY.

A CANNONADE.—IF we are asked what we think about the ruffian CANNON, our candid opinion is that such a CANNON ought to be loaded with chains; but once so loaded ought never to be discharged, as it must be dangerous to let any CANNON of that sort off.

THE BOTTLE TRICK.

THIS trick—prophesied by SIR JAMES GRAHAM to come off on the opening of Parliament—will, it is affirmed, be executed, although with a difference. MR. DISRAELI has already made it known to the astonished EARL OF DERBY that he—the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—cannot go into the bottle. He has looked at the bottle—considered it in many lights—measured his height and bulk against the vitreous vessel, and declares that he is altogether too big for the trick, in fact, quite above it. The EARL OF DERBY was of course somewhat astonished at this avowal of his lieutenant, inasmuch as the chivalrous EARL believed that a Minister, to keep his place, might make himself small enough to enter into any measure. "And was the bottle trick to be wholly abandoned?" "Not so," answered the astute, the enlightened DISRAELI. "It is my intention"—(mind, reader; *Punch* only gives this private and confidential conversation upon rumour)—"it is my intention to take off the present duties on French wines. Thus, if a man buy two bottles of wine for the present price of one bottle—shall I not, though with a beautiful difference, make a quart of wine enter where before there could only be a pint?" It is said that LORD DERBY—in his emotion wholly forgetting his rank, quite oblivious of the tremendous difference between his high blood and the mere ink of the literary Chancellor—embraced MR. DISRAELI with a fervour and sincerity only known to Prime Ministers.

It is also said that the great and gallant Secretary-at-War has expressed himself much disgusted at the influence obtained, and held by the bookman Chancellor over the cock-fighting Prime Minister. "Isn't it dreadful"—our Secretary has asked—"isn't it awful, and dangerous to the brightest jewels of the Crown, which is the Established Church and the Throne, that one of the rabble of Paternoster Row should be trusted with the Exchequer? And then, to think an inkstand should climb above a coronet!" And then in a deep, somewhat pathetic, but very confidential whisper, he has added at the club, being at the time far from the low editor that "the conditions of society" sometimes seat cheek-by-jowl with him "on the same sofa"—then has BERESFORD added, "but the fact is this! DIZZY rules DERBY with a goose-quill of iron!" Where the iron goose was hatched we know not; but the gallant Irishman may, on inquiry, refer the querist to his tailor.

Bedlam.

THE affairs of this Hospital seem to have been conducted in quite a congenial spirit; for if we look at the lavish expenditure of the funds, or the brutal ill-treatment of the poor patients, we are bound to confess that the Governors and Directors have been regularly "going it like mad."

RAILWAY MOTTO.—"Slow and Sure"—of an accident.

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Little Hairdresser (mildly). "YER 'AIR'S VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR!"

Gentleman (of ungovernable temper). "MY HAIR THIN ON THE TOP, SIR! AND WHAT IF IT IS! CONFOUND YOU, YOU PUPPY, DO YOU THINK I CAME HERE TO BE INSULTED AND TOLD OF MY PERSONAL DEFECTS? I'LL THIN YOUR TOP!!"

COCKERSDALE CHEMISTRY.

MR. W. RADLEY, of Cockersdale Chemical Works, Leeds, writes to the *Galway Execrator* altogether trumping the editor's late notion of destroying Saxon armies by means of steam-engines hurling upon them masses of stone as big as Irish cabins. Such things are but as sugar-plums, compared to the Cockersdale chymicals: for the exterminating RADLEY writes:

"I can prepare a liquid, a pint of which in a Glass Grenade-shell, thrown through a Barrack Window in the night would silently extinguish the whole of its living inhabitants, or broken in the face of an advancing Force, Horse or Foot matters not with the Wind in their teeth must infallibly arrest their progress by death or Paralysis."

However, "for the sake of humanity," RADLEY will not name "this terrible compound." Otherwise what blessed benefits might he confer upon England! About a thousand pints of this awful liquid in glass grenades would suffice to guard our coast against all comers; allowing them, perhaps, quietly to land, and then "extinguishing" them on the beach to be duly used as manure by the English farmer. Or a few gun-boats—their guns removed and replaced by Pint Glass Grenades—would "extinguish" the crews of the *Austerlitz* or the *Napoleon*, with the five thousand fighting-men aboard!

It must be an awful liquid! RADLEY is, indeed, the real Bottle Imp! What *can* the liquid be? Is it merely a stronger concentration of the ink used in the office of the *Galway Execrator?* Is it prepared from the poison-sacs of the reptiles of Ireland?—for that reptiles do now abound, despite the once acted miracle of ST. PATRICK, nobody who reads certain Irish leaders can doubt.

We have it. *Eureka!* We have it. All the world knows the episcopal cooings of the "Dove of Galway." If pigeons have milk—and it is proved, they do secrete a sort of lacteal fluid wherewith to soften food for their young—if pigeons have milk, so of course have doves. Then have we no doubt whatever, from the destructive paralysing energy of RADLEY'S liquid, that it is composed of the printed and written exhortations of the Dove of Galway!

CHEAP AS SCOTCH DIRT.

THE other day an island called Fugglastaith, in Scotland, was to be sold for £4—its annual rental being four shillings. This is an eligible opportunity for any one who wishes to unite territorial influence, vassals, and all the other appurtenances of sovereignty of the soil, at a low figure. Any one purchasing the "right little tight little" affair of an island will of course buy a box of bricks for fortifications, some tin soldiers for military, a few brass cannons for artillery, and, by way of introducing the sports of the turf, he may possess himself of the famous "Game of the Steeple-Chase." We regret that we were not aware of this eligible opportunity, that we might have forwarded a five-pound note, requesting a Post-Office order for a pound in change, and demanding, by Parcels' Delivery, the title deeds, &c., conferring the sovereignty of this snug concern on the fortunate purchaser.

END OF THE WHISTONIAN CONTROVERSY.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER—making a face—
Has put MR. WHISTON again in his place,
He owns MR. WHISTON was right in the main,
And therefore must take his position again.

But oh! what a dose for the BISHOP to gulp!
One might fancy my Lord chewing colocynth pulp,
He at last got it down by the force of strong will:
But his Lordship found justice a most bitter pill.

"APROPOS DE BOTTES."

ITALY has often been compared to a boot—which it is said to resemble in shape. But what a thousand pities that such a boot should have the iron heel of Austria upon it!

LORD JOHN BLOWING UP THE GUYS OF PARLIAMENT.

A Design for the Fifth of November.

PUNCH ON THE HAIR.

The title of *Punch* on the Hair may probably have a startling effect on the reader from its affinity to *Punch* on the Head, but we are quite sure we shall have the attention of both sexes of the human race when we intimate that we are about to take in hand the public hair, and put it into one or two papers. The importance of the subject will be admitted on all hands, for how many are they who have given their heads to hair, with the view of securing a vigorous crop of hair to the heads of the community. How much innocent grease has been shed in the perpetual slaughter of bear after bear, and, indeed, it may be said that the human hair has for many years been watered by the blood of that fatally fat-secreting animal!

The importance of the hair is admitted by all, for there is scarcely a human being, however negligent in other matters, who is not "particular to a hair," in reference to what the poet of the pomatum pot or the bear's grease bard has described as "Nature's chiefest ornament."

As a horse's age may be told by his teeth, the age of a man is disclosed by his hair, or rather by his want of it, for a bald head is a bald fact, speaking the naked truth by a sort of negative evidence. Time is continually pulling at our hair to remind us of his flight, and when he does not actually pull our hair out by the roots, his iron hand leaves the marks of that iron grey, which accords with the evening of life,—the grey twilight of existence.

He who would preserve his hair should bear in mind the principle of "cut and come again," for the hair, like an acquaintance that will not be cast off, seems by the very process of cutting to be invited back again.

Let us now say a word on the properties of hair, and we entreat the reader not to let his hair stand on end when we tell him that it is composed of lime, flint, iron, oil, and sulphur. When the lover pleads for a lock as a *gage d'amour*, he is in fact imploring a phosphate of one thing and a carbonate of another at the hands of his mistress. Different coloured hair has different qualities, and though we cannot read the character in black and white—for we may be deceived by a wig—we may get at a few general heads by the contemplation of heads in general.

Black hair is loaded with iron, and denotes therefore a hard-headed man, and, indeed, it is said that each separate hair is a complete tube, which may, in the case of black hair, be regarded as a sort of iron pipe for carrying off the perspiration and other useful purposes. Red hair has a reddish oil in its composition, but, according to a learned old writer, "red hair is often he-red-hair-tary, and tarries in a family."

It is a curious fact that the youngest infant and the oldest man are usually quite bald—a proof that extremes will meet: even in the knocking together, as it were, of the heads of helpless babyhood and equally helpless senility.

To promote the growth of hair on a baby it is necessary to give him constant wipes on the head with the coarsest towel. These wipes should be followed up by frequent cuts, in order to render them thoroughly effectual. For cleaning the hair a brush is better than a comb, the teeth of which irritate the hair and render it snappish, for it frequently snaps off under such harsh treatment.

Perhaps the best way of ensuring a truly luxuriant head of hair is to purchase it of your hair-dresser, for in that case if your hair falls off you have only to put it on again.

Baldness may be attributed to various causes, of which reluctance to purchase or to wear a wig is the most usual. There are various receipts for restoring the hair, but the following receipt, of which we possess the original, is the only one that can be relied on for thoroughly supplying the loss of hair in a case of baldness.

RECEIPT.

Received of Samuel Smoothpate, Esq., *one pound eleven and sixpence for a new horse-hair wig of horse-chesnut.*

Bear's Grease is highly recommended for the hair, but when a hair-dresser has the impertinence to tell us our hair is getting thin, and to recommend his own grease, we refuse to patronise the bear on the premises.

The naturalist would be much puzzled to know the bear by his grease as sold at the perfumers' shops, and would infer the existence of a race of bears belonging to the hog tribe, and yielding their lard in abundance to the London hair-dressers. A metropolitan bear would seem, by chemical analysis, to melt down into bees'-wax, spermaceti, and pig's fat—for such is the bear's grease of commerce: while some few of the most recently slaughtered hair-dressers' bears would seem to yield a compound of beef marrow, mixed with the lard of the hog and mutton suet.

Curling the hair with irons is a practice often fatal to the hair, and, indeed, if we had a beautiful head of hair we would not touch it with a pair of tongs on any account whatever. Where nature refuses to do us the good turn of curling our hair, we prefer leaving it in rat's tails to tell its own story.

Some people have such an antipathy to grey or white hair, that they would rather dye than allow it to bear whiteness to their age, and they resort to all sorts of expedients for making white appear black, which is in the long run quite impossible.

The only safe mode of dyeing the hair is to use a lead comb, but any one resorting to this process must have such a lead mine in his own head, that an ordinary comb might answer all the purpose.

RIGHT TO A T.

The *Silent Club*, early in the last century, piqued itself (like our own House of Commons) on avoiding all needless speech. A certain newly received member, on being introduced, wrote down the previous number of his colleagues, and then modestly prefixed a cipher for himself, to show that there was an addition, but no increase of value. The President responded with a compliment—he removed the cipher to the other end of the figures, to indicate that the club now considered itself of tenfold value.

Mr. John Bull intends shortly to emulate these feats of silence. When Mr. Disraeli presents him with his "Budget," Mr. Bull will merely strike out the final letter of the word. Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues will understand that they have received directions for their next move.

A Housemaid's Jubilee.

The *Gloucester Journal* has the following puzzling paragraph:—

"The second Mop, which came off on Monday last, was, contrary to precedent, more fully attended than the first, owing, doubtless, to the dry weather, which did not prevail on the former occasion."

We don't know what a "Mop" may be, but we should say there was no reason why the historian of the above large attendance should congratulate himself upon the dryness of the weather, for even supposing the rain had fallen in buckets, the people would have been perfectly prepared for it with so good a "Mop" in hand.

Plaintive Song for a Sporting M.P.

I hate to remember
The Fourth of November;
Gunpowder?—Yes, I've a lot.
I see no reason
For spoiling the season,
And leaving the pheasants unshot.

French Christmas.

The French have at length actually deified Louis Napoleon. The last title which they have conferred on him is, "*Le Messie du 2 Decembre.*" We suppose that henceforth our "versatile neighbours" will observe the second of December instead of the twenty-fifth.

RAILWAY RAILLERY.

An atrocious Chairman of a Railway Board, in reference to the general complaints of mismanagement against himself and colleagues, says, that the public may take the indignant line of rail if they please; but that his Company mean quietly to pursue their own. The man who would hazard a joke like that, would also risk a collision.

"The Empire is Peace."

We have been kindly informed by the future Emperor of France, that the "Empire is Peace." We are glad to hear this; but then, we have only Louis Napoleon's word for it. We must say, without wishing to be too magisterial, that we doubt so small a surety for keeping the peace.

Winking British Art.—Rimini may boast of its winking picture; but so will Exeter, should that city ever possess a portrait of the present Bishop of the diocese. For if the picture is anything like the original, it will wink hard at auricular confession.

THE LATEST DODGE—FROM BETTING OFFICE TO COMMISSION OFFICE.

THE FUTURE RULERS OF FRANCE.

(In Anticipation of History.)

1854.—Emperor Soulouque arrives in Paris, and is crowned Emperor Napoleon V.

1855.—Véron is elevated to the throne under the title of *Empereur de tous les Empiriques.*

1856.—He is succeeded by Girardin, "*Premier Consul des Gobemouches.*"

1857.—General Cavaignac, who is too good to reign longer than a month.

1858.—Generals Changarnier, Lamoricière, and Caporal Paturot—a military triumvirate.

1859.—Proudhon, as *Premier Magistrat de l'Intelligence du Monde.*

1860.—Mademoiselle Rachel as *Déesse de la Liberté.*

1861.—Paul de Kock, *Grand Ministre de l'Instruction Publique*, &c., &c.

1862.—Gomersal, *le meilleur Réprésentant de l'Empereur.*

1863 }
1864 } —Any one that can be got.
1865 }

The remainder of the anticipations are, as was always said of the French Telegraph, "*Interrompu par le brouillard.*" But we think it is a prodigious effort of foresight to have seen even so far and so clearly as the above into the future of French History. There are many bold Loomers-in-the-Distance who would be afraid to prophesy what would be likely to occur in France during the next two years. Now, our anticipations have carried us safely over a period of fifteen years. Beyond that date we dare not, with all our rashness, foretell what will take place, unless, perchance, it is a State of Perpetual Revolutions!

A NEW PATTERN FOR MANCHESTER

We are sorry that we were prevented, by political engagements of the highest importance to our native land and every other, from assisting at the late meeting of the Sheffield School of Design; for we had a suggestion to make there—a suggestion that might even have embellished the speech of the Duke of Newcastle.

You may have observed that certain rapid and brilliant young men affect shirt-fronts decorated with the figures of ballet girls—as if to signify how near are the originals to their hearts. The pattern might be diversified with cigars and goes of brandy; since our young friends take these also to their bosoms—but this is not our suggestion for the School of Design: what we would recommend to the notice of that institution is a new style of ornament for the smarter kind of female apparel.

As men of fast impulses regard the performances of *coryphées*, so may young ladies of quick sensibilities take an interest in the industry of milliners; and rejoice accordingly in dresses adorned with miniatures of the dress-makers. Flowered prints are pretty; yet variety is charming: and there are flowers of the garret that would look prettier than flowers of the nosegay: under the healthy conditions of sun and air necessary to bring out their colour. A dress figured with forms of such flowers—to wit, nice-looking little needle-women—would be really very charming—deserve most emphatically to be called a love and a duck.

But it would be quite necessary that this embellishment of vesture should express the truth—that the illustrations should be copied from Nature—taken, faithfully, from blooming life. It would not do for those who stood for the portraits to have been squalid, pallid, sickly, wretched-looking objects. For then the wearer of the costume so ornamented would go about attired in irony; literally clothed with satire as with a garment: would be a promenading sarcasm, and a polking, waltzing quiz.

Now, unfortunately, under existing circumstances, the novelty which we have been proposing cannot be produced. Veracity forbids the introduction of the article. Nor, whilst girls of tender age are pent up, by thousands, from twelve to twenty hours per day, mantua-making in attics and carbonic acid, will it be possible, truly and honestly, to manufacture the goods.

Having a sharp eye to business, therefore, we are glad to see that an Association has been formed at Manchester for the Improvement of the Condition of Dressmakers and Milliners; a meeting of which society took place the other evening in Cooper Street at the Mechanics' Institution: its object being to induce the community to "discountenance late shopping, late working, and the transaction of (late) business on Saturdays." It is very probable that employers and principals of establishments may have conscience and humanity enough to make some suitable arrangement among themselves to this end. Herein, too, we may hope they will receive every encouragement from the ladies, who—all compassion, sympathy, and sisterly affection—want only the least considerate thought to afford it strenuously.

Impertinent and prosy sages are accustomed to remind the fair sex that the silks which they esteem such splendid raiment, are woven from "the bowels of a poor worm;" unpleasant twaddle, which the fair sex wisely disregards. Never mind the interior of silkworms—but the milliner's thorax is another matter: and it may be proper, if not agreeable, to advertise those whom it may concern that they are very likely clad in the product of consumptive human vitals—an infectious clothing, moreover, some doctors think. There may be sympathy enough to catch disease where there is not enough to commiserate suffering: and caution, if not kindness, may suggest the advisableness of improving the condition of dress-makers: which, improved, our new dress of the mantua-maker pattern will be possible. But should this commercial design fail, it will still be something if that of the Manchester Association simply shall succeed; and a general early closing of dress-making business abate a general early closing of dress-making existence.

A Burst of Talent!—A Yankee, being asked to describe his wife, said, "Why, Sir, she'd make a regular fast, go a-head steamer, my wife would—she has such a wonderful talent for blowing up."

THE PRINTING PRESS IN CHANCERY!

THE Printing Press in Chancery! Don't be afraid—not as a client, but as a conqueror.

Oh SUGDEN—SUGDEN! You wrote a book "on Powers," but little did you think you would ever have the Power you exercised last term by your order, to cut down Chancery pleadings to reasonable lengths, and oust the time-hallowed apparatus machinery of brief sheets, law-hand, broad margins, copying clerks, copies, and the rest of that awful and costly machinery of word-spinning, by the introduction of printed bills and claims, drawn in forms no longer than are necessary, and in language intelligible to clients as well as conveyancers and councillors.

Of all the mighty services the Printing Press was ever ordered on, this is surely among the mightiest.

It has marched into Courts, and absolutism has retired before it: into Cabinets, and diplomacy has shrunk into insignificance: into Parliaments, and public opinion has become greater than Ministers.

But hitherto Chancery was barred against it—Mystification, Procrastination, Amplification, Reduplication, and Obscuration still sat there, guiding the pens of the law stationers, and twisting folio after folio of verbiage round a case, that it took years to unwind, and wrapping up facts in skins of parchment, till clients, conveyancers, councillors, chancellors and all lost sight of 'em, and had to spend years in hunting out what they had spent years in hiding away.

And at last into this sanctuary of verbiage and chicane comes the Printing Press, introduced by EDWARD BURTENSHAW SUGDEN, LORD ST. LEONARDS—let his name be given at full length—and so surely as that conquering machine has penetrated here, so surely will cheapness, simplicity, and clearness follow in its train.

Fresh Symptoms of the New-mania.

DR. NEWMAN, in ecstacies over the subscriptions that have been sent over to him from France to defray the expenses of the ACHILLI trial says most meekly:

"I am surprised at seeing myself the object of such sympathies, and I think I may, without presumption, believe that the glorious St. Denis, who presided over my reception into the bosom of Catholicism, has, as it were, presented me a second time to the embraces of the Church by recommending me to the tender charity of the great nation of which he is the apostle."

Most sweet embraces that are accompanied with a *douceur* of £1,000! We are sure it is most kind of ST. DENIS to take such affectionate care of his disciples, but we want to know why he didn't show this kindness in the first instance? Why didn't he win the trial for DR. NEWMAN? It strikes us it would have been a much simpler and cheaper plan—instead of losing the trial, and paying the expenses of it afterwards!

FREEDOM'S LAST HOME IN PARIS.

"Whither has liberty in Paris fled?"
Cries DICK.—"You'll find her at the *Morgue*," says NED.

THE CONVICTS OF FLORENCE.

(FRANCISCO AND ROSA MADIAI CONVICTED OF RELIGIOUS CONVICTION.)

PETTY tyrant of Tuscany—glorious, indeed,
Is the blunder you 've made in the night of your creed;
Ne'er did you so precious a wrong in your life,
As dooming the Protestant husband and wife.

So this is your *Church*—this her tender rebuke
When she uses the strength of her slave—a GRAND DUKE!
Your Church—all so loving, so meek, so benign,
As we 're brazenly told by each shaven divine.

Who doubts, could your papacy have its own way,
Each city would hiss with an *auto da fé?*
And who but a bigot or fool would give scope
To the truculent beadledom topp'd by your POPE.

What, snug in their dungeons, you calmly suppose,
Tormented unheard are poor FRANCIS and ROSE?
No, LEOPOLD! Europe resounds with their cry;
And sees Rome's alleged toleration a Lie.

There once was a time—could it only return!
When Popery, grinning, could scourge, rack, or burn,
And the shriek of mad pain, and the agonised yell,
Was bounded by market-place—stifled in cell.

That time is no more; screams of anguish, at least,
Are no private concert for GRAND DUKE or Priest;
That sound now goes forth to the ends of the earth,
And what is your triple-crown'd tyranny worth?

How long shall destructive wrath linger behind
The roused indignation of outraged mankind?
And the falsehood, renounced by the heart and the brain,
The strong hand of the nations suffice to restrain?

Be that as it may, Tuscan Flunkey of Rome,
Much thanks for the lesson you 've taught us at home,
Where a hypocrite gang, of your kidney, pretends
To stand forth as Religious Equality's Friends.

Oh, thanks for the fact, which, with bluster and brogue
When bellows or whines each contemptible rogue,
We can fling in his face, with a laugh of disdain!
Let him only feel that—not the least other pain.

THE CHINESE COURT CIRCULAR.

HIS MAJESTY, after breakfast, manufactured a paper kite, and went into the Imperial Gardens to fly it. The tail not being sufficiently heavy, His Majesty was graciously pleased to cut off the pigtail of one of his mandarins, and to tie it on with his own hands. This had the desired effect, and the flying of the kite was the admiration of all beholders. His Majesty afterwards relaxed his mind by playing at coach-and-horses with his Ministers. At one o'clock His Majesty went out birds'-nesting. At two His Majesty returned, when the birds'-nests, which His Majesty had had the gracious inspiration of the moon to find, were served up for His Majesty's luncheon. The Chinese bell-ringers performed during the repast. After luncheon, His Majesty, accompanied by his whole army, went out on horseback to enjoy an hour's sport of cat-hunting. No less than three brace of the finest Toms fell to the unerring aim of His Majesty's bow and arrow. His Majesty was pleased to direct that the game should be sent with his gracious compliments and a basket of golden apples to the Governor of all the Tartars. In the afternoon His Majesty was melted to give an audience to a French artist, who proceeded to take a Daguerreotype of His Majesty's Imperial countenance. His Majesty, however, upon being shown the result, was so irate at the ugliness of the likeness, that he ordered the artist's head to be instantly cut off, and decreed that the diabolical machine, which had assisted him in the insult, should be publicly whipt three times a day until His Majesty's further pleasure. His Majesty then went to dinner.

Such are the particulars of the "Chinese Court Circular." Circumstances so trivial used formerly to be rarely found in the *Gazette*, but now they are inserted with great minuteness to prove to His Majesty's loving subjects that the mind of TWAN-KAY is no less vigorous than his body, and that, in spite of rumours to the contrary, their august and beloved monarch still retains possession of all his faculties.—*From a Hong-Kong Paper.*

Enter Small Swell (who drawls as follows). "A—BWOWN, A—WANT SOME MORE COATS!"

Snip. "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YOU PLEASE TO WANT?"

Small Swell. "A—LET ME SEE; A'LL HAVE EIGHT. A—NO, I'LL HAVE NINE; AND LOOK HERE! A—SHALL WANT SOME TROWSERS."

Snip. "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YOU LIKE?"

Small Swell. "A—I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY. 'SPOSE WE SAY TWENTY-FOUR PAIRS; AND LOOK HERE! SHOW ME SOME PATTERNS THAT WON'T BE WORN BY ANY SNOBS!"

SHORT AND MERRY RÉGIMES!

"VIVE L'EMPEREUR!" is now our neighbours' cry;
The other day 'twas "*Vive la République!*"
Live this, that and the other—when to die?
Live—haply somewhat longer than a week—
But scarce, in Moslem phrase, "a thousand years:"
Live—until Fate shall please to snap her shears,
Perhaps 'ere bloom can fade on Beauty's cheek.
Live—whilst a man "*Jack Robinson*" may say;
Live—possibly the twinkling of an eye:
Live—a pig's whisper—very briefest squeak:
Live out a life of transitory bliss,
As Nature, in the smiling month of May,
When grubs and palmer-worms take wings and fly,
Says to the newly-transformed chrysalis.

Indispensable Articles for Emigration

Which a Fine Lady should take out with her.

A GOOD supply of scented soap and *eau de Cologne;* six dozen pair of silk stockings; several boxes of French gloves; half-a-dozen bottles of the fluid for cleaning the same; the same quantity of the Ladies' blacking; a good stock of veils and parasols, as the heat of the sun is very trying to the complexion in Australia; two dozen bottles of ROWLAND'S Kalydor, for the same reason; a few Parisian corsets; an ARNOTT'S stove and ventilator; UDE'S Cookery Book; several copies of the Book of Etiquette; a baby-jumper; a French lady's maid; and, above all things, a grand piano, as nothing charms away the solitude of the back-woods so much as a little music.

Fashionable Arrival (as Expected).

ABD-EL-KADER from the Chateau d'Amboise on his way to Broussa, at the mansion of the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY. The noble Arab is said to be the bearer of an affectionate letter from the Prince President to the chivalrous Marquis.

DON'T RUN FOR GOLD.—There seem to be some fears for the crops in Australia. The lesson will be a severe one to the Colonists, who have neglected the cultivation of the soil through their greediness of gold, and who may be doomed to find the folly of relying on a golden harvest.

WHAT THE CELT DOES, AND WHAT THE SAXON DOES.

(As seen with the eyes of an Irishman.)

THE Celt pays his debts—never owes a farthing to any man; but the Saxon cannot stir from home without having a sheriff's officer at his heels.

The Celt pays his rent to the very day; but the dastardly Saxon is always in arrear, and, if he discharges his rent at all, it is by means of a gun, which he fires at his landlord from behind a hedge, more shame to him!

The Celt is always industrious; but you will find the lazy Saxon, at any hour of the day, leaning against a post, with his hands in his pockets (not that there is anything in them to feel), and a short pipe in his mouth, looking the very picture of impudence and laziness!

The Celt has generally a decent coat on his back; but the blackguard Saxon always appears like a scarecrow that had just walked out of a corn-field.

The Celt is most cleanly in his habits, and prefers living without animals in the room—but go into the house of the dirty Saxon, and you will find it to consist of one filthy room, into which the children, and the pigs, and the cow, and the good lady, and the poultry, and the old man, and the donkey are all crammed, without any regard to order and decency.

The Celt is frugal, and always has something put by for a rainy day; but the improvident Saxon spends every farthing he has (though it's not many of them he gets) at the whisky-shop.

The Celt loves quiet, and rarely moves from his fireside, where he minds the kettle, or rocks the cradle, or helps the good Missus in washing up the tay-things,—but if there 's a row, go into it by all means, and if there are ten men with broken heads, you may be sure that nine of them are Saxons, and the tenth one is a poor Celt's that has been broken by them—the mean blackguards!

The Celt is of that persevering indomitable nature, that if he sees a difficulty in his way he puts his shoulder instantly to the wheel, and removes it—but the poor weak Saxon is disheartened by the smallest obstacle, and, at the first impediment that checks him, sits down by the roadside, and begins crying that no one will help him.

Lastly, the Celt is the bone and muscle, the arms and legs, and head of the country, that makes all its labour, and wealth, and grandeur—and the Saxon is the mouth and stomach of the country that consumes as much as you will give to it, and in return produces nothing but poverty and discontent.

England owes everything to the Celt—but the Saxon owes everything to England, and, what is more, is never likely to pay a farthing of it.

Poor Living.

THE Mayor of St. Cloud begins an address to LOUIS NAPOLEON with the following startling fact in the annals of national starvation:

"Prince,—France has lived on one single idea during the last month."

The above poor diet may account, then, for the present weakness of France. Poor country! how can it possibly hold its head up amongst the nations of Europe, when it only gets one idea a month? However, there may be a motive in keeping its strength down. France has not stronger food given to it, as the object, doubtlessly, is to keep the country as low as possible in order to prevent its rising.

Lord Derby and the Lord Mayor.

IT has been pondered in the City whether or no—pending preparations for the Duke's funeral—there should be a LORD MAYOR'S dinner. The EARL OF DERBY was consulted on the matter. As the spick-and-span new CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD, he has advised the City not to dine. And why? If Oxford has been in such haste for her University sausage, why should London postpone her Guildhall dinner?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1852.

THE SABBATARIANS AT SION COLLEGE.

E see that the *Morning Post* reports a "Great Meeting of the Clergy" which took place on Thursday, last week, at Sion College

"To consider in what manner the clergy may best express their opinion upon the encouragement which will be given to increased desecration of the Sabbath, if the Crystal Palace, now erecting at Sydenham, shall be opened as a place of public recreation on the Lord's Day."

"The VENERABLE ARCHDEACON HALE presided," says our fashionable contemporary, and then proceeds to tell us what the Archdeacon, and sundry of his reverend brethren said. But we are afraid that the *Morning Post* abridged the discourses of these divines shamefully—omitted, for example, to publish certain remarks by ARCHDEACON HALE: which we supply by conjecture.

The Venerable Archdeacon said that it had been asserted that Sunday was the only day which afforded the working man leisure for recreation. That might be; but was recreation necessary for the working man? He contended that it was not absolutely necessary. He never did himself, nor caused to be done by others, any work on the Sunday that was not strictly necessary. If he allowed himself any enjoyment he could possibly do without, he should consider himself a gross hypocrite to want to close the Crystal Palace to the labouring classes on that day. Port wine was not a necessary of life. He on no account ever drew, or allowed his butler to draw a cork on Sunday, except for the purpose of sending a glass of wine to the sick poor. He need not say that he dined off cold meat on the Sabbath, invariably; and never ate vegetables because they required cooking, but contented himself with bread and pickles. He might add that he always made a point of shaving himself at half-past eleven on Saturday night, that he might be innocent of a superfluous use of the razor on Sunday morning.

The speech of a REV. MR. SHORT, as given by the *Post*, contains a profound query, namely:—

"What kind of Sabbath would it be which was spent at church in the morning, and in amusement in the rest of the day?"

But the *Post* does not tell us how the REV. MR. SHORT proceeded to answer his own question, which we imagine he did somewhat after the manner following:—

The Rev. Gentleman continued—It would be a very different Sabbath from that which the labouring classes spent now. It would be passed in drinking—that is, in drinking with the eyes: which was just as bad as swilling beer and gin. They all knew how mechanics and artisans generally spent Sunday at present. It was in holy meditation. The mind would act when the hands were unemployed. Different journeymen and workpeople pondered on different things. One sat endeavouring to form ideas of celestial beatitude. Another examined his conscience—Bible in hand—all day. Another lost himself in admiring the wonderful consistency of the preachers of humility and self-denial with their practice; and in marvelling at the spiritual riches of the Bishops and superior clergy. That was the occupation of many, who, to the superficial observer, appeared to be sitting at their windows in their shirt-sleeves with a pipe, a pot of beer, and a profane newspaper.

We find the celebrated and REV. DR. CROLY represented as saying—

"The Crystal Palace Company wanted to compromise matters by only opening the building after one o'clock, and by selling no spirituous liquors. The consequence would be, the morning congregations at church would rush from there to the railway station to get tickets for the Crystal Palace."

Surely DR. CROLY explained this seemingly strange logic. It must be supposed that

The REV. DR. CROLY proceeded to say that in the inference he had just drawn he might not appear to have been consequential. He had indeed, a small opinion of his own consequence: indeed, this humility it was which led him to that very conclusion he had drawn. It did appear absurd to suppose that people who went to church—of course to be taught their duty there—would be apt to rush thence to the railway station. But, alas! he despaired of his power to persuade them not to do so. He felt that it required abilities greater than his own to prove that the Christian Sunday was the Jewish Sabbath. Legislative coercion, therefore, must supply the deficiency of clerical rhetoric.

It is quite true that the meeting, as the *Morning Post* states, resolved, that it viewed the proposed opening of the Crystal Palace "with horror and alarm;" but the *Morning Post* does not add, as no doubt it might have done, that these clergymen equally voted their alarm and horror at the idea of all Sunday enjoyment in the Palace of a Bishop.

Since writing the above, we have seen the *Times* report of the same meeting, which is flattering to our powers of *clairvoyance*, though it shows that in exercising them, we made, as seers usually do, a slight mistake. We ascribed the remark that recreation was unnecessary for labouring men to ARCHDEACON HALE. This enlightened position, it seems, is the property of DR. CROLY: who, the *Times* tells us, spake on this wise—according to his wisdom:—

"I shall be told that the humbler orders, and those who are confined to trade all the week, require amusement to refresh them. I cannot accede to this; the proper refreshment is rest, according to the original command."

The *Times* is more copious than our other contemporary in its account of the Sion oratory, but we fear that it, also, left many of the rational, sensible, and truly religious observations of the various speakers, unrecorded. The additional links in the chain of CROLY'S "linked sweetness," which it discloses, indicate yet more; as the sight of another convolution or two of the sea-serpent might suggest no end of his tail. We perceive that, in contrast with his appalling picture of the people rushing out of church at one o'clock to the Sydenham train, rushing for tickets, rushing for seats, rushing to the Exhibition, "there" wickedly, "to spend the next three or four hours"

"In mingling with an immense multitude, dressed in their best, laughing, and looking, and chatting in the fullest excitement of everyday life; among groups of statues, and galleries of pictures, and curious works of art, and fine fountains, and showy architecture:—"

We perceive, we say, that

The REV. DR. CROLY eloquently described the pious spectacle now presented every Sunday in Hyde Park, thronged as it was by Rank and Fashion, weaning their thoughts from vanities in their splendid equipages, wherein they exhibited themselves in honour of the day; whilst horsemen, devoting their thoughts to eternity, pranced by their side, and loungers, edified by their devotion, contemplated them leaning over the rails.

Some other resolutions, it is also evident to us, were passed in addition to those wherein the meeting objected "to the intellectual character of the pursuits" which they feared would be offered to the public at the Crystal Palace; and expressed their apprehension that "the precedent of the enlightened pursuits of the Crystal Palace" would "be urged as a reason for opening museums, and libraries, and galleries of art in other places than the Metropolis." The reverend and sapient assembly—without question—also resolved—

"That no attention but such as may be authorised by the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Middlesex ought to be paid to the example of any Person or Persons related to have walked in the fields, and to have gathered, or suffered to be gathered, corn on the Sabbath Day.

"That the Sabbath was NOT made for man, but man for the Sabbath.

"That it shall be the endeavour of this meeting to get all streets containing public buildings of any architectural pretensions, or adorned with any sculpture (of a secular nature), closed on Sundays.

"That a contract should be entered into by the Commissioners of Sewers with the proper parties, to make such arrangements with respect to drainage as may secure a London fog for every Sunday throughout the year."

It must also be added, that to the vote of thanks to the Venerable Chairman was added a vote of admiration for the miraculous ability with which he fills all his preferments at once.

The (Dancing) Master of France.

CERTAINLY the patron saint of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S late progress must have been ST. VITUS, for in almost every town he stopped at the ceremonies of his reception ended with a dance. In fact his "progress" was a series of hops, and the chief steps taken to ensure its success were those of the polka, galop, or quadrille. Evidently His Highness wished to "dance into good favour," and to show his faithful subjects that he had the ball completely at his foot.

The New Financial Measure.

AFTER all the talk, we imagine the only financial measure DISRAELI will bring forward will be the famous Quart Bottle into which he has promised to get as soon as Parliament opens.

THE VISION OF ST. PATRICK HIS PURGATORY.

BRIAN BOROO, *a repentant Agitator, to the Blessed* PUNCH, *the dweller by the ancient Well of Saint Bridget, sendeth greeting:—*

IN my eyes, with tear-drops streaming, still the golden gates are gleaming; still the crystal columns beaming, bright and clear, before me lie;
Still fair maidens, each the bearer of a golden harp, far rarer than the ancient harp of Tara, make a wondrous melody.
Was it sooth? or, was it seeming? Did I wake? or, was I dreaming? Did a brain, with fancies teeming, raise the vision to mine eye,
Which, in PATRICK'S Purgatory, shewed me all the power and glory that, in spite of Whig or Tory, shall be Erin's—Bye and Bye?

Many a year, in factions trading, quiet, peaceful men upbraiding, quacks with lip and pen still aiding, I had pass'd my public life,
Leagued with every fresh impostor; who, no matter what it cost her, would have forced our land, and lost her, in some foul rebellious strife;
But, with riper age, reflection brought to faithful recollection much that would not bear inspection by a rightly judging mind,
And I said, "For many a season I have utter'd grievous treason 'gainst all common sense and reason; what atonement may I find?
I will take my staff, and travel shoeless over flint and gravel to Lough Derg, and seek the cave all lonely on its sacred isle,
Where, if faith be due to story, is SAINT PATRICK'S Purgatory;" and without delaying more, I did so—weeping all the while.
All around the cave is dreary; and as I, depress'd and weary, to its gloomy mouth drew near, I felt my courage almost fail.
Of the echoes round me flying, some were swearing, some were lying; some in cuckoo tones kept crying in my ear, "Repale! Repale!"
Seemed that some, a tocsin ringing, made to GAVAN DUFFY'S singing fitting music; some kept flinging taunts they'd borrow'd from M'HALE;
Bits of SMITH O'BRIEN'S speeches, scraps of all that LUCAS teaches, CAHILL writes, or CULLEN preaches, rose and sank upon the gale.
Nightshade in the garden glowing said, "The Rose might here be blowing, if I left her room to grow in." Fruit-trees tottered to their fall,
All their virtue sapp'd by ivy; here and there an empty hive I saw, but not a bee alive I found—the wasps had kill'd them all.
O'er the ancient doorway graven Industry lay bound, and craven Idleness, unwashed, unshaven, kept her prostrate on the ground;
While, in worse than useless leisure, Lavish Waste and Sinful Pleasure ruined health and squandered treasure fast on wassail, horse and hound:
Poverty, by Superstition blinded, followed where Ambition led her swiftly to Sedition; Fraud and Falsehood hovered round;
Murder in a corner slinking, from the glare of daylight shrinking, with a sullen scowl sat thinking where its victim might be found.
Through the gloomy portal pacing, soon as I had stepp'd the place in, elders twain, severe of face, in chairs on either side I saw;
Seem'd, when I came near to view 'em, by their crooks full well I knew 'em; they were DUBLIN hight, and TUAM, and they said, "We foes of law—
We, of endless feuds th' inventors, here are chosen chief tormentors: every mortal here who enters must abide our dread behest."
Then, "Oh, Reverend Elders!" said I, "'Gainst your torments I am steady; you shall find me firm and ready for them all, so, do your best!"
"Quick!" said TUAM. "Let them take him to the Hall of Tongues, and make him hear such logic as shall shake him, if he never shook before."
Then they made me take my seat in presence of a Monster Meeting where one speaker kept repeating some oft-quoted lines by MOORE,
Till another, quite delighted, vowed if Erin were not righted by the House on such a night, he'd die—or perish—on the floor.
And a third said, "ISAAC NEWTON was a pig-faced, ewe-neck'd brute, on whom no faith should e'er take root; on whom no student e'er should pore;
And all those who, heaven-forsaken, study GALILEO, BACON, LOCKE, or HERSCHEL, will be shaken sorely by such godless lore.
Yes, my friends, our utter ruin England, with her schools pursuing, teaches us for our undoing! Ignorant by right of birth
Ye should hug each false opinion; Knowledge strikes at our dominion; up! and tell each Saxon minion that the sun goes round the earth."
Presently, 'gainst me to shoot all wordy missiles seem'd to suit all; I was "bloody, base, and brutal," "rascal! scoundrel! miscreant! rogue!"
"Bigot!" "despot!" "scorpion!" liar!"—doom'd to everlasting fire, if I would not shout the cry or catchword that was most in vogue.
But 'mid all the senseless babble, bray, bleat, bellow, yelp, hiss, gabble, steadily I faced the rabble rout with firm, unflinching ear,
Though its drum was well nigh broken. Said I, "Guilt must be ywroken; follies, such as I have spoken, 'tis but fair that I should hear."
Then said TUAM, "Let them take him, and a Connaught landlord make him; then his troubles soon will shake him till for mercy he shall roar."
While I thought about replying, lo! I found I had been buying land all round about me lying—bog, and mountain, marsh, and moor;
Fences broken; drains neglected; rents long due to be collected; tenants ripe to be ejected. "Sure! 'twas always so before!"
Said a tenant, when, on going to his cot, the wind was blowing through the roof the rain and snow into a puddle on the floor,
Whence a dog, pig, cow, and chicken, pecking, browsing, routing, licking, severally their way were picking to the dunghill at the door.
"Sure! Sir, it was so before," he said; and still the self-same story met me, day by day, the more I had occasion to deplore;
And this odd determination to remain in dirt, starvation, ignorance, and degradation, and each project to ignore
Which could furnish occupation, solace, or alleviation to their suffering, starving nation, vexed me to the very core.

Said I, "Vainly I expect them to improve; I must correct them, summons, sue, distrain, eject them, since they'll neither work nor pay,
And would rather live in sorrow, whine and bully, beg and borrow, than take counsel for the morrow;" and I did so. From that day,
In my rambles many scowling faces of great fellows prowling near me, with their rusty fowling-pieces, glared with savage eye,
Threatening letters sternly told me for a felon all would hold me, and had in their list enrolled me soon a bloody death to die;
But I said, unmoved, uncaring, "Of your efforts be not sparing! 'Tis but fair that I am sharing woes I oft have caused before."
Then said TUAM, "Let them take him, and a recreant voter make him; priestly censures then shall shake him, till our grace he shall implore!"
Swift! a storm of commination fierce, and rabid execration, threatening excommunication, rose upon the murky air:
FATHER BURKE cried, "Were you seated 'mid my flock, and with repeated prayers the Bread of Life entreated, to comply I should not dare!"
FATHER ROURKE yelled, "Were you lying on your wretched pallet, dying; for the priest's last succour crying, Atheist, *I'd* not be there!"
FATHER TOOLE shrieked, "Were you sleeping on your bier, and all your weeping friends came to the churchyard creeping, hallowed grave you should not share!"
FATHER BLAKE howled, "If before ye died, ye offered all the store ye had to 'scape from Purgatory, Beast! you shouldn't buy a prayer!"
'Twas the last shot in their quiver. Through my veins there ran a shiver, for before me flowed a river—black and turbid was its wave;
And I hurried towards it sadly, thinking as I went, "How gladly, from these foes who howl so madly, in it shall I find a grave."
"Yoicks!" cried TUAM, "Forward, GRADY! Hark on, MURPHY! To him, BRADY! So ho, DALY! Seize him, THADY! e'er the wretch himself shall save."
But I cared not for their screaming, for the golden gates were gleaming, and the crystal columns beaming bright and clear before mine eye,
And across the water stealing, thrilling every sense and feeling, came the glad triumphant pealing of a glorious melody;
On the other bank appearing each departed friend of Erin shouted "Plunge in, never fearing! Glorious visions wait thee here!
Patriot zeal and brave endeavour shall not wholly fail for ever, Erin's mental bonds to sever, Erin's drooping sons to cheer."
So I plunged, and lo! the sighing of the night wind woke me, lying near the portal: round me flying, mocking echoes seemed to cry—
When I asked in desperation, "Are there hopes of restoration for my poor degraded nation?"—"Yes, there may be—Bye and Bye."

TRUTH IN FICTION.

AT Romsey—commonly called Romsey-on-the-Mud—there is a Young Man's Improvement Association; and, says a correspondent of the *Hampshire Independent*:

"A lecture in connection with the Society was given in our Town Hall on Tuesday evening, by the REVEREND MR. BUGBY of Winchester, on 'The Literature of Fiction.' The subject was very ably treated, the design of the lecturer being to show that there might be much amusement in works of that character (harmless in themselves), but not much sterling information."

No? Not much sterling information in *Æsop's Fables?* not in *Robinson Crusoe?* Not in SHAKSPEARE? Not in—nay, where are we to stop? for who shall say that a parable is not an imaginary narration; a case put: not necessarily the statement of positive fact, though conveying essential truth, and of course, "sterling information." Oh, oh, MR. BUGBY!

To the Editor of Notes and Queries.

"SIR,—Will you be pleased to inform the Members of our Reading Club, whether or not the REV. MR. NORTHCOTE, the miracle-monger, is a distant relation of the late MISS JOANNA SOUTHCOTE, who was formerly in the same line of business?

"Yours, in a state of wonder,

"IGNATIUS GULLIBLE BOLLIR."

HOLDING BY A BAD TITLE.

IT has been suggested by a worn-out wag, who gives his mornings to conundrums and his nights to puns, that LOUIS NAPOLEON, instead of being called BONE-A-PART, should have conferred upon him the title of GRAB-THE-WHOLE.

THE GREAT PUTTER-DOWN OF FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.—MACADAM.

HOODED SNAKES.

THE poison of the cobra—or hooded snake—has been learnedly discussed, since the death of the poor rash man bitten in the Park. It is patent, we believe, to all men that there is no poison so virulent as that secreted under a hood: the hooded snake of all snakes being the most deadly. Neither can it be tamed or trusted. It is well known that the jugglers who feign to charm the reptiles with hoods—who boast a power over them—allowing them to play about their heads and wind into their bosoms—have first extracted the poison-sac from the cobra's mouth; or, if they have not removed the venom-bag, they have suffered the snakes so to exhaust themselves by having irritated them to bite lower objects, that the poison is exhausted: time being necessary for a new secretion. Any way, however, unless the sac be plucked clean out, it is a very, very ticklish matter to play with, or place any confidence in a hooded snake.

History shews us various examples of men who have grasped, and that, too, with iron fingers the hooded snake; that twisted and twined, and with eyes blazing hot as embers that roasted men in the market-place, burned harmlessly upon him. One MARTIN LUTHER became very celebrated for his bold handling of the great hooded snake of his time: never did it have such a grip; never did it expend so much of its venom with so little mischief. Shortly after, one HARRY TUDOR grasped the snake with a strong hand: and ELIZABETH his daughter seized the hooded reptile boldly, calmly as Billingsgate fishwoman would seize an eel.

And now, in our day, comes forth JOHN BRIGHT. He proposes to make the hooded snake quite harmless by petting it with pretty words. He pipes notes of peace to it, as the Indians pipe and play the drum to make their snakes dance. JOHN BRIGHT—with an honest desire for religious equality in Ireland—would, in the simplicity of his heart, tie even a true lover's knot with the hooded snake; but JOHN BRIGHT, take heed—remember the poison bags. Nevertheless, it may be reserved to one of the Friends to make for ever harmless the hooded snake. MR. BRISCO OWEN, writing from Wales, tells how in the Deccan, where he lived once upon a day, the cobra is made innocuous:

"These people have a simple method of removing the venomous fangs of this reptile, one of which is situated in each upper jaw, by teasing the animal and causing it to bite at a piece of woollen cloth, at the same time sharply withdrawing the cloth, by which means the fangs are withdrawn."

Has MR. BRIGHT heard of this remedy? Will he try *his* cloth; and will the innocent DR. CAHILL, not in anger but in good faith, bite at Quaker's drab?

A WORD WITH THE *MONITEUR.*

THAT very impartial print, the *Moniteur*, in describing the enthusiasm with which the PRESIDENT was lately greeted at Grenoble, adds with a discrimination that is really quite delicious:—

"One thing particularly strikes the inhabitants amidst that enthusiasm; it is the contrast between the general emotion and the calmness preserved by the Chief of the State, even when his heart is most keenly affected by the testimonies of love of which he is the object. His usual serenity, however, is then tinged with an air of benevolence which prepossesses every one in his favour."

Charming man! No wonder France adores him. But, *Moniteur*, a word with you. Are cats not "calm," just when they make their spring? And, *Moniteur*, pray how did you discover that his heart was "affected" so "keenly?" Did his Serene and Benevolent Highness, himself, inform you of the fact? Or have you learned it since from his physician? Well: sermons, we know, may be sometimes found in stones: but we little dreamt of ever finding that LOUIS NAPOLEON had an affection of the heart!

A Protectionist Paradox.

IT is rather remarkable that the party which used to be so obstinately attached to existing institutions, should have evinced a desire to "reverse the order of things," but it is no less strange than true that the Protectionist Government has made an attempt to insure its life by the surrender of its policy.

A WATERING-PLACE YARN.

Youths. THEN I suppose when you were a smuggler you used to have reg'lar combats and fights?

Boatman. Com-bats and Fights! Lor love yer, we wos a'most always at it. Once in partickler I call to mind. There wos me and BILL BOKER (BLACK BILL we had used to call him) and four more had just run a cargo—(middle of the night it wos, and so uncommon dark you couldn't see an inch afore yer)—had just run a cargo of 'Ollands and pocket handkerchers—when we see about a hundred yards from where we wos—a comin' down the clift—the Coast Guard! Well! without saying a word, blowed if they didn't up pieces and let fly right at us. We fired agin—and—dear eyes! p'raps the bullets warn't flying about neither! It wos desprit wurk—we wos fightin 'most all night!

Youths. Lor! and which won?

Boatman. Oh—we won. But we was wounded awful! BILL BOKER was shot in the leg and in the harm—so wos JIM JAWLEY—and I had three balls through my head and two in the stummuck (wich I feel 'em now sometimes in the winter I do), besides bein' run through with a cutlass, and all my front teeth knocked out by the Perwentive man's telescope, wich luckily shut up or there's no knowin' wot might 'a bin the consequence. Ah! There *wos* goins on then. But lor, it aint nothin' like it now! [*Youths are deeply impressed.*

THE SERIOUS CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

WE understand that extra caution will be taken that, next Christmas, there shall be no political allusions whatever in the Christmas pantomimes. *Harlequin* is to be very didactic in his rollypolies—the *Clown* is to give his flip-flaps with a high moral object—and the *Pantaloon* to hobble and totter with the profoundest respect for the present Ministry. The Cabinet have been very tyrannous in the matter, determining, it is said, to keep all the tricks to themselves. At the special request of LORD MALMESBURY, all the MSS. of the pantomimes have been sent to the French Ambassador, that he may have the fullest assurance that LOUIS NAPOLEON is treated with that veneration which is due to his virtues. MR. NELSON LEE, the great pantomime-monger, has, for these two months, been under the *surveillance* of the police. And yet, with all this apparent care for the stage, there are grumblers who talk about the decline of the British Drama!

The Old English Madhouse.

DENTISTRY, according to the *Daily News*, is a portion of the practice at Bethlehem Hospital: dentistry after a fashion; in which the unoffending tooth is removed from the offending patient by a blow of the infuriated keeper's fist. Throttling, beating, and kicking, we learn from the same authority, are also frequently practised in this Institution, not by patients who have broken loose upon their keepers, but by keepers who break loose upon their patients. Bethlehem Hospital ought to be reconstructed; rebuilt of glass; made a Crystal Madhouse: transparent panes would then supersede dark sufferings. At any rate, common humanity demands that the management of the Hospital should be looked into.

Rather Equivocal.

AT one of the favoured places through which his Presidential Highness lately was Progressing, there was a triumphal arch erected in his honour, inscribed conspicuously—

"TO THE SAVIOUR OF THE WIDOWS."

Now this, we think, was rather a doubtful compliment. For, looking retrospectively at the Second of December last, it may reasonably be questioned if the widows were not, some of them, of his own making.

JUST AS WE EXPECTED.

IT has turned out just as we expected. The man in custody for the Infernal Machine of Marseilles is not the author of it. His motive for the imposition cannot be ascertained. We think, however, we can guess pretty nearly what it was. It was to allow the Infernal Machine quietly to explode, without hurting anybody. Of course he will be liberated with a slight punishment, and there will be an end to the ridiculous affair. We are told that the police are in active pursuit of the real delinquent. We doubt strongly, however, if they will succeed in catching him, unless their activity should direct their steps to the central police-office in Paris, for there, without a doubt was this tremendous mare's nest hatched, giving birth to the most miserable *canard* that ever flapped its wings for a few days in the French press. But, as it is evidently not the desire of the police to seize the real GAILLARD in this stupid business, there is not much likelihood of their arresting M. DE PERSIGNY in the fabrication of any future Infernal Machines that may be wanted to assist the "Progress" of his boon companion and master, LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

A CONSCIENTIOUS Quaker proposes in the *Daily News* that, in justice to MRS. STOWE, every reader of "*Uncle Tom*" should subscribe to one common fund for the authoress the sum of one "penny." Of course all the pirating booksellers—for their sins—will join in this act of *penny*-tence?

PHILANTHROPY AND POSTAGE STAMPS.

WHENEVER there is an unusual burst of British benevolence it manifests itself now in a shower of postage stamps. If a widow applies at a Police Court, and makes out a hard case, she is immediately inundated with postage stamps, as if her only necessity was an extensive correspondence, and that the means of gratifying a love of letter-writing was all she could desire. Poor DWYER, the policeman whose head was cut to pieces by the ruffian CANNON, has become an object of compassion, which has evinced itself in a flood of stamps, as if the wounds on the poor fellow's head could be healed by the application of several heads of HER MAJESTY. We, however, do not wish to discourage even this small mode of assisting a fellow-creature, and we gratefully accept the postage stamp mode of contribution, as bearing the true stamp of charity.

Revolutionary Flowers.

THE *Augsburg Gazette* says:

"An Englishman who had purchased a bouquet and fixed it in his breast, was arrested by the gendarmerie, who probably regarded it as a political emblem."

No doubt of it: the flowers were hearts-ease, and what right has any man in Augsburg to wear in his bosom one morsel of hearts-ease?

PROPHETS AT FAULT.—The discovery of the Australian gold fields, we had been led to expect, would occasion much change; whereas, the fact is, that everybody complains of a scarcity of silver.

MRS. GAMP TAKING THE LITTLE "PARTY" SHE LOOKS AFTER BACK TO SCHOOL.

LA SALETTE AT HOME; OR, AN APPARITION MADE EASY.

THERE is little question about the apparition at La Salette. Evidently, "something has been seen there," as the old woman says in the ghost story; something or somebody. The probability of the occurrence may be demonstrated, even to the incredulous British mind.

The apparition alluded to was that of the MADONNA, who manifested herself on a mountain to a peasant boy and girl, aged 11 and 15 years respectively; and gave the children a message to the people of France. It is affirmed by a cloud of Roman Catholic priests; amongst them the REV. MR. NORTHCOTE, whose account of the prodigy was published last week in the *Times*. The celestial visitant complained to the little rustics of the prevalence in the nation, of swearing, fast-breaking, and desecration of holy-days: and commissioned them to declare that these sins had occasioned the potatoe-rot; and that unless they were repented of, the corn would go next, a failure also happening in the grapes and walnuts, to be followed by a pestilence that would particularly attack children.

This revelation occurred in 1846. It seems a pity that the French Revolution was not predicted instead of the failure of the harvest and the nuts. But if the miracle was not verified by the event, no matter. It may be sufficiently established in another way. Mark the following passage in the tale of MR. NORTHCOTE, describing the style of address adopted by the holy Personage referred to :—

"In the course of her conversation with the children, she began it in French; but when she came to speak of the potatoes, they did not know what she was talking about. The girl was about to interrupt the lady, and ask her what she was talking about, when the lad [lady ?] interrupted her, guessed her thoughts, and said they did not understand her. She then repeated her words in the *patois* of the country, and continued the whole conversation in the same till the last words, which were French, when she said, 'Well, my children, you will take care to cause this intelligence to pass to my people.'"

We shall quite comprehend the possibility of this event, if we imagine the prodigy to have occurred in England. La Salette is a branch of the Alps, 40 or 50 miles from Grenoble, situated in a district whose inhabitants—observe—speak such a *patois*, that they do not even know the French for potatoes. Transfer the *venue* to England. Fix it in some county rejoicing in a modification of the QUEEN'S language. For Alps substitute the South-western Downs; for peasant children a couple of coetaneous bumpkins: and for La Salette, say, St. Catherine's Hill, near Winchester, in Hampshire. Let that ancient and venerable city once more enjoy a marvellous celebrity, as it did in the days of thaumaturgic SWITHIN. Suppose the legend to be that ST. CATHERINE appeared on her own hill: on the old Roman encampment called after her name—as that name is pronounced in the neighbourhood. She descended, then, on Catturn Hill, during the school hours, or the vacation of the Wykehamite college-boys, who are wont to disport thereon. GILES FLITCH is loitering hard by, in charge of sheep, and BETSY GAMMON is helping him. The rustic pair, between asleep and awake, are astounded by a flash of fire, redder than sunshine—or moonshine—as red, perhaps, as nitrate of strontia could make it. As they rub their eyes, and gradually regain their senses, they become aware of the presence of a lady—the Saint of course. ST. CATHERINE addresses them in the following metropolitan language:

"Juvenile specimens of the rural population, relinquishing awhile your fleecy charge, I desire you will attend to my observations. I lament to find that, notwithstanding the praiseworthy exertions of a zealous clergy, who are not regarded with the reverence I could wish, demoralization prevails in this country to a fearful extent. Hence the mysterious malady, which, baffling the investigations of the most profound vegetable physiologists, has invaded the tubers of the potatoe."

Here the eyes and mouths of the young Anglo-Saxons dilate so amazingly, as to make it quite clear that they have not understood one word that has been said—not even the last as pronounced by the SAINT. They utter inarticulate expressions of bewilderment; or the pastoral youth exclains timorously:—

"Plaze, Mum, we dwooan't know whawt 'tis you manes!"

"Dost n't?" replies ST. CATHERINE, remembering whom she is talking to; "dost n't? then thee oost now, praps. Tellee whawt; there be too much zin and wickudnus in this here world by haaf; and if so be as folks dwooan't mend their waays, 't 'ool be the wuss vor 'em. 'Tis ter-*ree*-able to hear the cussun and zwarun as gooz on everywhere, and to zee the workun o' Zundays; or spendun the daay zottun at public-house 'sted o' gwain to church. Takun no note o' Crismus Daay, nor Good Vriday nuther, nor nit nare a blessed one of all the Zaaints days in the Calendur. That 's how the 'tatur-rot come; and now lookee: 'less there's a alteraation, the next thing as 'll goo 'll be the whate, and arter that the barley; and then ye wunt ha no beer: mind that; and the turmuts 'll foller; and last of all the aguy 'll goo all over the land, and knockee down like ninepins, 'specially the young 'uns, that hollers bad words to their hosses, and zquats zwingun a top o' gates chawun bihaacon: in Lent time too, when they ought to be atun zalt vish and tellun their bades, There now, you goo and tell 'em all this here vrom me; and every man JACK to mind what I zays to un! Yes, my children," concludes the SAINT, dropping the vernacular, "go your way, and impart this awful intelligence to a heedless Public."

So saying, ST. CATHERINE vanishes—by degrees—as asserted by her auditors; who knew not whether they were standing on their heels or their heads at the time. Somebody, you would think, had appeared to these bumpkins—as at La Salette—*somebody* if not some *spirit*. No one can say that the apparition of a SAINT is not possible under certain circumstances. It might even be expected where there existed a community of zealous Saints in the neighbourhood of a population of profane clowns. Saints, in such cases, would naturally talk *patois* on finding that they were not understood, and would be likely to get hung up or break down in the same, as well if the boors they appeared to were Clods of an Alpine valley, as if they were Clods of the Valley of Itchen.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S "AVOWED PRINCIPLES."

ONE of "our own Correspondents," speaking of the late suppression of the National College of Agriculture at Versailles, remarks with a *naïveté* that is really quite refreshing:—

"It is said, with great appearance of truth, that the suppression of the College is inconsistent with the avowed principles of LOUIS NAPOLEON to pursue the course marked out by the Consular and Imperial Government of his uncle."

"Inconsistent?"—why, of course it is: but what of that? Surely, "our own" cannot be ignorant that LOUIS NAPOLEON'S practice always *is* "inconsistent with his avowed principles?" To "*avow*" one thing, and *do* its opposite—this is his Golden Rule: or, rather say, his Brazen one.

STANDING ON HIS RIGHTS—AND LEFTS.

THERE was once a MEDWIN who made himself known by his conversations with BYRON, and there is now a MEDWIN, a boot-maker in Regent Street, who desires to render himself illustrious by his communications with *Punch*. It seems that he is the individual whose "ten guinea outfit" for Australia we lately touched upon; or, being apropos of boots, we ought, perhaps, rather to say, we recently walked into. It seems that we have unconsciously trod upon a respectable tradesman's corns through his boots, by intimating that he deals in "ready-made articles," there being, it seems, a distinction between boots ready made, and boots that are made and ready on the premises. We did not mention any names, but if the boot fits, and we believe a MEDWIN boot does generally fit, he, or any one else is quite welcome to wear it: a consummation which any maker of boots may most devoutly wish for.

A NEW EXHIBITION.

As soon as the success of the "Wellington Campaigns" is exhausted, it will be succeeded by an exhibition of the "LOUIS NAPOLEON CAMPAIGNS." They will comprise:

1. The Boulogne campaign, with the live eagle and the bit of raw beef stuck on the cocked hat.
2. The Strasburg campaign, with the real NAPOLEON costume.
3. The 10th of April campaign, attended with the special constable's staff.
4. The Plain of Satory campaign, with the distribution of wine and sausages.
5. The Boulevards campaigns will be omitted as being too terrible for any but an Exhibition of Savages.

Punch to Doctor Cahill.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to DOCTOR CAHILL, and begs to call his notice to these lines in his letter to the EARL OF DERBY:—

"If you gave me fair play, my Lord,—if you do not set your *Times*, and your *Globe*, and your *Standard*, and your *Punch*, to ridicule and abuse me—"

Mr. Punch begs to say that it is very likely he cannot, at the desire of LORD DERBY, afford any ridicule for DOCTOR CAHILL, as he will no doubt need all his stock for LORD DERBY himself.

SELFISHNESS.—What is called selfishness frequently consists in not doing what the selfishness of another person wishes you to do..

BILL-STICKERS BEWARE.

ONE would think that the Bill-Stickers were a most formidable body of men, if we are to judge by the number of warnings and cautions that are being continually addressed to them. From the frequency with which they are called upon to "Beware," it would appear that the Bill-Stickers have a reputation for sticking at nothing, and that it is necessary to make them the objects of constant caution. The last new move that has been made against them is to hold them responsible for the sentiments contained in the placards they paste up:—a proceeding that must lead to much inconsistency, for everybody knows, on the authority of the old joke on the subject, that a Bill-Sticker will stick up for any side that will pay him.

A poor unfortunate has, it is said, been lately held to bail for posting an anti-militia bill, though, perhaps, the self-same individual had, within a few minutes, been pasting up a placard inviting "fine young men" to join the gallant band; and there is but little doubt that if he were asked to stick up a broadside, offering a reward for his own apprehension, he would undertake the job on the shortest notice. Everybody knows that if a Bill-Sticker were for one moment to become a party man, his occupation would be gone; and he accordingly merges his politics in his paste-pot. To him it is a matter of indifference what the Government may do: the only Bills in which he feels an interest being those that require sticking. He cares not to watch the stages at which a Bill in the House may have arrived, but he is anxious that every Bill should be printed, in order that he may have an opportunity of submitting it out of doors to the fair chance of a reading.

"COLONEL SIBTHORP, WHO COMMANDS THE LINCOLN MILITIA, HAS CONTRIVED TO RAISE A SERGEANT AND THREE MEN."—
United Service Gazette.

Spigotry and Intolerance.

AN advertisement has been published with the heading of "Bitter Beer Controversy." We cannot well conceive a controversy about beer being a bitter one, unless a part in it has been taken by PHILPOTTS.

COCKNEY PHILOSOPHY.—The Socratic mode of argument is the only true mode of chopping logic, because it proceeds altogether on the principle of axing questions.

AGRICULTURAL ABSTINENCE.

"AN extraordinary case of abstinence" has lately been astonishing the weak mind of proverbially "Silly Suffolk." One ELIZABETH SQUIRREL, it is said, a resident at Shottisham in that county, has been living upon nothing for the last six months, and is still voluntarily restricting herself to this economic diet. By some her existence is esteemed a miracle: but to us the miracle appears to be that a case like this should have occasioned any wonder in so fruitfully miraculous a district. "Hundreds of visitors," we are told—

"Of every rank in life, have daily flocked to see her. Committees have been formed to watch at her bedside: and repeated public meetings have been held throughout the neighbourhood, for the purpose of debating and examining the case."

As if there were anything new in it! As if this air-plant vegetation were not a known and common attribute of our agricultural humanity! Why, total abstinents abound in Suffolk: the whole county is infested with these starving SQUIRRELS:—SQUIRRELS, namely, in the shape of our Distressed Agriculturists, who, by their own veracious testimony, have been living upon nothing for the last six years—in fact, ever since the introduction of Free Trade. Fitly, we think, may these be christened "SQUIRRELS:" for are they not continually (according to their own account, at least) "up a tree?"

PUNCH ON THE BABY.

BABIES are such delicate subjects, we scarcely know how to handle them. Some look upon a Baby as an unmitigated good, but we have often met with it in the shape of a "crying evil." Much, however, depends on the treatment of the infant, and in this respect we cannot too much condemn the bad example set by the providers of public entertainments, for a baby is seldom introduced upon the stage, except to be stuffed into a drawer, thrust away under a bed, sat down upon in a chair, or thrown about in a pantomime. If all the world were literally a stage, no baby could survive the first stage of its existence. A real Adelphi baby should possess a heart of bran and a head of wood, the arms of a Dutch doll and the legs of a Marionette, to be able to bear the treatment to which it is liable. Happily our business is with the baby of private life, and not with the baby of the foot-lights, so that we are not doomed to the agony of tracing its heartrending career, from the hands of its unnatural father—the property man—to the hampers, the holes and corners, the parcels, and even the pockets, into which it is kicked and crammed in the course of its brief existence.

A new-born baby exhibits to the eye of a casual observer during the first few weeks of its existence nothing but a series of grimaces, which, though usually the result of wind, are supposed to arise from intelligence. When a baby has a tendency to nocturnal roaring, the mother usually proposes a mild cathartic, but the father is apt to propose a more decided regimen by committing it to the nursery. Some infants scream at the sight of a strange face, a mode of proceeding which is usually attributed to sagacity on the part of the "little dear," but it really arises from that *cacoethes lacrymandi* which is so prevalent among the infant community.

When the child is teething, it is difficult to say what should be the mode of treatment, but speaking as a father—not as a mother—we are inclined to think that the only course to take while the infant cuts its teeth, is for the time to cut the infant.

Among the diseases to which children are liable we must instance spasms, which, however, are often an imaginary complaint, put forward by the nurse as a plea for the necessity of having some spirits always at hand, and "from hand to mouth" is continually exemplified by the class alluded to.

As the complaints of the baby are not a pleasant theme, we shall pass over the catalogue commencing alphabetically in Croup and ending in Snuffles—a malady whose effects it is more easy to understand than to appreciate.

An Austrian Heaven.

AN Austrian, upon being asked for a definition of Paradise, said, "I believe it to be a kingdom where you can travel backwards and forwards without a passport."

WHAT MINISTERS WISH TO DO.—To measure Free Trade corn with a Protectionist bushel.

THE HEIGHT OF SIMPLICITY.—Buying a BRADSHAW in the hope of ascertaining when your train will start.

THE BOTTLE-HOLDER AND THE BOTTLE CONJUROR.

AN ECLOGUE, BY THEOCRITUS PUNCHOVIUS.

SCENE.—*Pall Mall. Enter the* LORD OF BROADLANDS (*Hants*). *To him the* LORD OF HUGUENDEN (*Bucks*).

Lord of H. Ha! Is it thou, O PALMERSTON of the Pleasant Presence? And what dost thou in London, while the pheasant spreads his wings, courting the pellet? Thou, happily free from the chains of red tape? Natheless, well met.

Lord of B. (*modestly*). Have not the men of Tiverton sent me, all unworthy as I am? Did I not rejoice their souls with jokes, and discomfit that ROWCLIFFE, trampling him in the mire of scorn, as I have trampled many? The *Times* reporter had ears, and a swift pen, and thou canst read, O son of the Curiosities of Literature.

Lord of H. Nay, I know thy feats, O feared among the Kaisers, and reverence thy skill in arms. Would (*insinuatingly*) that we fought side by side.

Lord of B. (*aside*). I dare say. (*To him*) Is anything impossible, O Asiatic Mystery Man, in these days of marvels, when a Crystal Palace springs up like a dream, when nations are linked by a whispering wire, and when a MALMESBURY is the Foreign Minister of England?

Lord of H. I take thy hint, most judicious of bottle-holders. Conceive that third and greatest marvel no longer existing.

Lord of B. It might be so, and with small wail among men, O Mosaic Arabian. But our talk hath now reached a point where it must either utterly stop, or proceed in a groove. Or, if thou wilt, there is a third course. Let us speak of the sweet singers, and the Houris of the dance. Will LUMLEY of yonder pile re-open its gates? What of the Warbling Wagner?

Lord of H. Misjudge me not, O Jaunty One. When have I spoken without a meaning—to such as thou, at least, for I count not as speech the sounds that soothe the territorial dunderheads? I accept the groove.

Lord of B. Then answer me, O Adjuster of Burdens. Does the chivalric noble, the Horse-taming DERBY, ratify thy words to me?

Lord of H. Airy Viscount, *parlez vous Français?*

Lord of B. Many to whom this question is addressed will reply, I can read, write, and understand it, but I cannot speak it. I am not one of the many.

Lord of H. Then take thy answer, accomplished diplomat. *L'Etat—c'est moi.*

Lord of B. It is well, O Political Biographer. And thy offer? Must I correct the grammar of the sagacious MALMESBURY, teach the sportive WALPOLE that jest is not earnest, or fill the seat of the modest PAKINGTON, while he departs to whip little boys at Quarter Sessions.

Lord of H. None joke so well as thou, yet joke not, Terror of the insolvent Greek. Thou hast but to name thy office, and its present humble warming-pan warms it no more. I see my groom—shall he take MALMESBURY a message that he is now our Consul in Bulgaria?

Lord of B. Festina lente, O VIVIAN GREY, and mark me. Reasonably pliable, for this is a world of change, I have that which men call character. I may have it to lose, but I don't mean to lose it. The Ministry that has me has a policy. And yours is—— ?

Lord of H. Of course—can you doubt it, Queller of the Yelpers? Are we not pledged to constitutional principles, to just and necessary measures, and to a strict adherence to that course which shall seem best calculated to promote the benefit of all classes of HER MAJESTY'S subjects?

Lord of B. Am *I* a territorial dunderhead, BENJAMIN of the Mess, that thou should'st give me thy sonorous because hollow words? Keep them for thy bumpkins, and answer me categorically. The nation hath willed Free Trade. So have I. Are you pledged not to oppose our will?

Lord of H. Personally, O Smasher of URQUHARTS and COCHRANES, neither I, nor our chiefs dream of assailing Free Trade. But there be such poor things as CHRISTOPHERS and GRANBYS and BOOKERS, and if a few speeches—and what *are* speeches?—soothe those souls, and secure those votes—his heart is harder than thine, O kindly Viscount, who would refuse them that futile consolation. Thou twiggest? *Il faut vivre.*

Lord of B. Je ne vois pas la necessité, Gladiatorial BENJAMIN. However, let us get through the groove. An unconditional pledge to Free Trade—that is my lowest figure and no abatement at this shop. D'ye buy?

Lord of H. On credit, yes, ancient and judicious one. Come to us *now*—tide us over this session—and in 1854 we will discover Free Trade was expressly provided by Magna Charta. Is not that constitutional?

Lord of B. Tick is unconstitutional when principle is at stake, thou Revolutionary EPICTETUS. Mend your bid. Ready money.

Lord of H. (*earnestly.*) Wouldn't I, but for ——

Lord of B. (*smiling.*) For whom? *L'Etat, c'est vous.*

Lord of H. But for circumstances. I'm afraid I can't do a bit of business with you this morning, O patron of PACIFICO.

Lord of B. Be not spiteful, Deputy Lieutenant of Bucks, seeing that we may yet sit at the same council-table. Thou hast that in thee which will not long brook servitude to boors whom thou scornest, and thy scorning propensities will anon break out in a fresh place, leaving thee without any place at all. In that day, CONINGSBY, come to my side, and the seven-fold shield of AJAX shall screen thee, arrow-darting TEUCER, against all the bumpkin HECTORS—for I like thy pluck. Meantime, look to thy Budget, and see that corn, and not chaff, be found in BENJAMIN'S sack. *Au revoir*, unless you'll have some *Punch à la Romaine* at Grange's.

Lord of H. I love *Punch* intensely, but if I take it *à la Romaine* and WALPOLE hears of it, he will tell DERBY that I am not a Protestant, which would be shocking. Adieu, PALMERSTON of the Pleasant Presence.

Lord of B. Adieu, DISRAELI of the Doubtful Destiny.

Lord of H. (*aside*). Artful dodger!

Lord of B. (*aside*). Specious cove! [*Exeunt.*

THE LAST GLIMPSE OF THE MONS.

PUNCH sees with regret that his MONS. JULLIEN, the famous Mountain of (Musical) Light—for he repudiates the heavy—the Koh-i-noor of the Quadrille, has announced his farewell series of Concerts previous to his departure for America. It is with a tear in each eye, and a thousand kettle-drums in each ear, that we think over the sad prospect of a separation from JULLIEN. We have been humming the tune of "*Robin Adair*" ever since we read the melancholy advertisement, and we have been asking ourselves in all sorts of different keys—

What 's this dull town to us?
JULLIEN, so rare!
What 's this dull town to us?
JULLIEN's not there!

From this monotonous melody we strike off into another more in conformity with the characteristics of the Mons., and in a flowing melody we bid—

Farewell to the Mountain, the valse and quadrille,
Of melody the fountain, with neat plaited frill.
Farewell! for so soon will his band disappear,
The cornet and piccolo won't meet our ear;
All so shrill, all so sweet, in a *solo* they tell,
When played on by KŒNIG, whom all know so well.
Farewell to trombone, the sax horn, and flute,
And e'en the large ophicleide soon must be mute.
Farewell to the Mountain, in splendid gold chair,
Of music the fountain, with nicely oil'd hair:
All so neat, all so smart, there was ne'er such a swell!
Farewell to Mons. JULLIEN! Farewell, oh! Farewell!

Disraeli's Right Hand.

THERE is a great deal of talk about LORD PALMERSTON joining the present Ministry. His accession would certainly be of the greatest service to DISRAELI, especially at the opening of Parliament. As his Lordship is notoriously "THE JUDICIOUS BOTTLEHOLDER," he would be able to hold the Quart Bottle which, according to SIR JAMES GRAHAM, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has promised to get into. The only danger is, that when DISRAELI is once inside the bottle, THE JUDICIOUS BOTTLEHOLDER may feel inclined to keep *him* there.

A False Report.

MAJOR BERESFORD—says the *Herald*—is *not* going to Jamaica. All the better for Jamaica, says *Punch!*

THE SIGHS OF A FAT POLICEMAN.

"WISH I wasn't so fat! I shall never be able to get on if I grow much fatter. How shall I be able to work my way up to an Inspectorship, when I am swelling out visibly to the dimensions of an Alderman. I cannot command respect now. Good gracious! What will it be then when I shall be probably, twice my present size? I am taunted at the station with my laziness. They will not believe I take any exercise with my present substantial appearance. They imagine I am sitting down somewhere, panting, wiping my forehead, reposing from the extreme fatigue of walking down half a street. They little know what a restless being I am. Why, I am never still for two moments—walking as rapidly as my size will allow me—in the hope of reducing my fat. Besides, where am I go to? Every area-gate is locked against me: every kitchen-door is slammed in my face. My largeness makes me a conspicuous object. I cannot slink down the area-steps, unperceived, like some thin fellows whom I could mention. The cookies know I should only compromise them. My movements are necessarily slow. In the event of a surprise, how could I run with the rapidity of a black beetle into the nearest cupboard? More than this, where would be the cupboard large enough to hold me? No; I feel I am shunned by those very beings whom my heart and Police-station in life prompt me to hold the dearest in life. Yes, it cannot be denied, I am the Pariah of the kitchen. However, I have a rich morsel of consolation in my grief. Supposing I feasted on the same rare dainties as my happy comrades,—supposing the fat of the land was placed before me as freely as before those lucky fellows, Nos. 15, 24, and 33: and supposing the strongest beer in the house was lifted to my parched lips as often as it is to theirs; why, it is terrible to think of the awful size I should ultimately expand to! unless I prudently ate plenty of pickles, and took vinegar by the gallon.

"Yes! I have a thousand reasons—each as big as a balloon—for wishing I was not so fat. I know I am laughed at as I walk, with an attempt at dignity, down the street. Persons turn round as they pass by, and I can feel, by the burn upon my cheek, that they are smiling mockingly at me. Besides, the torments, the vulgar nicknames of the boys, are enough to wear any life out, if it was not of those tremendous proportions that it never will be worn out. I am a National Debt of flesh that nothing ever will pull down. Oh! those boys! They jeer and throw things at me. The young blackguards know they are safe. They are perfectly aware I cannot run after them. If I am carried away by a whirlwind of passion (and it would require nothing short of a whirlwind to move such a heavy body), I soon repent my rashness. I am obliged immediately to stop, and to lean against the wall for breath. Then the boys laugh at me all the more, until there are no bounds to their impudence. If anything in this world could have made me thin, it would have been the worretting of those boys, but even they have failed in reducing me one half-ounce in weight. My fat is proof against all the arrows, and slings, and oyster-shells they can bring to play upon me.

"The worst is, I feel if I get any larger I must grow out of my situation. As it is, my clothes are obliged to be made expressly for me. Several complaints have been made against the extra expense. Then my clothes always want repairing. The buttons fly off with the least exertion—or else the coat constantly requires enlarging. As soon as the Commissioners discover that they can clothe two policemen for the same expense that they clothe one, I shall get the sack—but even then it must be a good large sack, or else it will never fit me.

"But there are dangers far more formidable than the above annoyances. There's the danger of coming in contact with such a monster sweep as CANNON! Can you imagine a fat policeman standing up with such a bull to allow himself to be quietly gored? Then there is the danger of assisting at a Fire! Can you conceive a person of my bulk having to venture across a narrow plank, or running up a burning staircase, or hanging on to a leaden spout? There's the danger also of running after a thief; or, worse still, running for my life away *from* one! It brings on a cold perspiration merely to think of the possibility of such dangers. But, keeping them out of sight (as I hope they always will be), I hope I have said enough to induce every benevolent person to pity the sighs of

"A FAT POLICEMAN."

THE EMPIRE OF BEADLEDOM.

SEVERAL incidents connected with the recent entry of the Beadle into the Arcade, have been added to the original accounts from various sources. We select a few of the principal.

When the Beadle was about to salute one of the young girls, his eye fell suddenly upon one of the old guard—a very old (black) guard—whom he instantly decorated with an order—for the Olympic. The effect was excellent.

Everywhere the same enthusiasm. The Beadle gave an entertainment at the dining-rooms in Rupert Street. There were three covers—one of meat and two of potatoes—which had an admirable effect. The dining-room was decorated in the very richest style, with transparencies and other emblems. One transparency was of glass, on which some words were written in gold letters on a black ground, but at the distance we were at we could not decipher them. The Rheumatic Band played at the bottom of the staircase during the repast. At its conclusion, the Beadle left threepence for the young girl who had offered him, with her own hands, the viands he had partaken of. This evidently produced the best impression.

In the evening the Beadle visited the Concert Room of the Crown, and remained to hear the recitation, by the celebrated MISS REBECCA, of some lines written expressly for the occasion under the title of

LE BEADLEDOM C'EST—THE PAY!

It was observed that the Beadle, in drinking the health of the company, did so in an IMPERIAL measure. The fact was significant, and the effect was excellent.

Some difference of opinion is said to exist as to the title by which the Beadledom is to be made hereditary. It has been stated that the style intended to be assumed will be that of BUMBLE II., Beadle of the Arcade, and "Protector of the Lowther Bazaar," but as this would imply a disposition to an extension of territory, it has been objected to as offering unnecessary provocation to foreign powers. It is true that little resistance could be anticipated from Exeter, whose tenantry seem to have resigned in a body, and to have vacated their offices. The Beadle of Exeter is thus thrown upon his own resources, which consisted, when we saw him last, of a pennyworth of walnuts.

BUMBLE II. AND HIS BRILLIANT STAFF.

Railway Logic.

ONE of the directors of that admirably managed railway, the Great Western, being asked if he could defend the constant want of punctuality for which that line is famous, replied, very readily, that as punctuality was but the *soul* of business, it might, he thought, be fairly reasoned that punctuality was not material.

A Question by and to the Young and Beautiful.

"WHAT," asked MARGARITA of CECILIA, "what, dearest, do you think is really the food of Cupid?"

And CECILIA answered—"Arrow-root."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 6th, 1847.

A VISION OF CONVOCATION.

THE *Times* I had lately been reading,
And had fall'n asleep o'er the paper—
'T was the same which announced a proceeding
To turn each *gobemouche* to a gaper—
How LORD DERBY, the church bent on weeding
Though at cost of a little seceding,
Had determined (all dangers unheeding)
By revived Convocation to shape her.

How I slept on such news was a wonder—
I suppose 't was from sheer stupefaction—
But I dreamed that I heard a far thunder
Which drove me well nigh to distraction.
Where it came from, above me, or under,
I knew not, but towards it did blunder,
Till the darkness around broke asunder,
And revealed Convocation in action.

Its scene was a something between a
Pit for ratting, or cock or dog-fighting,
And the statelier sort of arena
Which Tauromachous Spain takes delight in.
But for Senor and fair Senorina,
With mantilla, and fan, and basquina,
Collected around might be seen a
Kind of audience much less inviting.

There were curates, perpetual and other,
For the most part by no means plethoric,
And rectors who, squeezed in the smother,
Gave off large amounts of caloric:

There were bishops, of much pomp and pother,
Who addressed each his colleague as "brother,"
But looked at the same time "quite t 'other,"
And capitular bodies Historic:

There were prim and precise Oxford fellows,
Giv'n to bowings and strange intonation,
Their rubicunds all turned to yellows,
With fasting and mortification:
There were popular preachers, most zealous,
With power of (what boxers call) "bellows,"
Which might make a street-mountebank jealous—
Gospel-Gongs for a deaf generation.

On the pit all their gazes were centered,
Where arrayed—in condition as prime,
As was ever bull-terrier entered,
To kill threescore rats against time—
I beheld the Church champions who ventured
Their lungs for the business be-Stentored,
And hammer and tongs at it went hard—
As I'll try to record in my rhyme.

There was PHILLPOTTS pretending to frolic,
But meeting his match quite in GORHAM;
And WILBERFORCE, pleading a cholic,
Lest he might be asked to fight for him:
While HUXTABLE, less apostolic
In his view of the Church than bucolic,
Preached up fertilizers coprolic,
And bowled down Dean COCKBURN before him.

DR. PUSEY, begowned and betrenchered,
Went in with a will against HAMPDEN;
DR. THORPE fought a hundred who censured
Th' Ecclesiologic, "late CAMDEN;"

BISHOP BLOOMFIELD 'gainst BENNETT did wrench hard,
With ROCHESTER WHISTON did clench hard,
(More fools they that to tackle him ventured,)
'Till a tangle of law they got jammed in.

MR. DENNISON hit out for High Church;
MR. CLOSE countered fiercely for Low Church;
MR. GLADSTONE roared "Here goes for my Church;"
GILBERT ELLIOT fought stoutly for no Church;
Till Arminian Church—High and dry Church—
Oxford-mixture or Casuistry Church—
Our, your, his and their, my and thy Church—
Composed quite a joint-stock or Co-Church.

In the midst of this burly and brattle,
Its ruler, LORD DERBY, was seen,
Like a war-horse that sniffeth the battle,
Yet all unperturbed and serene;
So, at Smithfield, amidst the fierce rattle
Of big sticks and terrified cattle,
Stands the Drover, who knows he has that 'll
Appease all the row of the scene:

For from my lord's pockets are peeping
That best of all sedative dishes,
These gentry in order for keeping,
When to keep them in order his wish is.
Its conflicts the Church may be deep in,
Rods in pickle polemic a-steeping,
He has that will set all of them sleeping—
For 't is he has the loaves and the fishes!

WHO WANTS A SECRET?

THE two peasant children, who were visited by the VIRGIN MARY, near Grenoble, were each told *a secret which they were particularly enjoined not to tell anybody*. We will be bound that these secrets will be hawked about France before long, and exhibited, like wax dolls or white mice, or any other perambulating raree show, for so much a head—with this wise exception, that they will be exhibited only to the "faithful." The money of no "heretic" will be taken. It is evident by these two secrets being still left undivulged, that the miracle, miraculous as it has hitherto been, is still incomplete. Some greater miracle has yet to come. Perhaps the secrets will be communicated in a dream to LOUIS NAPOLEON the evening before his coronation; and perhaps, by a miracle not less miraculous, a large sum of money will be found under the pillows of the two children when they wake up the following morning. Or perhaps—for it is absurd to suppose that these secrets were ever intended by the clergy to remain secrets—the two children will be summoned to Nôtre Dame, and there, just previous to the holy oil being dropped upon the head of the new Emperor, they will divulge to the astonished congregation what the two secrets are. If this grand theatrical effect is lost, LOUIS NAPOLEON is not the clever manager we have generally supposed him to be. But so great a chance will not be thrown away. We do not pretend to miracles ourselves; but we think we can already tell what these two secrets are.

The First Secret is—that LOUIS NAPOLEON will be the greatest Emperor that ever ruled in the world!

The Second Secret is—that England, before two years are over, will be a province of France!

And these are, indeed, Secrets worth knowing! and the great beauty about them is, that as far as History is concerned, they will always remain Secrets.

ATTESTATION OF BEER.

OUR friends, the proprietors of Bitter Ale, must allow us to remark, that deep as may be their cleverness in the craft of advertising, abstractedly considered, they evince a flatness, like that of the stalest swipes, in the puffing art as it concerns their special commodity. Will they submit to be taught how, in one point at least, more judiciously to improve the opportunity which has been afforded them by what their scientific correspondent, BARON LIEBIG, calls "the unguarded remark of a French Chemist." They commence one of their encomiums on their modication of malt liquor by citing—

"The unanimous opinion of the most eminent scientific and medical men of the day, of BARON LIEBIG, MESSRS. GRAHAM, HOFFMANN, MUSPRATT, WATSON, BUDD, MARSHALL HALL, TRAVERS, FERGUSON, ROWE, VIVIAN, HEYGATE, LEMAN, ARNOLD, EVANS, FORMBY, PETRIE, MAYBORIE, VOSE, TUFNELL, HUNTER, DAVIES, JONES, SENIOR, MACLAREN, MACAULAY, GRAY, TEEVAN, HILL, HAYWARD, HARRISON, PEPPER, INMAN, SIR CHARLES CLARKE, the SANATORY COMMISSIONER of the *Lancet*, &c., &c., &c."

These are not the authorities to quote in behalf of any sort of *beer!* What does BARON LIEBIG know about *beer?* asks the British public of the British publican. No; if you want to commend your ale to the popular taste, tell them how it has been honoured with the approbation of really good judges of the beverage. Inform them of the favour which it has found with the most eminent agricultural and bucolic men of the day, FARMERS BURLEY, and BROADSIDES, and BULLMAN, and MESSIEURS RUNT, STURDY, and DROVER. Proclaim that JUGGINS, landlord of the Ram and Wheatsheaf, declares it to be the liquor most called for; and that it is the drain in principal request at every cabstand.

Nothing like Crystal.

THE *Edinburgh Review*, in its own playful manner—for it can be gamesome as a Highland pony—proposes that, as the people ask for the ballot, the ballot should be duly awarded them, the ballot-box being covered with a "glass lid." Why not? And adopting the old, old notion of MOMUS, *when* we have the ballot-box with the glass lid, we may also have every Member of Parliament with a glass breast. *When* we have the one, the other must follow; but—we take it—not until then.

THE "BLUE PIG" TO MR. PUNCH.

R. PUNCH,—I am the owner and proprietor of the Blue Pig Tea-gardens, a sweet resort—though I say it—for the feast of soul and flowers of reason. And I thank you, *Mr. Punch*, as a man, a father, a Christian, and particularly as the landlord of the Blue Pig Gardens, for your lovely article in your last but one about the desecration—for that, I hear on all hands, from fifty licensed victuallers at least, is the word—the desecration of the Sabbath by the opening after morning service of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham to an unreflecting British public. *Mr. Punch*, I'm not a man as cries out upon a little. But I *do* consider the British Sabbath as one of the brightest jewels in HER MAJESTY'S Crown; and once open *that* Palace on a Sunday—and what do you think will become of Windsor Castle? Not only of Windsor Castle—but of Lambeth Palace and the whole monarchy? Why, Sir, the whole thing—which is now the envy of surrounding nations—will *bust*, Sir; yes, *bust* like a soap-bubble, and leave not a Rex behind.

"What, I ask, when the crimson waves of revolution—as I heard the REVEREND MR. JABEZ CRANK all of a foam and perspiration say—the crimson waves of revolution was washing our thrones, and carrying away, as if they was no more than so many drowned puppies, crowns, and sceptres—what saved the British Throne, the QUEEN, the PRINCE, and the rest of the Royal Family from the deluge? Why, the British Sabbath—with its Sunday Tea-gardens all round smoky London, like—as MR. CRANK says—"like a squat Injun with his belts of beads!"

"Don't think—for I'm quite above it—don't think I want to puff the Blue Pig. It isn't necessary, Sir. No, the excellence of its liquors (no British brandy, but the real Coneyhatch)—no doctored gin, but the mantlin Cream of the Valley (I have heard it called Dove's Milk)—no rum which isn't rum at all, but the pure Jamaicay from the cane—nothing 'dulterate, but all pure spirits has placed the Blue Pig on a pinnacle that puts it far beyond a puff. 'It's no matter how drunk I get on a Sunday at the Blue Pig'—is at times the boast of all my customers—'no matter how drunk, the liquors is so good, that if I'm a beast on the Sunday night, I'm as fresh as a daisy on the Monday morning!' I do assure you, *Mr. Punch*, I've known men who use the Blue Pig take their ten, twelve, fourteen glasses of gin-and-water, and—a little skrimmage with their wives or companions going for nothing, for such things *will* happen—and afterwards go home quiet as new-born babies; rising on the Monday like giants refreshed. But then, as I say, the Blue Pig's liquors is notorious.

"What, then, I ask, do we want with new-fangled Palaces, where 'dolatory—as MR. CRANK says—must be taught on Sunday, when we have our own national Tea-gardens, like the Blue Pig, with liquors served up to twelve at night in beautiful little bowers of privet and sweet-briar with—at the proper season—hollyhocks, all as fine as if it was their Sunday out? Isn't this a place for the working-man to bring his wife and children to, and whilst he takes his humble gin-and-water, and whiffs his bird's-eye, to sit and watch the smoke, and think (as MR. CRANK says) what vanity is life, and what wapours is all of us?

"Whereas, pictur to yourself that man with wife and children in that Sunday Wickedness—(a Babylon framed and glazed, MR. JABEZ CRANK calls it!)—the Crystal Palace. What can he think on there that shan't make him forget he's a true-born Englishman? What will he see but abominations and 'dolatries? Not only that, but think of the man's health. Why, there's to be water enough in fountains to drown London. Now, is it likely that—as MR. CRANK says—in our wariable climate, a man, and his wife, and tender children (some of 'em perhaps at the breast) can walk among so much water without getting cold? I consider them fountains, Sir, as so much disease—yes, so much decline and consumption—laid on at high service for the Sunday visitors of the Crystal Palace. Now, there is nothing of this sort at the Blue Pig. Water there is and plenty; and water used with moderation cannot be objected against with a healthy quantity of spirits: 'specially such spirits as the Blue Pig's. And then, to hear the Crystal Palace heathens make a brag that they won't sell spirits at all. What a joke! when there's thousands of public-houses open on Sundays, where the hippopotamus if it liked might swim in liquor.

But the fountains isn't the only danger: that—as MR. CRANK says—is only a matter of the body; but what I'm now coming to is an affair of the soul. It's an alarming fact that—as I've read—there's to be fifty millions of scarlet geraniums in the grounds. You are quite right, *Mr. Punch*, and have hit the very nail upon the head with that hammer which you use for a pen—quite right when you say that these geraniums *must* make the Sunday Englishman think of the Scarlet Unfortunate Female at Rome. Yes; the Englishman, instead of being in the afternoon at church—coming as early as he can to the Blue Pig, but then we don't close *our* Gardens till twelve—instead of being in his family pew, if he can pay for it, will be wandering like a savage and a heathen in a Temple erected—MR. CRANK says as much—to Atheism with a future eye to a Republic. Now, Sir, here's two picturs I want you to look at. The Englishman, with his wife and children about his knees—some on 'em picking their virtuous shrimps or eating their modest periwinkles—the Englishman taking his glasses of gin or rum-and-water, and quietly smoking his dozen pipes, thinking quietly of his past life in the bosom of his family, and of his future end. Consider that Englishman, Sir, resting himself in the Blue Pig Tea-gardens after the labours of the week, and tell me if he isn't one of the proudest institutions of the country? With that Englishman we've unfurled the flag of battle: with that Englishman we won Waterloo—and with that Englishman—defended, as MR. CRANK says, from the Yewplush Tree of the foreigner—we may still defy the world.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, just look at pictur No. 2. Consider that Englishman, with wife and children, wandering about the Crystal Wilderness. Allowing they don't get cold from the fountains—what do they see about 'em? Why, nothing to fix their Sabbath thoughts. The Blue Pig Tea-gardens keep a man, so to say it, to himself, his bird's-eye, and his gin-and-water: but the Crystal Palace will be a Tower of Babel in glass; and I only hope—with MR. JABEZ CRANK—that all concerned in it may be scattered to all the ends of the earth, like the first builders. I should be happy, *Mr. Punch*—and would give legs-of-mutton and trimmings, with beer and spirits besides—if I could only once know that that PAXTON was on the Coast of Guinea, and FOX and HENDERSON, one in the Red Sea and t'other in the Black. For them men—if the wickedness of the Sunday Palace is allowed—them men will be the ruin of all Sunday Tea-gardens, and not a farthing of 'demnity. For I look upon the Sunday Crystal Palace as nothing more than a Monster Extinguisher in Glass, that will put out, yes, a thousand Gin Palaces. The ruin them men will bring on Sunday bars, and Sunday gardens, I wouldn't have on my head for the Bank of England! But let me conclude the pictur of Englishman No. 2. Think of it, with rocks about him, brought from all ends of the world—with undressed statues—with palaces of the heathen gods and goddesses—and skeletons of monsters that lived before the world was properly finished for Christians to come to. Think of the state of that man's mind—all of a whirl, a worry, and confusion: dragged here by one thing—dragged there by another—and wherever he's dragged, still dragged from church!

"How different, Sir, the happy Englishman behind his pipe in the Sunday Tea-gardens, and the doomed Briton lost in the Crystal Palace. Couldn't you, *Mr. Punch*, give picturs of 'em, and so aid the cause of morality and loyalty, which is the only thing that has stirred me up to write; and now am, yours,

"THE BLUE PIG."

"P.S. If the Crystal Palace is open on Sunday, all Sunday Tea-Gardens and all Gin-Palaces *must* and *shall* be 'demnified.—B. P."

AN IDEA WORTHY OF LAMB.—The best motto that the Australians could adopt at the present moment is, *Revenons à nos Moutons*.

THE EMPIRE OF BEADLEDOM.

THE title under which the Beadledom is to be assumed is now the subject of general conversation. Some are of opinion that BUMBLE II. is scarcely extensive enough to take in all the *souvenirs* that ought to be comprehended, and it is desirable that the take in should be as complete as possible. They go the length of proposing that BUMBLE XXVI. should be the title of the new Beadle, as the generations of Beadledom date very far back, and, though there was no recognition of the intermediate BUMBLES, it is said with much reason that, as they were not known, they could not be recognised.

The following address has been agreed to by one of the Courts—a very inferior Court—in the neighbourhood :—

"Highness. Universal acclamations have accompanied your journey through the Arcade, and turned it into a triumphal march. The Arcade has spoken through her wind instruments, in her cups, and everywhere. She desires for the Chief of the Arcade a title which shall unite all her glories, including her cocked hat, so dear to her heart, her staff on which she has relied, and her gold lace, with which she desires you in her name to lace her jacket. In the words of your immortal uncle, we presume to say to you that six ranges of tea-caddies and work-boxes look down upon you from these gim-crack pyramids. Deign then, Highness, to give stability to that which has been shaken, and give force to that which has been hitherto too fragile."

It is expected that his Highness will declare himself moved, by the force of these powerful arguments, to accept the Hereditary Beadledom. Some changes in the constitution of the Arcade are beginning to be talked about. The portrait of the Beadle will, it is said, adorn the centre of the Arcade. It is to be surrounded with precious stones, that is to say, with precious large paving-stones.

The Beadle continues to receive the most touching marks of adhesion from the market-women, some of whom stick to him with pressing pertinacity. He has lately received a deputation from the female costermongers, one of whom threw bunches of (ever) greens in his path; while the melody of "My Light Savoy," was played as a duet between two members of the Green Baize and the Rheumatic bands, on the Pandean pipes and cymbals.

Auri Sacra Fames.

SUCH is the thirst for gold in Australia that the real wealth of the colony is being neglected, and there is little chance of the crop of wool being secured, unless the sheep should assume an auriferous character, and yield a golden fleece.

"MR. PUNCH,—Which did LOUIS NAPOLEON say, '*L'Empire c'est la paix*,' or '*L'Empire c'est l'épée?*' Yours, G."

SHEEP IN RAILWAY TRAINS.

WHAT a wonderful improvement has taken place in the temper of the British Public! To such a proficiency have they attained in the virtue of patience, that they will now not only put up with any injustice or imposition, but submit to be treated with the greatest contempt and insolence into the bargain. They are content to travel in railway pens, like sheep to the slaughter, injured, deluded, derided, and only bleating in return.

"SEPAHEE," a passenger, on a recent day, by the North-Western mail train, which arrived at the Euston Square terminus three hours behind time, writing in the *Times*, says,

"And, certainly, when any of the passengers during the journey had the temerity to put his head out of a window, and inquire of any of the numerous officials on the platforms at the places of detention the cause of so many prolonged stoppages, he was lucky if he escaped no worse treatment than a horse laugh in reply."

In the same *Times*, "A TRAVELLER BY THE GREAT WESTERN" complains that he did not get to Oxford till thirty-five minutes after time. "ANOTHER VICTIM OF MONOPOLY" also complains that he arrived at the same place by the 4.50 express train nearly half-an-hour late—pursued by a second express at risk to life and limb. And the REV. THOMAS DELVES BROUGHTON relates the particulars of a collision occurring at the Bletchley station, in consequence of mismanagement, and resulting in severe injury to a lady's arm, and in bruises, lost teeth, and cut heads, on the part of other passngers. Railway accidents, railway frauds, railway impertinence, are the staple of our daily newspaper-reading. Railway chairmen and directors are descending to the knavery, extortion, impudence, and brutality, from which cabmen are rising in the scale of manners and morals. And, as aforesaid, the British Public stands all this with passive mournfulness, quiet endurance, meek, inactive expostulation.

Has it not grown to be a temperate public, a nice, gentle, long-suffering public? Ah! there was a time, very considerably within the memory of man, when this public, so tame now, could not be put upon at so little expense. If merely swindled by a playhouse manager, it would deface ornaments and tear up benches. What would have happened, in those days, if free-born British passengers had been systematically delayed, endangered, and moreover mocked and set at nought, by boards of unscrupulous, avaricious, dividend-grasping, screwing, bloated railway directors? But now, as the public no longer takes the law into its own hands, and does mischief, it ought to insist upon legal damages in the event of accident or stoppage.

POETRY OF FINANCE.

BY A PUBLIC CREDITOR.

NE exeant Regno—that emigrant crowd!
Such wholesale absconding should not be allowed;
It never will do, all those taxpayers bolting,
You might as well have half the people revolting.

Unless you arrest this fast depopulation,
We soon shall be placed in a queer situation;
Who 'll pay us our Three per Cents. Consolidated,
When the National debtor has "absquotilated?"

This problem has only one way I see through it,
We must pay our own selves with no others to do it;
By a Cent. per Cent. Income-Tax settle the bother,
And fork out of one pocket into the other!

Prince's Mixture.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S advertisements contain the following curious combination of attractions :—

"The Chamber of Horrors and the NAPOLEON Chamber, 6*d*. extra."

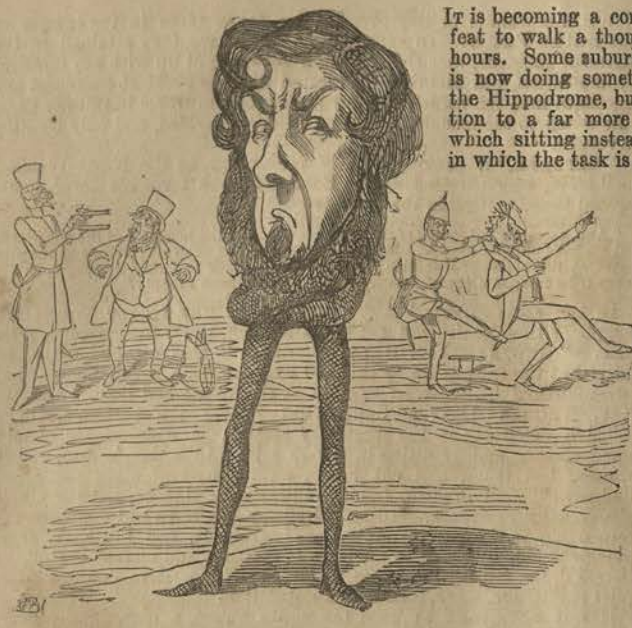
This mixture is highly complimentary to the name of NAPOLEON—though, if the Napoleon Chamber is devoted to the deeds of PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, giving all the horrors that were perpetrated in the days of December, the association is easily accounted for—only it strikes us that one Chamber would have sufficed for the two at present.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING MADE EASY.

IN one of the Fashionable Marriages of last week, we read that there was "a train of seven bridesmaids." Now, when we travel on a railway, we should always like to be with "a train" of seven bridesmaids!—*Our Old Gentleman.*

MOTTO FOR THE PRESIDENT.—*Si vis bellum, para pacem.* Anglicè.—If you wish war, prate of peace.

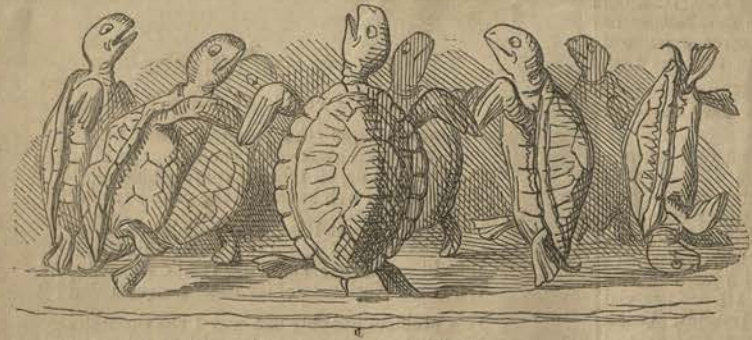
GREAT PARLIAMENTARY FEAT.



It is becoming a common and rather a vulgar feat to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Some suburban Chicken, Stag, or Pet is now doing something in the same way at the Hippodrome, but we have to call attention to a far more difficult achievement, in which sitting instead of walking is the mode in which the task is accomplished.

The hero of the feat in question is Charley Shaw Lefevre, well known as the Parliamentary Pet, or House of Commons Game-Cock, who has already — according to Sir Robert Inglis — performed the astonishing task of listening to thirteen thousand speeches in thirteen thousand hours. The Right Honourable bird — if the Cock of the Commons will allow us to call him so — has just entered upon another match, in which he undertakes to sit for another series of hours during another series of speeches; and there will be constant relays of gentlemen of the press in attendance to report, should the distinguished Pet allow himself to fall from the mouth of Spooner, or of any one else, into the arms of Morpheus.

We shall watch the progress of the match with considerable interest, for in addition to the large body of old-established soporifics, who have on other occasions been found so trying to the vigilant powers of the Cock of the Commons, there is supposed to be a very considerable extra infusion of poppies, occasioned by the "new additions" to the raw material of Parliament.



No Lord Mayor's Dinner.—Frantic Joy of the Turtles.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE—"WITHOUT THE DRAGON!"

In one of the many admirable articles that have appeared about the Crystal Palace in the *Times*—being to the Crystal Palace a strength and support, beyond the power of iron—the writer rejoices that Sir Joseph Paxton will do everything "that a knight can to bring down to the 19th century, and within a few minutes' drive of London, the fabled gardens of the Hesperides, *without the dragon.*" We hope so; but we are nevertheless threatened with the monster, at least one day a week—and that the only day wherein the Hesperides may be visitable by millions — the Sunday. The dragon Cant—all his scales covered with the glossiest black, his armed neck decorously bound with snowy cambric—his head, horrent with spikes, surmounted by a beaver of shovel-shape;—this Dragon has given voice; modulating his roarings, and—as is the wont of Draco Cant—doing his best to disguise his domination in zeal and love and tenderness towards his sufferers. Well, how shall the Dragon be met? After this fashion.

The Dragon must be met and answered by the working-men of London. They must gather together—they must sign acres of parchment—they must beset the House of Commons, if they will not give themselves up with their wives and children to the Dragon. If they will not have the whole of their Sunday swallowed, bolted by the Dragon, they must at once defy him. The Dragon says, You shall keep to your back-rooms, your garrets, your courts, all the Sabbath hours that you come not to church. You shall not smell the flowers at Sydenham on Sundays, for on that day are they flowers of brimstone; you shall not on the seventh day enter that Garden of Eden, for there lurks the old serpent. You shall not gaze upon orange trees in bud, blossom, and fruit; for every orange is as the death-dooming apple. Is not tobacco by the fireside more healthful for your soul than sight of tobacco-plant flowering under glass?

Doctor Croly has been sweetly eloquent on "the domestic meal" on Sunday evenings. Labouring men want the repose of their own close rooms, and not the agitation of sight-seeing; all this is vanity, saith the preacher. But the Doctor waxes old; he was not always thus morose. Now there *are* persons who denounce profane stage-plays as so many snares of the Evil One; denounce them, even as Doctor Croly denounces the garden Sabbath. And yet in their eyes must Doctor Croly be little better than one of the wicked. For is not the Doctor author of a play called *Catiline* (watered with the Liffy and not quite Jonson's *Catiline*); and also a comedy, so broad that it ran into furious farce, by name *Pride shall have a Fall?* And did not Doctor Croly, in this farce, not having the fear of the Horse Guards before his eyes, did he not endeavour to bring "the Tenth" into contempt; and that, too, at that very critical time when the Tenth proclaimed the amazing fact in Brighton ball-room that "the Tenth didn't dance?" And now, has farce-writing, joke-cracking, rollicking Croly become an anchorite, and, we doubt not, wears iron points and horse-hair.

But is there no way to mollify our Croly? Can we not touch his heart, even through his pocket? Let us see.

A sagacious correspondent of the *Morning Herald* suggests that a certain space of the Crystal Palace

"Might be set apart and fitted up as a place of worship, in which all or most of the sittings should be free. I would propose three services, the morning service to commence at half-past ten or eleven a.m., the mid-day at three p.m. in the summer. The grounds around the palace might, perhaps with advantage, be thrown open from the conclusion of the morning to the commencement of the evening service."

This is admirable, and meets the whole difficulty. Let there be appended to the Crystal Palace a Crystal Cathedral; and let there be created a new Bishop of Glass, with some ten thousand pounds per annum; together with prebends and all the ecclesiastical officers that adorn and dignify the cathedrals of York and Canterbury. Let this be done, and all the Reverend gentlemen meeting at Sion House have all fat appointments. The Venerable Archdeacon Hale must, of course, be the first Bishop of Glass; for the pregnant reason, that no man's motives, in his present opposition, can be more clearly seen through.

A QUESTION OF FIGURES.

Which is the Emperor of the French to be,
Napoleon First or Second, II. or III.?
If every one could speak his inward thought,
His title some would have Napoleon 0.
You may dispute the number, Foreign Powers,
But as for us—'tis no concern of ours.
What signifies it if our neighbours choose
To mark their Chiefs with threes instead of twos?
Why should such fancy more our spirits vex
Than theirs our chalking ale-casks treble X?
But whatsoe'er the figure they prefer,
It scarce can be worth anybody's stir,
They 'll score it, as upon a slate, no doubt,
And by-and bye—will blow and rub it out!

A Flaw in the Title.

Briefless complains that there is bitter irony in the title of the new "Common Law Procedure" Act: for it is evident, he says, that there will be no procedure, or getting on, for the profession under it.

RAILWAY "POINTS."

VERY many of the accidents that are now daily occurring arise, we are told, from inattention to the "Points." We are not well versed in railway phraseology, and have but a misty notion of what the "Points" in question really are. But they have long been knotty ones to us, and we are therefore tempted to adopt the Gordian process, and summarily cut the problem that we cannot solve. On any given railway, then, we fearlessly will undertake to find,—

1. A "Point" of regulating the traffic almost entirely by the laws of eccentric motion: starting the trains complacently at any time—that stated in the time-bills alone systematically excepted.

2. A "Point" of proving that "delays are dangerous," by studiously detaining the (so-called) "regular" trains, until they are comfortably run into by irregular (and better paying) "excursions."

3. A "Point" of starting fast trains immediately upon the wheels of slow; so that a pleasant little excitement is sustained in both, and the chances of a collision are reduced pretty nearly to a dead certainty.

4. A "Point" of selecting for a "trial trip" that period of the day when the line is fullest; and of then dashing off without a minute's notice, and at what proves, generally, a killing pace.

5. A "Point" of penny-wisely "reducing the expenditure," by the popular expedient of amalgamating, in the person of one unhappy signal-man, the ubiquitous duties of a dozen other posts. (*N.B.* And when an accident *does* happen, of course it is found to have been caused simply by "neglect of duty," and nobody ever thinks of blaming the immaculate Directors for it.)

These, we are sure, are "Points" in every Railway Charter; and we fear there will be no end to the chapter of accidents so long as they are allowed to be so.

A VOICE OF SYMPATHY TO THE COLONEL.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—Conducted by my master, MR. WILLIAM BURN, under a burden of greens, up the Kensington Road, by Hyde Park, I saw—yes, I actually beheld—men ploughing on the site of the late Crystal Palace. Ay, my COLONEL, the Plough is passing over the place of it; this, you know, is the consummation of destruction. Soon, not a trace of the edifice will remain but the columns which mark where it stood—for the removal of which you can move in the House—and will perhaps be supported by a Protectionist Government.

"They have, I say, my COLONEL, ploughed up the ground whereon was the Crystal Palace; and they will sow it with grass: and by permission of MR. BURN and LORD JOHN MANNERS, I may perhaps go and graze there. Shall I go alone, my COLONEL? Answer your fraternal,

"EDWARD."

Justice to Shee.

MR. SERJEANT SHEE repudiates the doctrine of caloric evidently held by MR. LUCAS, and denies the theory of combustion as applied to heretics. SHEE is evidently a fair fighter in the Irish Brigade, and this fair SHEE shall be accordingly denominated the "Dashing White Serjeant" of that gallant corps.

A Train of Ideas.

IF GUY FAWKES had been alive at the present day, he would have been so disgusted with Parliamentary Trains, and trains of all kinds, as carried out by our railways, that he never would have trusted his life to one, though it had every promise of going off with the quickness of gunpowder, on the memorable Fifth of November.

RAILWAY SIGNALS.—Signal Extortion, Signal Neglect, and Signal Impudence.

A LEGAL LAMENT,

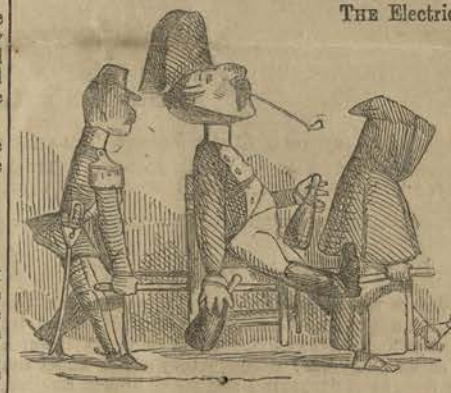
(FOR THE MORROW OF ALL SOULS).

By a Q.C. of long standing.

'TIS the first day of Term, and the Lawyers awaken;
Damp wigs have been aired, dusty gowns have been shaken;
The Briefs that have slept Long Vacation through
By refreshers' aid have been conned anew;
And from roof to wall of Westminster Hall
The echoes stir 'neath their cobweb pall;
And the barristers' clerks are all on the tout,
And blue-bagged attorneys are trotting about;
And counsel are clustering, and judges are mustering;
And clients are flustering, and ushers are blustering;
And Juniors with motions for front seats are hustling;
And Leaders in big wigs and silk are a-rustling;
Who would not be sucked down had better withdraw—
For agape again is the maw of the Law!

But under silk and bombazine what heavy hearts are there!
How many a wig, both bob and big, covers a load of care!
O'er great and small, since in that Hall we met for business last,
The Common Law Procedure Bill, like a simoom, hath past—
To clip the wings of bills of costs, to quicken law's delay,
Sweep off half-guinea motions, and cut rules to plead away;
Special Demurrers to destroy, and with a sweeping blow,
To massacre our ancient friends, JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE!
Oh! pleasant fictions of the Law, black-letter forms august—
What availed your sacred cobwebs—your venerable rust?
Your cunning knots shall bind no more; no more your quibbles rare
Shall show into how many parts pleaders can split a hair:
E'en in the shadow of the Bench, Justice shall heard Chicane,
And Form, in Form's old stronghold, shall 'gainst Merits plead in vain;
Till here, as in the County Courts, Law, in her own defence,
Shall sink from her high calling to the depths of Common Sense!

ELECTRICITY PERVERTED.



THE Electric Telegraph—communicating direct from Cornhill to the centre of Paris—was for the first time worked on the 1st instant. The experiments were complete: the dominated lightning did its errands with electric truth. But, why—we ask it—why send the lightning upon a shabby message, making of it for the time a sycophant to the arch traitor, LOUIS NAPOLEON; the man who has "restored society" by raining bullets upon French hearths? Here is the message: and the lightning—like the accusing angel—must have blushed its reddest as it gave it in:

"The Directors of the Submarine Telegraph Company beg leave to approach his Highness the PRINCE PRESIDENT with the expression of their best thanks for the assistance which he has uniformly given towards the establishment of this instantaneous means of communication between France and Great Britain. May this wonderful invention serve, *under the Empire*, to promote the peace and prosperity of the world!"

"Under the Empire!" Well, it is all right. "The directors of the Submarine Telegraph Company's" have acknowledged the Empire; so the President may fling away his cocked hat, and don his crown as soon as he lists. Following the example set by the Telegraph folks, English sausage-makers and manufacturers of British Champagne have also resolved to send in their adhesion to "the Empire."

And so JOHN BULL sends messages by lightning to the despot of France! Well, let us hope his double dealing may never compel us to follow the lightning of Cornhill with the thunder of three-deckers.

A Sail and a Sell.

IT is a very lamentable fact that whenever a Government screw steamer gets out to sea, there is almost always a screw loose. It cannot be said that the builders play the game of fast and loose, for however loose the screw, the steamer is generally anything but fast.

SCENE—A PUBLIC-HOUSE, BURY ST. EDMUND'S, AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE MAYOR OF BURY TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Country Footman meekly inquires of London Footman. "PRAY, SIR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR TOWN? A NICE PLACE, AIN'T IT?"

London Footman, condescendingly. "VELL, JOSEPH, I LIKES YOUR TOWN WELL ENOUGH. IT'S CLEAN; YOUR STREETS ARE HAIRY; AND YOU 'VE LOTS OF REWINS. BUT I DON'T LIKE YOUR CHAMPAGNE; IT'S ALL GEWSBERRY."

DERBY AND DIZZY AT ASTLEY'S.

HAVE any of our readers yet beheld the PRIME MINISTER and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in the arena at Astley's? If not, let them lose no time, but go and see the sight. These eminent statesmen act a wonderful feat called *La Perche;* although they appear under the assumed titles of the BROTHERS SIEGFRIED and speak broken English, as if they were Germans.

La Perche is an extraordinary exhibition; and perhaps it was never given to any two men save to DERBY and to DISRAELI to go through with it. Imagine DERBY holding perpendicularly a long tapering pole of some eighteen or twenty feet. This pole he supports in a loop of some sort in his waistband. The pole is a smooth pole without cut or notch. DISRAELI, chalking his shoes—(what would become of the Exchequer without the use of chalk?)—lays hold upon the pole, and by the adroit use of his hands and feet alone, climbs to the very top—DERBY staggering a little, it must be owned, under the weight. But yet this is nothing.

When DISRAELI has arrived at the top of the pole, what marvellous tricks he acts! He lies down, his stomach on the top of the pole, and whilst thus, goes round and round even as weathercock turns with the wind. He then, one hand holding the pole and the sole of one foot planted flat at the side of it, stands out from the pole.

Next DISRAELI makes himself like unto a snake, and turns round and round the pole; and great, indeed, is the applause that attends these sinuosities, that, of course, attract nearly all the attention to DISRAELI—poor DERBY, who has to bear the pole and with it to bear all the tricks of BENJAMIN, perspiring, all but unnoticed, under his load.

We advise everybody to witness the exhibition as soon as they may; for bets are offered that DISRAELI will not be able to keep it up many nights, and DERBY has been heard to declare his own condition to be very ticklish.

THE BAR AND ITS PROSPECTS.

WE understand that, acting upon suggestions thrown out from high legal quarters that local bars should be formed, it is contemplated by MR. BRIEFLESS to endeavour to restore the ancient Court of *pie poudre*, which is an old court for the settlement of disputes arising at a fair or public market. Clare Market has been spoken of as the spot on which the new experiment may be tried, and a meeting has already taken place—accidentally—between MR. BRIEFLESS and MR. DUNUP on the subject alluded to. The object of the learned gentlemen is supposed to be the formation of a regular bar at the spot in question. As there must be accommodation for robing, however small the attendance of counsel may be, it is expected that the proprietor of one of the largest wine-vaults will be requested to set apart a private portion of his bar, for the convenience of the bar attending the sittings, or rather the standings of the *pie poudre* Court.

Official Pumps.

THE mishaps on board the *Melbourne*, which was until recently a Government steamer, prove the manner in which the "public service" is provided for as far as ship-building is concerned. The leakage was so formidable at one time that the safety of the vessel was doubtful, and it was necessary to keep all the pumps at work. We beg leave to offer as a suggestion, that all Government ships should on their first voyage be compelled to carry a Lord of the Admiralty, as then—in the event of leakage—there will be at least one powerful Pump on board.

An Advertisement for the Waterloo Station.

11*th November*, 1852. THE Time-tables for October will be ready in a few days. Great exertions are being used to ensure the publication of the November Time-tables before Christmas.

EATING THE LEEK.

FLUELLEN . . MR. COBDEN. PISTOL . . MR. DISRAELI.

Fluellen. "I PRAY YOU FALL TO; IF YOU CAN MOCK A LEEK, YOU CAN EAT A LEEK."—*Hen. V.*

HYMEN V. PLUTUS;

OR, THE CURE FOR DEPOPULATION.

WHAT measures to take in consequence of the rapid and alarming decrease of our population, which is running all away to the Diggings, is, clearly, the great question now coming on. This the Ministers, it is to be feared, are not prepared to answer; doubtless they have been too much occupied in devising what to say for themselves in backing out of Protection, for that. Should they, eventually, come forward with any scheme for the maintenance of our native stock, it will probably consist in the imposition of a fixed duty upon foreign imports.

In the meanwhile, various independent members will be advancing, to meet the difficulty, plans of their own, more or less to the purpose: less, perhaps, rather than more. One will be for increasing the tobacco duty; another, the taxes on knowledge; another will propose a Sunday bill; another, that every chimney shall consume its own smoke; another, fancying himself a practical man, will suggest the entire prohibition of medical treatment.

Anything rather than the remedy which is straightforward and obvious—because that remedy would be a pleasant one: and your legislators will go any round-about way to avoid a plain and direct course that is also agreeable.

The obvious and straightforward remedy is the encouragement of matrimony. Statistics amply demonstrate the ratio between the number of births and that of marriages, which, indeed, forms the basis of the MALTHUSIAN theory, on the converse whereof you will now have to legislate.

Let there, then, be passed an Act of Parliament for the Promotion of Wedlock. Have it couched, if possible, in grammatical terms: in plain English; so that the single man who runs may read, and halt, and stay at home, and become the father of a happy family!

By the provisions of this enactment,

A double Income Tax shall be imposed upon all Bachelors of more than twenty-five years of age. Four years of discretion ought certainly to be allowed for such an important matter as the choice of a wife. Bachelors of above sixty shall not be allowed to evade this tax by marrying, as many of them would do who have remained single all their lives simply to shirk the expense of a wife. No Bachelor shall be suffered to defeat the intention of the Act by marrying a lady of more than thirty: if any so old a lady exists.

A bonus, out of the taxes levied under this Act, shall be paid to every widower who re-marries. It would be too much to require any man who has once been married to marry again, because he has, most probably, one of two opposite but equally good reasons for remaining single: and cannot be reasonably expected to take another wife, except for a pecuniary consideration.

Damages shall not be recoverable for "Breach of Promise," but the contract, without good cause shown to the contrary, shall be enforced under penalty of imprisonment for contempt; unless, indeed, defendant shall have become the bridegroom of another than plaintiff; in which case said damages shall be paid into court, and reserved as portion for plaintiff on her marriage: but in the event of her passing the above-mentioned age of thirty unmarried, shall be handed over to her next of female kin, marrying under that age.

Marriage Settlements shall be done away with; since there are numerous fine young men who would gladly marry any nice girl with lots of money—if they were only sure they could get at it.

All import and other duties, dues, and customs, shall be entirely remitted and taken off from all and sundry silks, satins, velvets, brocades, muslins, sarcenets, laces, ginghams, merinoes, furs, tippets, bonnets, shawls, French shoes and gloves, scents, perfumes, pomades, dentrifices, jewels, brooches, pearls, owches, precious stones, and trinkets: from these and every other whatsoever stuffs, apparel, cosmetics, ornaments, decorations, and all manner of things and matters serving and conducive to the beautifying, embellishment, and dulcification of the feminine person: with a view to the total and complete removal of the burdens on attractive industry tending to procure husbands.

Casinos and dancing academies shall be all prohibited, in order that young men, if they wish to dance, may be forced to go and dance in respectable society: where there is a probability of their being introduced to partners for life.

Baby-shows shall be instituted under the direction of the Home Office.

Caudle clubs shall be established throughout the country—subsidized by Government. N.B. Coffin ditto shall be put down.

Schools shall be provided to adorn young ladies who may be deficient in beauty with the charm of mind, the demand whereof, unsupplied, keeps more men single than may be generally supposed.

In the above sketch of a Matrimonial Encouragement Act, it has not been proposed to inflict any penalty for celibacy on ladies. Respect for the Rights of Women requires that they should always be allowed the freedom to refuse an offer: a liberty which it may confidently be hoped they will never abuse.

A TOMB FOR HOOD.

GIVE HOOD a tombstone;—'tis not much to give
To one who stirr'd so oft our smiles and tears;
But why a tomb to him whose lines will live,
His noblest monument, to after years?

To which I answer, that in times to come—
Times of more equal lots and gentler laws—
The workers may not seek, in vain, his tomb
Who pleaded, once, so movingly their cause.

If marble mark the soldier's, statesman's grave,
If monuments adorn his place of sleep
Whose hand struck off the fetters from the slave,
And his who sought out woe in dungeon's deep,

Did *he* not fight for Toil's sad sons and daughters?
Was not *his* voice loud for the worker's right?
Was *he* not potent to arrest the slaughters
Of Capital and Labour's desperate fight?

Oh! mothers, think of his melodious pity
Over the victim of the Bridge of Sighs—
Oh! Almoners of the o'er-crowded city,
Think of the shirt-maker's heart-piercing cries!

You, too, whose lighter hearts turned from such themes,
Who sought his page for smiles and not for tears,
Think of his wit, how pure and bright its gleams,
Mocking the sadness of his later years:

And say, if HOOD should moulder into dust
Without a stone to mark his place of rest—
Whose fiercest scorn ne'er sought a mark unjust,
Whose sharpest wit-shaft ne'er pained living breast?

HAMPTON COURT ON SUNDAYS.

MR. W. C. SELLE, Organist at Her Majesty's Chapel at Hampton Court, testifies, through the *Times*, that for "seven years" he has seen the Sunday visitors to the gardens; all of them "quiet and respectable;" moreover, he never remembers "seeing a drunken character."

MR. SELLE must be subject to ocular delusions. Has not a Reverend divine (who doubtless ought to know) declared "Hampton Gardens on Sundays a hell upon earth?"

There can be no doubt of it to pious folks who have their eyes. MR. SELLE, in his obliquity, may behold in the drivers of holiday vans mere mortal drivers; but *that* Reverend gentleman sees in them imps of Satan, with snakes for whips. And then the curtains to the vans; they may seem white linen—but they really are black sackcloth. Just as the sandwiches and bottled beer are, in fact, when swallowed, ashes "from the pit" and liquid fire "from the lake."

The Age of Miracles.

THE MADONNA has been communicating to two little peasant children a secret a-piece, upon condition that they are not to tell it to anybody. If these secrets are kept, we shall look upon it as the greatest miracle that has ever yet occurred in the Roman Catholic Church. As a miracle, it will beat the winking picture of Rimini blind.

THE DERBY PROPHECY.—The ground of LORD MAIDSTONE's prediction, that the Deluge would succeed LORD DERBY, may be found in the consideration that Protectionist notions are antediluvian.

A BANQUET OF CIVIC SHADES.

From the note-book of MR. DEPUTY WALTERS.

MY name's PETER WALTERS, I 'm one of the Salters, and a deputy, too, for the good ward of Cheap,
And I 've got such a story to set down before ye, as shall make all the flesh on your bodies to creep ;
For BOB BROWN of Budge Row, little ALDERMAN SNOW, and two or three more of our choice civic blades,
As we hadn't a feast at Guildhall, thought the least we could do would be snugly to dine at "The Shades."

So, at six we all met, and, as usual, sharp set, and I haven't the least hesitation in saying,
On the landlord's rich fare, with the best of 'em there, all the evening a good knife and fork I 'd been playing.
But no matter how clever, one can't eat for ever, so we let the cloth go, and the claret cup came,
And BOB BROWN says, says he, "Why this chalice to me looks better by far than the Mayor of that name!"

Well, in course we all laughed, as the tankard we quaffed, and I just closed my eyes as I do when amused,
But when next I looked up for a glimpse of that cup, by the change in the scene I was fairly confused.
In Guildhall quite forlorn I was sitting, for gone were my friends, every one, and had left in their places,
Knights, dames, and esquires, clerks, merchants, and priors, black, grey, and white friars, with quaint solemn faces,
In such garments arrayed, that I instantly said, as half pleased, half afraid, I looked round on them all,
"How blithe would be HYAM or MOSES to buy 'em, if they could as a spec' for the next Polish Ball."
Shoes with long peaky toes fastened up to the hose, or the breeches of those whom they threatened to lame ;
Caps, like turrets, so lofty—they had to be doffed, I could see, to the door as each proud wearer came ;

Little cloaks, with big sleeves—hauberks, gauntlets, and greaves—palmers' hats with broad eaves jutting out on each side ;
Ladies' hoods, with a horn the fair brow to adorn ; slashed doublets with ribands of all colours tied ;
Murrey gowns, and green frocks, stockings woven with clocks, *haut de chausses* richly worked and prodigiously wide ;
Robes—old as QUEEN GUINEVER—of ermine and miniver, on all sides met my gaze, while instead of BOB BROWN,
Was a little old chap, with a pen in his cap, and an inkhorn attached to the band of his gown.
"Servant, Sir! You must know," he observed, "I am STOW : your comrades, Sir, stuck to it while they were able,
So did you, I 've no doubt, for when STRYPE found you out, you were cuddled up—fast asleep—under the table :
Nay! don't look askance, by a fortunate chance, you have met with a man than whom none ever came

Near the sound of Bow Bell, better able to tell of all that pertains to the City's fair fame ;
See! there's WHITTINGTON there, at the top in the chair, and his lady, MISS ALICE FITZWARREN, our hostess is"—
"Good gracious!" I cried, as the real truth I spied, "It's a party of citizen ghostés and ghostesses!"
Never heeding my cries, then my neighbour replies, "Then there's PICARD, who with him the talk is pursuing so,
He once had at his feast four great monarchs at least, and *never required to be knighted for doing so.*
Then there 's KNOWLES, too, who willed all the money to build all this beautiful Guildhall, and left a whole corps

Of young KNOWLES' behind ;—on his tombstone we find it expressly declared that his loving wife bore
Nineteen children in fear. Does that last word seem queer? 'Twas in fear lest they ever should have any more.
PATIENCE WARD, too, in story yclept London's glory ; though he lived after me, I can tell you his shade is,
For the toils and the pains he endured in the reigns of JAMES, WILLIAM, and ANNE, much respected in Hades ;
And the cherubs forlorn, who his tomb still adorn in Abchurch, have very good reason, I trow,
With their 'kerchiefs of stone (all the garments they own) to wipe marble tears from their cheeks full of woe.

And with these do you dare men like yours to compare? Why, you've not got an alderman now who 's at all worth
Our FABIAN, the writer, or BRAMBER, the fighter, not to speak of the fishmonger, stout WILLIAM WALWORTH."
"Come, STOW, don't be prosy!" exclaimed a great rosy Lord Prior who, hitherto, scarcely had spoken,
"Of the 'House of the Trinity' in Aldgate, while in it, I was Prior, and alderman, too, of Portsoken;
A strange jumble, you 'll say, of preferment, but aye every priest in the race for power likes to be prizeman,
Change the age and the name, still the feeling's the same in NICHOLAS BREAKSPEAR or NICHOLAS WISEMAN."

Here the whole of the shaven monks near him looked grave in amazement at hearing the truth from their Prior,
And THOMAS A BECKET, determined to check it, turned round to a waiter, and bade him inquire
If COLET the dean in the Hall could be seen, as he thought that the system of sound flagellation
Which that worthy had tried in his school, if applied to the Prior, might cure him of recalcitration;
And CHAUCER called out, "Have we Lollards about? He wol springen som cockle now in our clene corne,
"Let him kepe to his hawking and feasting, for talking of truths in a Prior wol nat be yborne."

Then, "You mean, Sir, I hear," said a Mayor who sat near, "for this Hall to beg statues. They're very much needed;
I myself in my day had a taste in that way."—"Pooh! That's VINER," said STOW, "pray do better than he did,
For the group which he bought for the Stocks Market Court, and called CHARLES with old OLIVER making short work,
In a stoneyard he found, where 'twas known to all round, as JOHN SOBIESKI destroying a Turk."
Here STRYPE shouted "Come! STOW, for POPE, MILTON, DEFOE, CHAUCER, COLERIDGE, and LAMB, have got up a debate,
As to who shall sit first;—E'er it comes to the worst, pray hasten the proper precedence to state!"
Now I'd not said a word until now, but I heard with such shame that these fellows had cards for the dinners,
That I cried "Pray! what jobs have admitted such snobs? In the true civic arts you are surely beginners;

As reporters, perhaps, we might let in such chaps, but,"—I'd better have pondered awhile ere I spoke:
Such a shindy arose; MILTON's fist to my nose came at once, and DEFOE's my best spectacles broke;
While POPE stamped on my corn, CHAUCER flung a full horn of liquor all over my new satin vest,
(It was Port, and they say the stains won't come away), but COLERIDGE tormented me more than the rest,
For he seized on my ear, and compelled me to hear an oration so long, that I thought that my wife
Must be reading *her* lecture, and Faith! my conjecture didn't prove very wrong, for I woke, on my life,
Lying dressed on my bed, with *such* pains in my head, and a great streak of soup down my deputy's gown;
And my courage quite falters, for I know MRS. WALTERS has heard the whole truth from that horrid BOB BROWN.

What is Looming in the Future.

WE cannot tell what MR. DISRAELI's loom may be like, nor what kind of work he has been industriously weaving out of it, but we imagine that it will be something after the pattern of PENELOPE's loom, and that on the opening night he will proceed to take to pieces all his beautiful work of Protection, undoing all he had previously done in that way. After which he will busy himself, let us hope, in filling up the hollow framework with some rich design of Free Trade, such as shall make the mouths of all poor men water to look at it.

OLD PATCH.—The great naval architect who builds all the Ships for the Admiralty.

Abd-el Kader at the Madeleine.

ABD-EL-KADER has visited the Madeleine, where were exhibited many precious relics treasured by the priests, with which he was duly affected. One of the most precious was the broken oath of LOUIS NAPOLEON, in a phial of very good spirits. Among the relics were, also, the skull, with a deep sabre-cut in it, of *Liberté*—the blood-soaked blouse of *Egalité*—and the heart, with a musket-ball in it, of *Fraternité!*

A SUBJECT FOR SCRUTINY.

IT is a remarkable fact which has lately been recognised in the building of steam-vessels, that the power of more than a hundred horses may be centred in a single screw.

A PROTECTIONIST PALINODE

To be said or sung to the "Manes" of a Great Statesman,

BY THE MINISTERIAL LEADER IN THE COMMONS.

Forgive, wrong'd Shade, the temporary sneer;
Forgive the futile taunt, and gibe, and jest;
Forgive the wish—whilst thou didst linger here—
That will not now, I hope, disturb thy rest.

Alas! I own I had an eye to Place,
That hadst thou granted, 'twould have been all right:
And I should ne'er have suffered the disgrace
Of saying what I have to say to-night.

Thy policy was just, and good, and wise,
In that thou didst untax the Nation's food:
And it was only from a wish to rise,
That I thy noble statesmanship withstood.

For six long years an empty fight I've fought,
For all that time I've play'd a hollow game;
And now at last I've gained the prize I sought,
I must recant—or else resign the same.

Confiding Squires I cleverly have led
To realms of glowing moonshine, by the nose,
And trustful Farmers with my fine words fed—
Food I must eat myself, now, I suppose.

Yes; round upon my bumpkins I must turn,
The fury of their disappointment brave,
My explanations whilst, perhaps, they spurn,
And call me humbug, turncoat, rogue, and knave,

Rat, weathercock, apostate, and Jim Crow,
Judas, perchance—such epithets were thine—
Thou to thy geese couldst quietly say "Boh!"
But dare I answer so the hiss of mine?

For thou didst but thy country's good pursue,
'T was not thy aim alone at power to clutch,—
Had I, till now, such simple end in view?
I only wish that I could say as much!

Accept my late atonement, injured Shade,
All my hostility to thee was Sham:
Protection I renounce; confess Free Trade,
And grant that I have taught the farmers Bam!

A BENJAMIN WITH TWO SIDES.

We have seen advertised a new coat under the title of "an upper Benjamin with two sides." It professes to be a kind of coat to do double duty—or two coats rolled into one. It is smooth outside, and rough within. The smooth side is for the sun, for Regent Street, for the Park, for the race-course—all those places where "a fashionable exterior" (to quote the choice phraseology of the tailor) is requisite. The rough is for the rain, for outside the omnibus, for the Horticultural Fêtes, for Vauxhall, for a visit to Lancashire, or any other place where showers are most abundant. We do not know how far this economical combination may answer—or whether the sensation of turning your coat, after it has done raining, is an agreeable one to the skin, but we must say, we should not exactly like having a Pilot, that has just been weathering the storm, and consequently is dripping wet, hanging as close as a rheumatic band round our body. It might be recommended by the hydropathic Faculty, but as we are not so fond of walking about with wet clothes, like an animated clothes-horse, we should decidedly prefer having a separate coat for rainy weather, instead of a double coat like this Benjamin, which would, probably, double one up in a very short time with the rheumatism.

But we think we know a Benjamin that, also, has two sides. This Benjamin, too, will turn his coat at the shortest notice. When he is in he is smooth enough, but when he is out he is so rough that those who come in contact with him fall in for a goodly share of hard rubs. These two coats are extremely convenient, as the present ministry can testify, for what would they be without their Benjamin? One of the coats is Free Trade. That is only displayed in fine weather, when the sun in Downing Street is shining full upon Ministers. But directly things begin to look a little black, the coat is turned immediately, and they come out then with a bearish, roughish coat—a kind of wrap-rascal—which is their suit of Protection. In this way, they change their coat according to the weather, and are prepared at a moment's notice for any turn that may take place in the political atmosphere. At present, as everything looks fine and promising, the side of Free Trade with Ministers is uppermost, but we all know that Protection lurks underneath, and that they would not scruple in the least, if a good breeze came on which was likely to blow in their favour, to turn round to that side.

We may expect this coat to be in general use at the opening of Parliament, or at all events, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is sure to come out with it in great style, and to show off its two-fold uses to the greatest advantage. In fact, it is a matter of great doubt in our minds, if he is not the registered proprietor, inventor, and godfather of this Benjamin with Two Sides.

"MAIDSTONE *VERSUS* MACAULAY!"

So small a poet is Lord Maidstone, that he is scarcely visible to the naked eye: but the smallest of things may be the most irritable. Did not the learned, the philosophic Gassendus submit a very, very small insect—not acknowledged in polite life—to the test of a microscope? And then, irritating the aforesaid insect for the purposes of science, did he not behold the blood rush through and through its heart, that little speck dilating and contracting even as the heart of a giant? Now what Gassendus did to that helpless little creature, Mr. Macaulay has done to poet Maidstone: showing him up, by his so potent art, even as he is to the people of England. Maidstone, however, unlike the victim of Gassendus, and like Orson in the fairy tale, Maidstone is endowed with reason; and therefore he takes to himself a pen, and with it pricks away at the oratorical historian and M.P. for Edinburgh. Maidstone says—and no doubt Macaulay trembles—"In the meantime '*Gare a qui me touche!*'" or, in plain English, "Beware who touches me." This is a very awful warning, but then, Lord Maidstone must perceive that such warning may apply as well to weasels as to lions.

JUSTICE AT BATH.

In our last number but one, we felicitated Sir James Rivers, Bart., on the luck that brought him before a Bath Bench, charged with violent assaults, instead of finding himself in the presence of Mr. Hardwick. We, moreover, condemned the Bath magistracy for taking money of the Baronet, in lieu of packing him for awhile to gaol. It seems that the Metropolitan Act alone enables metropolitan magistrates to do this; county and city Magistrates elsewhere can only fine, and in default of payment, imprison. Thus, we would advise Sir James Rivers to ponder well ere he tempts the dangers of London. In the Metropolis, a "gentleman" given to assaults may find himself in the House of Correction with his hair cropped. But in the county of Somerset, there would be a difference even with Somerset. "Go to Bath and get your head shaved," does not apply to Baronets who damage railway servants and policemen.

A Bishop in a Gig!

Mr. S. G. Osborne wishes to have Gig-Bishops! Imagine a Bishop in a Gig! Why, it is morally, physically, arithmetically impossible. As well hope to compress ten thousand per annum into no more than fifteen hundred a year; the hundreds still containing the thousands. A Bishop in a Gig! Why, we shall next hear of a Welsh curate in a whole coat!

A LONG SITTING.

Sir Harry Inglis has calculated that, to the opening of the present Parliament, the Speaker has sat in his chair "no less than 13,000 hours!" Terrible to think that, after such long sittings, so very little has been hatched.

The Spirit of the Tablet.

In manifesting his approval of persecution as practised by the Tuscan tyrant, Mr. Lucas may be considered by his "ecclesiastical superiors" to have gone—for the present, at least—a little too far; and perhaps they will accordingly desire him to draw in his horns. But what will be the use of his drawing in his horns, now that everybody has seen his cloven foot?

CAPTIVITY OF ABD-EL-KADER.

AND will nobody rescue ABD-EL-KADER? Will not his old, chivalrous champion have pity on him, and release him from his present condition? He was, assuredly, in a sad plight in the Château d'Amboise; but surely he has been in a more pitiable fix at St. Cloud and the Tuileries. It was bad enough to be captive to the broken faith of old LOUIS PHILIPPE, gone to settle many accounts of that sort; but it is infinitely worse to the Emir, more degrading to him, to sing the praises and kiss the hand of the forsworn tyrant who at this hour tramples on the French nation; the nation, we grant, exhibiting no great reluctance to be so footed.

"May you live as long as the sun!" cries ABD-EL-KADER, in all the latitude of Eastern hyperbole. "I give you this sword," answers the tadpole Emperor, "and therefore I know you will never draw it against me; for did not the French give me their confidence, and did I misuse it?" "An oath is a solemn thing: it binds like bonds of steel!" cries the Emir, without a smile upon his face. "It is—it does," makes answer LOUIS NAPOLEON, who does *not* thrust his tongue in his cheek. And thus the poor Emir slavers the Emperor that is to be—and the Emperor rejoices in the operation. Again, we cry, will nobody release ABD-EL-KADER? What ho! A LONDONDERRY to the rescue!

THE EMPIRE OF BEADLEDOM.

THE release of BEN SIDI—commonly known as Seedy BEN—the Lascar crossing-sweeper, has raised in the breast of that Eastern scavenger a degree of gratitude towards the Beadle, which has something quite romantic in its character. Considering the determined enemy that Seedy BEN has always proved himself towards the Arcade and its Government, the devotion he now shows for the Beadle is quite remarkable. The Lascar has again dined with the Beadle, who, as Seedy BEN was about to retire, put into his hands a new broom. The Lascar was deeply affected, and hung round the gold lace of the Beadle's collar—in the Eastern fashion—for several minutes. "I give you this broom," said the Beadle, "because I know you will never use it to sweep a passage for the enemies of the Arcade." Seedy BEN appeared very anxious to make the Beadle understand that a Lascar's word is as good as his bond—in black and white—and he pointed alternately to his raven hair and his snowy petticoat. Kissing the broom, he declared that he would never make it a handle for hostility to the Beadle, "and," added Seedy BEN, "rather than I would sweep a passage for your enemies, I would go and scour the wide world alone." The Lascar has visited the Opera Arcade, where he was accommodated with a seat in the private box—the well known watchbox about halfway down, and nearly opposite the hairdresser's. This had the happiest effect.

The presents given by the Beadle on the occasion of his visit to the Temple of Apollo were very numerous. To MISS REBECCA, who recited "*Le Beadledom c'est le* PAY," he presented his autograph on a blank bill-stamp. To SIGNOR JOHNSONINI, the celebrated Gutta Percha contortionist, he gave a handsome bowl—formerly belonging to a tobacco pipe in the possession of his uncle, BUMBLE I. The bowl was filled for the occasion with a costly liqueur, in which SIGNOR JOHNSONINI drank the health of the Beadle, while an attendant whistled the popular melody of "*Drown it in the bowl.*" To SOAKEY STEVENS, the well-known comic singer of the Temple of Apollo, the Beadle gave—his hand, in a most condescending manner. The artist shook it with much cordiality. The effect was excellent.

A Ticklish Point.

"FRIEND PUNCH,—There is one point which is peculiarly calculated to 'wound the just susceptibilities of a foreign nation,' particularly in the event of its making a descent on our shores. I mean the point of the British bayonet. Had we not better give up that point, and receive any enemies who may come to invade us with no other weapons than open arms? What sayest thou hereon to "NEDDY GRILL?"

HONOURED BY THE ADMIRALTY.

WE take the following gratifying intelligence from the *Herald*. It will be read with a spasm of pleasure throughout the merchant service:

"MR. PENNY, late commander of the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, has been honoured by the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND *with an interview*, and has received *a gratifying acknowledgment* of his own services and of those under his command from the present Board of Admiralty."

MR. PENNY being only Merchant-captain PENNY, having no epaulets upon his shoulders, but simply brains schooled by long experience in his head, was treated with the most contemptuous neglect, all his counsel disregarded—which was afterwards proved to be so wise and true—by the officers of "the service." CAPTAIN AUSTIN returns home, having done nothing except "pooh-pooh" the merchant skipper, and is thereupon appointed to a most lucrative post at Southampton. At length, however, the skipper is rewarded. Yes; he is dignified for life "with an interview" of the First Lord of the Admiralty; and receives "a gratifying acknowledgment of his services!" By what means, may we ask, comes the acknowledgment? By cold word of mouth, or has skipper PENNY anything tangible to show for it?

Old Gentleman. "I WANT SOME SHAVING SOAP, MY GOOD LAD."

Boy. "YES, SIR. HERE'S A HARTICLE I CAN RECOMMEND, FOR I ALWAYS USE IT MYSELF!"

TRACTARIAN DISCIPLINE OF THE TONGUE.

AT the late anti-Puseyite meeting at the Freemason's Tavern, the REV. CANON STOWELL is reported to have said

"Such a man as MR. PRYNNE, who would compel a young lady to kneel before him and lick the sign of the cross, on the sand-besprinkled floor, ought to be hooted out of the Church."

Whether MR. PRYNNE was guilty of the act imputed to him or not, the fellow, whoever he might be, that could do so filthy a thing as to make a lady lick the floor, would certainly deserve to be rewarded with an extremely good licking himself.

Q. How much does the Cup of Glory hold?

A. It varies. With the Chartist, it holds six *pints*; with LOUIS NAPOLEON, an Imperial measure.

PRIZE ESSAY BY AN EXTENSIVE PEACE-MAKER.

E ought to regard all mankind as our customers, and accordingly should be polite to everybody, even to our enemies, and prepare to give them, in case they should invade us, a civil reception, instead of a military one.

If an armed force were to attack us, our right course would be to disarm them by submission, and then we should perhaps be enabled to buy their arms at a bargain, and, having bought the weapons for less than their worth, go and sell them for more to the Kaffirs.

War is only theft on the large scale. Thieves are but invaders of society. We have no more right to repel an invasion of our tills than a descent upon our shores. Therefore we should not only disband our Militia but our Police. It would be advisable to post placards, reminding young men disposed to enter the constabulary of the maims and bruises to which policemen are liable in the execution of their duty, and pointing out to them that a CANNON'S fist and heels may be as formidable as the cannon's mouth. The colds, coughs, and rheumatisms, to which a policeman is exposed on his beat should also be adverted to: and every possible argument urged tending to deter men from undertaking the defence of our strong-boxes and spoons, articles which are not very much more valuable than our wives and daughters. The blue cloth is as objectionable as the red, and we ought all to be clothed in one uniform of drab.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN EARTHQUAKE.

THERE has been lately some agitation in the North, which everybody seems to admit was an earthquake. It may have been something of the sort, but we cannot help being struck by the mildness and variety of the indications which have been accepted as proofs of the occurrence of an earthquake. The *Times* says "Our correspondent, who resides at Jericho, was awakened by a peculiar trembling sensation. All his joints appeared to be loosened." We were not aware that our contemporary ever sent any of its correspondents to Jericho, and, though we have heard occasionally of "the Times being out of joint," we never heard of the *Times* newspaper, or any of its correspondents being in that predicament. "At Seacombe a gentleman was so much shaken while asleep," that, on awaking, he didn't know what to make of it. Perhaps the gentleman had overslept himself, and the shaking was administered to wake him up. He, however, prefers to take an earthquakerly view of the matter.

MR. DONALDSON, of Gloucester Place, Edge Hill, says, with reference to a noise, "At first I thought it was occasioned by the cat." On second thoughts, not exactly seeing how the cat jumped, he jumped, himself, to the conclusion that it was an earthquake.

MR. BEAUCHAMP, of Bootle, finds his clock stopped, and sends up the fact as evidence of an earthquake.

A gentleman at Toxteth Park wakes "quite bewildered." He looks at his watch, and finding that it is half-past 4, he supplies further evidence of an earthquake.

Another gentleman in Toxteth Park finds his bed swinging like a cradle, and "some people next door jumped out of bed"—a piece of neighbourly sympathy there is some difficulty in accounting for. Nevertheless, it all goes to prove an earthquake.

MR. CHADBURN "heard a noise as if a heavy person was walking across the room. He raised himself in bed at once," and wrote to the papers to confirm the rumour of an earthquake.

MR. WOOD seems to have been in a most absurd state of mind. The wooden rings on his bed rattled. His first impression was that "a boy, who slept overhead, had fallen out of bed." But his next impression was that there had been an earthquake.

CAPTAIN GREIG, head constable, "heard his earthenware shaken about and rattled. He got up, fancying some one had broken into the house, called up the man on duty at the station, and examined the roof of the building to see that no person was there." Finding there was no person there, he went to bed again with the comfortable conviction that it was only an earthquake.

The reasoning faculties of those who felt the shock seem to have been rather oddly affected, for the logic displayed on the occasion is of the very lowest order. For instance: "A manufacturer, feeling his bed shake, came to the conclusion that a servant in a room above had been seized with a fit." Why he should have drawn such an inference is not very clear to us, but, finding himself mistaken, he admitted his error, and pronounced the affair to have been a case of earthquake. Even the dogs are dragged in as witnesses, and the fact that some dogs trembled is cited as a proof of this mild earthquake, which seems to have announced itself by shaking curtains, imitating the sound of a jumping cat, swinging beds, stopping a watch, intimidating a few dogs, and loosening the limbs of an unfortunate correspondent who had been already sent to Jericho.

A COUNTRYMAN AT CAMBRIDGE.

I WENT unto Cambridge my nevvy to see,
A studying at College to take his degree;
And in that endeavour I'm sure he won't fail,
Because they do drink such remarkable ale.

They brew a good liquor at Burton-on-Trent,
Wherewith I at one time was fully content;
But, seeing the tap which in Cambridge I find,
There 's nothing inferior will equal my mind.

Your bitter ale 's very good physic and bark,
Not to name a French chemist's unguarded remark,
But chemist nor druggist such stuff can't compound
As the beer which in Cambridge doth greatly abound.

For WHITBREAD'S Entire they who like it may go,
And some may prefer BARCLAY, PERKINS, and Co.;
Let each man to hold his opinions be free,
The Cambridge particular 's the tipple for me.

I've nothing to say 'gainst your foreign French wine
At two francs a bottle—'t is all very fine;
But where in all France is there drink to be got
Like our own native beverage at eightpence a pot?

I'm glad that my nevvy to Cambridge has gone,
A lad in his learning is safe to get on,
When he to preceptors and tutors is near
Who show such a great understanding in beer.

The only Female Reign of France.

THE female descendants of LOUIS NAPOLEON are to be excluded from succession to his Imperial crown. This arrangement indicates a prejudice against petticoat government, which is not wholly groundless; for, though we talk of the golden reign of QUEEN ANNE, the French have not had so much reason to boast of *their* Anarchy.

"Here are your Fine Old Prejudices!"

IT is very singular the small number of foreigners, Frenchmen especially, that are met with at the Diggings. OLD VULGAR PREJUDICE, upon being asked the reason why, replied, "Oh! foreigners like the Gold well enough but it's the process which follows that they cannot bring themselves to—viz., the Washing."

LIGHTLY TAXED.

THE French Committee, in the report on the Constitution, observe that their country is "taxed with frivolity." France will be fortunate if the Empire shall involve no heavier taxation.

A Heavy Churchman.

IT is an unfortunate thing for the Crystal Palace Company, that the Sabbatarian crusade against them is headed by ARCHDEACON HALE. They will find the venerable gentleman a weighty opponent, loaded as he is with responsibilities in the shape of preferments.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

THIS national establishment re-opened for the season on Thursday night with the comedy of *Know Your Own Mind*, and a little original after-piece called *Quite Disgusted; or, Sibby's Sibillations*. The house was well filled, despite the unfavourable weather.

An address was previously delivered, which had been written by MR. DIZZY, one of the managers. Its success was decidedly owing to the admirable manner in which it was spoken. It was impossible not to regret that the exquisite skill and grace with which it was given should have been bestowed upon a composition every way unworthy of such advantages, and it is really from a feeling of respect to the illustrious artist who spoke this address, that we abstain from coupling the speech with a name justly endeared to the public. As soon as the ear had ceased to be gratified with the finished delivery of the address, and the eye began to criticise it in print (copies were to be had in the house), it was impossible not to see that it was a shallow and futile affair, in which periods, and not ideas, were balanced, and in which information was sought for in vain. We also regret to add that the house was badly lighted, and that when the lights were turned on, the glasses cracked and flew in all directions. The slamming of the box doors, also, even during the address, was highly disgraceful even to the proverbially negligent servants at this theatre.

The comedy commenced at the unusually early hour of five o'clock, but was not over until past nine. We decidedly recommend MESSRS. DERBY and DIZZY to cut it. The first part of the piece was spoken by two young actors, new to London boards. One of them, MR. LOVAINE, comes from the Northumberland theatre, where he recently superseded an old and valuable artist, MR. G. GREY, to the dissatisfaction of all who know what acting properly means. The other, MR. EGERTON, is unknown, but appears to have talent. The showy uniforms worn by both were very inappropriate. These actors produced a tolerable effect in the scene where, both being supposed to advocate the same cause, they flatly contradicted each other. The prompter seemed wanting to his duty in this part of the performance. The veteran VILLIERS was good as ever as *Marplot*, and elicited loud applause when he denounced the humbug of *Vivian Grey*; and he displayed a certain resolution which delighted the audience. MR. WALPOLE went through the heavy part of *Wheedle* with conscientiousness, but clearly does not understand a joke. We were sorry to see MR. J. RUSSELL underact the important character of *Plucky*, in which he used to be excellent—the scene where he might have done so much, when walking into the cabinet, was very tame, and though he rather warmed up for the fog joke, his point was mist. MR. DIZZY of course played *Vivian Grey*, but it was rumoured in the house that he had not expected to perform that evening, and we would not, therefore, be hard on his shortcomings; the bit where he taunts *Plucky* with his inconsistency was given with the old spirit, but he seemed obliged to keep close to the flats, and was by no means at ease. MR. GLADSTONE, as the well-meaning *Hairsplit*, was polished as ever, and the pleasantries of *Young Tomahawk* lost none of their point in the hands of MR. OSBORNE. MR. CHRISTOPHER was very good as the bewildered clod-hopper, and his penitence, and "bowing," in order to keep his place, were deliciously true to nature. COBDEN, in the Cotton Farmer, played closely and tellingly, and his concluding menace was very effective. A new actor, named BALL, has the manner of a Methodist preacher, which, however, suited well with the part of *Croak*, but he was too tedious over his papers, beside blundering the real point about his corn, which *Croak* foolishly fancies *Marplot* has trodden on, whereas it is his own clumsiness that hurts him. BALL did not see this, we think. We must add that the tag was capitally spoken by MR. PALMERSTON, who was loudly applauded for the capital humour with which he acknowledged the perfect frankness of *Vivian* and *Wheedle*, but gently intimated that he *should* like to know what they meant. The fault of the play is the deficiency of female interest, but the old women were well personated by those stock artists, NEWDEGATE and ADDERLEY. Their terror at the supposed goblin, *Cheaploaf*, was very amile and natural.

The after-piece, *Quite Disgusted*, was a mere monologue by MR. SIBTHORP, and, we believe, his own composition. It was delivered with much earnestness and intensity, and for those who like broad buffoonery, will doubtless have its attraction, but we should suggest its taking its natural place in the Christmas pantomime, as it evidently belongs either to Clown or Pantaloon, or both. Several hands were raised during its progress, but it did not seem to strike the gallery.

The next novelty will be a farce, called *The Budget*, to be followed, as early as possible, by a *pièce de circonstance*, entitled *The Suck*, in which MR. DIZZY is said to have a fine *exit*. It also contains a monster chorus of revolting agriculturists, called "*Why did our Master sell us?*" A startling novelty, *Cupid in Downing Street*, has also been under consideration, but is not yet underlined.

SIBTHORP IMMUTABLE!

CAN we express our satisfaction on the part of our country and ourselves, at again meeting with COLONEL SIBTHORP unchanged and unchangeable as the Great Pyramid? DERBY may quail, DISRAELI adroitly succumb; but SIBTHORP "declares that in heart and soul he is a Protectionist!" Indeed we should mourn for human mutability could our Colonel change: let other weaker men yield to reason and to common sense—but let our Colonel live and die invulnerable to their influence; closed, shut up in Protection, as a crocodile is shut up in its scales. Touching the "Speech" the Colonel said—"He must express his feelings of disappointment—he had almost said, of disgust!" This is as it should be. May we never know a session of Parliament so barren in human emotions that a SIBTHORP does not enjoy feelings of disappointment; with "almost" an inability to express his disgust.

DESIGN FOR A STATUE TO BE ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN HYDE PARK.

PRETTY WORDS FROM PRETTY LIPS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has given lots of jewels to the singers and dancers: presents that have been most sweetly, most truthfully acknowledged.

TO MADAME TEDESCO.—A bracelet of green enamel and diamond; value 3000f. (MADAME T. curtsied and cried—"The Emperor's a duck!")

TO MLLE. LA GRUA.—A brooch of violets and diamonds. (MLLE. LA GRUA. "The Emperor's a love!")

TO MLLE. DUEY.—Bracelet of green enamel and brilliants. (MLLE. DUEY. "The Emperor's a cherub!")

TO MLLE. CERITO.—A brooch, value 5000f. (MLLE. CERITO. "The Emperor's a seraph!")

TO MLLE. PLUNKETT.—A brooch of brilliants, 5000f. (MLLE. PLUNKETT. "The Emperor's an angel!")

TO MLLE. PRIORA.—Sapphire and brilliants, in brooch, 5000f. (MLLE. PRIORA. "The Emperor's a god!"

Ministerial Policy.

DESPITE of the Speech, Ministers are resolved—at any cost—upon Protection. Namely, the protection of their places. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has confidentially declared his readiness, at the proper time, to die—upon the Treasury Bench!

Genteel Pluralist. "WHAT THE PEOPLE CAN WANT WITH A CRYSTAL PALACE ON SUNDAYS, I CAN'T THINK! SURELY THEY OUGHT TO BE CONTENTED WITH THEIR CHURCH, AND THEIR HOME AFTERWARDS!"

RENDERING UP THE SWORD.

1.

He renders up the sword he held so long,
And used so well for Britain: never blade
Was freer from all tarnishing of wrong
Than England's, while his firm hand it obeyed.

2.

Old legends tell of ARTHUR's mystic sword
Excalibar—that never did forsake
His side, till, when death-wounded lay its lord,
A weird hand clutched it, rising from the lake.

3.

The old ARTHUR slumbers in the enchanted land,
The Lady of the Lake tending his sleep—
'Twas the old faith, when Britain craved his hand,
That up to life, all harnéssed, he would leap,

4.

And, baring bright Excalibar once more,
Sweep, with his shadowy knights, from sea to sea,
Until, along the length of Britain's shore,
No foothold for an enemy should be.

5.

Then back to Enchanted rest, he and his knights
Would vanish, till a new occasion came
Rousing them from their charméd sleep's delights,
To guard or free the land they loved from shame.

6.

So sleeps our later ARTHUR: his life's coil
Is shuffled off—upon his bier we lay
Trophies and tears, ere to the worms a spoil
We render up his vesture of decay.

7.

The dim lights burn about his gorgeous bier,
Sparkling in jewelled star and pendent cross;
'Scutcheons and leading staffs and blazon near,
Tell to the world his honours and our loss.

8.

The highest and the humblest of the land
Are waiting to attend him to the tomb—
The mourners go about the streets, or stand
Sadly, as under sense of common doom.

9.

Our ARTHUR sleeps—our ARTHUR is not dead.
Excalibar shall yet leap from the sheath,
Should e'er invading foot this England tread—
Upstirring, then, his marble tomb beneath,

10.

Our WELLINGTON's undying fire shall burn
Through all our veins—until the foemen say,
"Behold, their ARTHUR doth to life return!"
And awe-struck from the onset shrink away.

THE DUKE'S BEQUEST.—FOR THE MOST WORTHY!

NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

THERE 'S NO SUCH WORD AS IMPOSSIBLE.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT was fond of declaring that there was no such word in the French dictionary as "Impossible." We think it is high time, however, that, supposing the word never did exist in those select pages, it should now be inserted. Our reason for advocating the insertion is this. Supposing any Frenchman had been told, four years ago, that LOUIS NAPOLEON would be President of France, he would have shrugged his shoulders, and have cried "IMPOSSIBLE!" Supposing, two years ago, the same authority had been informed that LOUIS NAPOLEON would dissolve the Chambers, have an African *razzia* on the Boulevards, and instal himself Autocrat *de tous les Français*, he would have put his hand upon his sword, and have exclaimed indignantly "IMPOSSIBLE!" And supposing, again, that same Frenchman had been told, whilst his countrymen were being shot on the Champ-de-Mars worse than pigeons at the Red House, that that same LOUIS NAPOLEON would, before a year is over, be Emperor of France, he would have shouted, with patriotic indignation, "IMPOSSIBLE!"

But all the above events have taken place, and are thought no more of than a monkey-race at the Hippodrome. We think, therefore, with the above testimonials in its favour, the word has a perfect right to be received once more into the bosom of the French Dictionary. This note might be appended to it:—

"*N.B.* Cet adjectif, si peu flatteur au génie Français, fut rayé du Dictionnaire Français par NAPOLEON LE GRAND, et restauré avec tous les honneurs par son Neveu, NAPOLEON LE PETIT."—*Vide Passim.*

Curiously enough, the word would come in most significantly between "*Imposition*" and "*Imposteur.*" It would feel itself, therefore, quite at home—just as comfortable as if it were at the *Elysée*.

LIGHT IN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has published the form of an address from Englishwomen to the women of America on the subject of slavery. MRS. BEECHER STOWE's spirit is triumphant in this movement. His lordship well says "In the days in which we live more is to be permanently effected by public opinion, and by appeals to the great sympathies of mankind, than by force or by statute laws." There can be no doubt of it: and whereas the fetters of the slave have been made the heavier, and rivetted the faster by the statutes of the men of the American Congress, so let them be lightened and finally cast aside for ever by American women—the legislators of the American fireside.

The Reign of the Empire,—How Begotten.

M. TROPLONG—in his *trop-long* document touching the Empire, says, "This reign, gentlemen, will not be cradled in the midst of arms, and in the camp of insurgent Prætorian guards." Certainly not; history will chronicle quite another origin. Reviewing the military *fêtes* at Versailles, history will say—"The reign of NAPOLEON III. was cradled in a sausage, and was baptised with champagne." How it will end prophecy deposeth not. It may, like sausage-meat, tumble into smallest pieces—and, like champagne, go off in pop and fluster.

Who 's your Friend!

A BENEVOLENT gentleman named FRY has been writing to the *Times*, stigmatising as "burglars" the new Militia-men. This charitable view of the subject having been criticised by our contemporary, the benevolent gentleman named FRY wrote another letter, in which he attempted to explain; but a sad hash was made of it by FRY, who may be said to have got out of the frying-pan into the fire. We should recommend such very small FRY to avoid publicity in future.

THE CLERICAL JACKANAPES.—A Puseyite priest is sometimes contemptuously termed a monk, but, ape of Popery as he is, he may more justly be called a monkey.

LETTERS OF THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

PARACELSUS THE ALCHEMIST TO DISRAELI THE FINANCIER.

ILLUSTRIOUS Wizard! whose magical skill
Can transmute the base dross of Protection at will
To the gold of Free Trade, and whose potent command
Ranges farmers and squires in one orderly band,
With a force 'gainst which ORPHEUS himself had been weak,
For he taught stocks to dance, and you teach them to speak:
Attend, O beloved one! and know that thy spirit
In a right line its genius from mine doth inherit;
For the mind that deluded half Europe in me,
Through a long line of sages hath passed down to thee.
In PYTHAGORAS first it endeavour'd to teach
All the dangers that flow from too fluent a speech;
And in you it still makes us aware of that fact
By the number of speeches you've had to retract.
Next, in PYRRHO, it taught that all things are the same,
And that nought is deserving of praise or of blame;
And that dictum in you seems its fancy to strike,
For your changes proclaim you think all sides alike.
APULEIUS from PYRRHO our spirit received,
And by him its fine feelings were terribly grieved,
For, whilst aiming at magical power, alas!
He was changed for a time to the form of an ass;
And our spirit with sorrow remembered that story
When the Liberal DIZZY was changed to a Tory.
Next in me, for a season, our spirit appeared,
And, as HERMES THE MIGHTY—by Europe revered—
Persuaded my dupes I'd been really so clever
As to find out the secret of living for ever.
Of course as each hour they saw me live longer,
Though my body grew weaker their faith grew the stronger,
And they scarcely believed that my spirit had fled,
When they found me, one morning, stone dead in my bed.
And 't is there, my DISRAELI, in you that I trace
All the tact that has ever distinguished our race,
You see, as I saw, that in dealing with man,
We must promise as much, and as oft as we can;
Promise vaguely, and wildly, and grandly, but still
Promise on, leaving Fortune our words to fulfil:
For the harder to keep any promise may seem, it
Is certain the more people think you 'll redeem it;
As a man, if you promise a poor five per cent.
For his capital, cautiously gives his consent,
But if told that in two months you 'll double his gains,
Buys the scrip without thought, and is gulled for his pains.
Full often, I guess, when your fine spirit racks
Its wits in preparing a budget or tax,
It recalls, in a half-gay, half-sorrowful tone,
The days when it sought the philosopher's stone,
And surveys all the sources whence income may flow,
As it once did its crucibles ranged in a row.
Then, perchance, it remembers the trick which it played
When a Burgher of Lubeck your victim was made,
Who, whilst giving your furnace his closest inspection,
As you 'd told him to wait for the hour of projection,
Chanced to let his gold sleeve-button fall in the pot
At the time when the lead and the pewter were hot;
Whilst you, who, ere he did, detected his loss,
With your melting fork plunged it deep down in the dross—
Fished it out on the point—to its owner displayed it—
And exultingly cried, "It is Gold, and I've made it!"
It can scarcely be needful for me to explain
Such a trick you may possibly practise again.
If you look in the Downing Street desks, you will find
That the Whigs left a good many measures behind;
Which, if doctored with care, rather better will do
For the people, than aught manufactured by you.
And if RUSSELL or HUME should indignantly cry
"You have stolen my measure!" be sure to reply
As you did to the Burgher, "My friend, it may be
That you had such a button as this which you see,
But this button is mine, and its likeness to yours
My skill in the making of buttons assures."
Just persuade them of this, and old FORMAN or DEE,
KENELM DIGBY, and LILLY, shall all yield to thee,
And ALBERTUS the Great, by his Brazen Head known,
Shall confess it is greatly surpassed by your own.

NEWS FOR THE DOGS.—Protection's gone!!!

WELL INTENDED, NO DOUBT.

Quaker to British Lion. "THERE, FRIEND! NOW LET ME PUT AWAY THOSE DANGEROUS VANITIES!"

AN INVITATION TO THE PROUD INVADER.

THAT dove of peace, EDMUND FRY, coos from 35, Broad Street Buildings, very denouncingly of the Militia-men. In other places the force has made itself especially popular; and the good manners and sobriety of the men have been emphatically acknowledged. Nevertheless, the militia are hateful in the eyes of FRY, who glares at a red coat like any bull. Moreover he has discovered that, as one militiaman has been tried for burglary, a yearning for felony must, consequently, pervade the whole force. This is not liberal of FRY, so tolerant of the intentions of foreigners; and so hard-judging of his own countrymen. Indeed, his tolerance may be considered as something extraordinary. It is a fact known to his friends that, should the French invade us, FRY is prepared to carry out his principles of non-resistance, by going to bed—even with the French army in London—with his door on the latch. As a further illustration of his confiding spirit, let us suggest that he should write on his door-post—"Rubbish shot here."

CRITICAL MOMENTS.

THE newspaper musical criticisms are by no means so remarkable for "learning" as they used to be, and, though the change is certainly for the better in some respects, we must nevertheless admit that the absence of the obscurity which used to prevail is likely to be felt by those who think that mystery and unintelligibility are sources of critical sublimity. We are afraid we have rather disheartened the more recondite gentlemen of the press by our own displays of "learning" in musical matters, and since we have shown our scholarship in criticising the performances of the promenade (street) concerts, we have missed, in the criticisms on JULLIEN'S concerts, that profundity which used to admit of our tumbling out of our depth into flats and sharps of the most acute point and counterpoint.

THE CHAMBERLAIN AND THE CLOWNS.

THE gentlemen engaged at the various theatres to perform the arduous and very responsible part of *Clown* in the forthcoming Christmas pantomimes had an audience last week of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. The event has hitherto not been noticed in the *Court Circular*, for which, probably, his lordship has his own reasons. *Mr. Punch*, however, has been favoured with what he believes to be a punctiliously correct account of the interview.

His lordship received the *Clowns* very graciously; jocosely remarking that he considered them the embodied "gaiety of nations." He was old enough to remember, when a child, *Hot Codlins* as sung by the immortal GRIMALDI; whose *Tippitywitchet* (by the bye, WALPOLE gave it capitally, sneezes and all, at the last whitebait dinner) would "never from his mind." With this, his lordship waved the deputation to seats. Being seated, one of the *Clowns*, with true holiday unction cried "Here we are!" A shout of laughter followed, in which his lordship joined.

His lordship then observed that he had given them the required audience that—as they had appealed to him against certain erasures in the Christmas pantomimes—they might talk the matter over. His lordship would begin with the pantomime of the Adelphi.

Adelphi Clown. Well, the fact is, my lord, you've cut me out of all my fat—all my fat. Look here, your lordship. This scene where I rob a sausage-maker's, and with the sausage—

Lord Chamberlain. I must say, once and for all, we cannot allow the introduction of sausages. The EMPEROR OF FRA—that is, the PRINCE PRESIDENT—of whom we continue to receive the most friendly assurances, might mis-interpret sausages. Just now, sausages are full of politics as pig's-meat. Positively, no sausages. Pass to the next.

Olympic Clown. Here's my scene, my lord. My scene with the telescope, where I'm to look into the moon and—

Lord Chamberlain. Inadmissible, sir: inadmissible. The meaning is not to be mistaken. Telescope—moon—"looming in the future." Out it goes. The next?

Sadler's Wells Clown. Your lordship, if I'm cut out of my scene with the chaney-shop, I may as well throw up the part. Without it, 't won't be worth so much dog's-meat.

Lord Chamberlain. What scene is that?

Sadler's Wells Clown. Why, my lord, the scene where the bull runs on chasing the old woman in a red cloak, and pitching her into a chaney-shop, where—

Lord Chamberlain. If there can be anything more offensive than another, it is that scene. The bull, JOHN BULL—old woman in red cloak, DOCTOR WISEMAN. Now, my good man, don't attempt to explain. Such is the meaning of that scene; and we cannot have the noble, the exalting uses of the British Theatre perverted into engines of political warfare. The next, if you please?

Standard Clown. Well, my lord, this I must ax. Why am I to be cut out of my minivet with the bear—

Lord Chamberlain. In deference to Russia. Silence. Go on.

Surrey Clown. And why ain't I to pitch the broom-girl into the brewer's wat—

Lord Chamberlain. Because Austria might feel the allusion and withdraw her ambassador.

Finally, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN refused to re-consider his opinions; and the deputation broke up, the *Clowns* protesting that if they were thus restricted in their profession, they would have nothing for it but to leave HER MAJESTY'S Ministers to get up and play in the pantomimes themselves.

AMARUM ALIQUID.

THE late LORD MAYOR (HUNTER), in resigning the Civic mace, expressed his delight that it would descend on the head of a gentleman (CHALLIS) so admirably qualified to receive it. We really think the Civic dignitaries should be a little more particular in what they say about each other, for, if we were ill-naturedly disposed, we might ask why the head of the new LORD MAYOR is so especially fitted for the descent of a huge mace upon it, and whether there is a peculiar thickness in the heads of the City which enables them to come into contact with ponderous instruments, and be none the worse for the collision? The late LORD MAYOR congratulated himself also on giving up the insignia without a stain; from which we infer that the gold trappings of the Mayoralty were subjected to a severe leathering, and a vigorous polishing of the plate-brush, before they were transferred from the neck of the late to the shoulders of the new potentate.

A National Affront.

THE proposition to make LOUIS NAPOLEON Emperor of the French is to be addressed to the people by what they call a *Senatûs Consultum*, but which we consider will not so much consult 'em as insult 'em.

THE FIRST LIGHT CHARIOT.—The Chariot of the Sun.

SMALL-POX AND FREE-TRADE SHEEP.

Mr. E. Ball, M.P. for Cambridgeshire, in his enumeration of the many pestilent evils of Free-Trade, has made it known to the world that the first Free-Trade sheep imported into England brought with them a new supply of small-pox! Mr. E. Ball is a kind, humane legislator; it has been his pride to "constantly maintain the necessity of upholding the aristocracy of this kingdom," and he has, moreover, "always avoided everything offensive and unkind towards the Church of England." He would not, for instance, rumple any single band of any of the many heads of the pluralist Archdeacon Hale, the man of anti-crystal. Mr. E. Ball, in addition to his benevolence, further champions the health and beauty of the people of these isles. Free-Trade sheep are impregnated with small-pox! Once upon a time a shoulder of mutton, placed before Mahomet, was about to be carved by the hungry prophet, when the joint exclaimed—"Oh, prophet, eat me not; for I am poisoned!" Was the revelation of the ovine small-pox made to Mr. Ball after the like solemn fashion? Be this as it may, the Hon. Member is not, we think, yet possessed of all the latent injuries of Free-Trade. Sir Robert Peel's sheep have brought small-pox; Sir Robert Peel's Free-Trade donkeys—so fiercely debated at the time—have lately proved the mischief abiding in them. Sooner or later, we knew they would publish it; and published it they have within these few days in the most alarming manner. Lancashire, Cheshire, and part of Ireland, have been visited by an earthquake. Will Mr. E. Ball believe—but, of course, he will—that the shocks of that earthquake were originally smuggled, although long latent in those Free-Trade jackasses? What a retribution upon Manchester, if Manchester chimneys had been toppled to the earth, and all along of Free-Trade donkeys!

THE NATIONAL BETHLEHEM AND ITS CHIEF.

The non-restraint system of treating lunatics is very humane, but Sir Peter Laurie has much truth on his side; and there are some cases in which the opposite plan alone will answer, and is found to be the happiest for the unfortunate patients in the end. An example of this sort exists in the National Bethlehem, which is situated between the 42nd and 51st parallels of latitude, and the 5th and 8th degrees of longitude.

This deranged community possesses, in a great measure, the extraordinary power of constituting its own Government. Twenty-three years ago its director was a man called Dix, whose Christian name was Charles. In 1830 its inmates became uncontrollable, kicked out Dix, and put one Lewis Phillips in his room. Eighteen years after that, in another paroxysm, they also kicked out Phillips, and after a brief interval of anarchy under Provisional Keepers, chose Lewis Nap, their present ruler.

Nap had, in Phillips's time, twice attempted to oust Phillips and usurp his place, by a forcible descent on the Institution. On the second of these occasions he entered the premises with about half-a-dozen associates and a tame eagle, on whose wings he tried to persuade the patients that they were all to fly away with him to glory. But before he had sufficiently excited their frenzy, he was seized by Phillips, who shut him up in the Ham Ward, treating him as if he, Nap himself, were an unfortunate person not fit to be at large. Nap, however, in spite of all Phillips's precautions, contrived after some time to escape from confinement.

During the interval of singing, dancing, and fighting which followed the ejection of Phillips, several men of character and ability offered themselves as candidates for the superintendency of the Bethlehemites; but they, remembering the tame eagle, preferred Lewis Nap to all these, by a vast majority. Nap was to hold the situation for four years, according to a sort of arrangement, called a law, that they had made amongst them.

Besides Nap, they had appointed a body of Keepers, with the view rather to keep him in check than themselves in order. Nap very soon found that these Keepers and he could not, as the saying is, put their horses together at all. They overdid their business by thwarting him in everything, and in the mean time the establishment was in a very dangerous state.

The patients had planted a quantity of timber, which they expected to bear apples; and there were three maxims which they had constantly in their mouths, and which were chalked and scrawled about everywhere: "Our own Way;" "Everybody alike;" and "All Brothers and Sisters." Now it was quite clear to Nap that, if these wild notions were carried out, as they threatened soon to be, the patients would begin to make bonfires in their beds, and to chop off the heads of the taller among them, and stretch the necks of the shorter, in order to render themselves all of a size. A cry of "No *meum* and *tuum*,"—which meant simply, "No *tuum*"—had also been raised, and some were prepared to assert universal brotherhood and sisterhood to such an extent as to abolish matrimony. Those who entertained these views went about in red caps, proclaiming their intention to enforce them as soon as they could. Nap saw that this kind of thing would never do; so, early one morning, he seized upon several of the most powerful Keepers, and put them in confinement, sent the rest about their business, and took the management of the Institution entirely into his own hands. But this act was contrary to an affidavit which Mr. Nap had made at his appointment; and it does not appear that the red-cap maniacs were so numerous that he could not have awaited their breaking out, and then have put them under special restraint, without coercing as well the whole of the patients.

He occupied the establishment with armed men; who, some symptoms of disturbance appearing in the central portion of it, flung a shower of bullets through the windows of the more decent and rational of the inmates, knocking them over in heaps, in order, it was supposed, to frighten or encourage the others. The word of command was now Hush! and whoever disobeyed it was laid hold of and shut up. Thousands were taken off—deported, as the phrase is—and incarcerated in the Cayenne Branch establishment. As in some other asylums, the inmates had been allowed the use of paper and printing-presses, and were accustomed to publish periodicals; these he either suppressed altogether, or placed under the most absolute control. In the mean while, he asked the patients to prolong the tenure of his situation for ten years, and they, in a transport of strange enthusiasm, voted accordingly.

Finding his discipline so singularly well relished, Lewis Nap has very naturally persevered in it, to the increasing delight and gratification of the patients, whose ecstasy has at last risen to such a height that they now actually worship him. Not content with hailing him Emperor, they call him Boodh, Bramah, Vishnu, and Jupiter; mayors, in various departments, say their prayers to him; garlands are strewn in his way; and young female patients, clad in white with green sashes, dance round him, offering him flowers. They are now about to constitute him their Supreme Ruler. A statue, it is said, will shortly be erected to him with the following inscription on its pedestal:—

"A. L. N., EMPEREUR.
POUR SA CAMISOLE DE FORCE
UNE PATRIE RECONNAISSANTE."

He has, they say, saved the Bethlehem. That means, he has saved the Bethlehemites from themselves. They rejoice in his autocracy. We may not like such a system for our Asylum; but we must let our neighbours enjoy their own management peaceably, so long as they will only leave us at peace.

An Emperor's Bills.

It is expected that some bills of considerable importance will be presented to the French Senate by the new Emperor, soon after he shall have been invested with the purple—or the motley, should that wear be judged preferable. The bills will first be laid before His Imperial Majesty by certain goldsmiths, jewellers, and sausage-makers. They will, it is understood, be submitted to the Senate simply to be discharged; and the general opinion is, that they will constitute the principal legislation with which that assembly is likely to be troubled.

SHORT GRAMMATICAL EXERCISE.

Q. What is the most difficult word all over the world to decline.

A. Bonus; for we never knew a Director or a Shareholder yet who was able to decline it.

TOO CIVIL BY HALF!

English Cook. "OH, DEAR! HERE, JAMES, COME AND TAKE THIS ROAST BEEF AND PLUM PUDDING OUT OF THE WINDOW. IT HURTS THE FEELINGS OF THE FORRIGN GENTS AS THEY WALK BY!"

MORALS OF THE "DIGGINGS."

EVERY ounce of gold discovered at Melbourne reflects its light upon an English fireside. When nuggets turn up at the Antipodes, families in Lancashire may rejoice at the good fortune. Here is a touching proof of the fact; shewing how the adventurers at one side of the world have their hearts beating towards their kindred at the other:

"In one year the Bank of Australia remitted from depositors £4,364—no trifling contribution, when we consider the severe labour undergone in acquiring it. The receivers are—106 parents, 11 wives, 221 brothers and sisters, 64 children, besides other relations. We may well suppose that this succour is but the beginning. Each mail will probably bring an increase of means to those left in England."

This return, we are further told, is authenticated by CAPTAIN CHISHOLM who, at Melbourne, speeds the good work begun and hourly pursued by his noble wife, in London: work undertaken for the noblest ends, and by the purest and most disinterested means; MRS. CHISHOLM working alone to aid wives and children in their desire to join husbands and fathers; working, that the pinched and despairing English labourer and artisan may become the robust, the rejoicing Australian settler. Centuries hence, Australia will venerate the name of the CHISHOLMS; though, at the present moment, it is probable that our Secretary for the Colonies, except "through the papers," has never heard of them.

The Cabinet and the Fine Arts.

THE QUEEN'S Speech contained—for such a document—a strange homage to the claims of science and the fine arts. Who knows what may be in store for letters with an author in the Exchequer? A very recent instance proves the tenderness of the EARL OF DERBY to the claims of literature. His lordship was solicited to bestow a pension on the widow of DOCTOR BIRKBECK, originator of, and most liberal contributor to, Mechanics' Institutes. Some acknowledgment of her husband's services would have been welcome to MRS. BIRKBECK, and LORD DERBY made the munificent offer of—fifty pounds a year! An offer courteously—refused.

A MIRACLE EXPLAINED.—In reference to the Winking Virgin at *Rimini*, it is n't a picture—it 's only a *blind!*

THE SUSCEPTIBILITIES OF FOREIGNERS.

WE rejoice that the Press prevented the concealment of the foreign flags taken by the late illustrious Duke, and which, it is said, were to have been huddled somewhere out of sight during the Lying in State, lest their being seen might "hurt the susceptibilities of foreigners." If we are to begin considering the "susceptibilities of foreigners," we shall have to hide a great deal that we always thought we ought to be proud of, instead of its being our duty to put it out of the way. A clean face might almost be considered hurtful to the susceptibilities of some of those dirty-bearded gentlemen who infest the *purlieus* of Regent Street occasionally; and we might on this principle be afraid to show our faces, for fear of offending the possessor of some outlandish frontispiece composed of hair and dirt.

The next thing we might be called upon to do, perhaps, would be to surrender our liberties and our happy form of Government, lest we might hurt the susceptibilities of those foreigners who belong to countries in which there is no liberty to be enjoyed. Let them do as they like abroad, as far at least as tyranny will allow them—and really some of them seem so degraded, as to be worthy of nothing else—but we must take leave to do exactly as we think proper amongst ourselves at home. Those who don't like our ways had better keep away from us.

Perhaps the next thing we may be expected to do will be to abolish our Navy, lest its efficiency should "hurt the susceptibilities"—and hurt something else, too, we hope—of those who might be inclined to honour us with a descent upon our shores. If this over-nicety about the feelings of foreigners should grow upon us, we should have to shut up our cook-shops for fear of hurting the susceptibilities of some hungry Socialist or Red Republican, with an unwholesome thirst for blood, and an equally unhealthy horror of roast beef and plum pudding, or other good and salubrious English fare. We might as well hide all our policemen, lest we should "hurt the susceptibilities" of the swell mob on the day of the Duke's funeral. However, the Press has succeeded in putting the nonsense effectually down, and, as it is down, there let the subject rest.

JUSTICE TO LUCAS.

REALLY poor MR. LUCAS is very ill used by his own brothers in arms, comrades of the Irish Brigade, and sons of the Holy Father. Not only do they in many instances disavow his sentiments respecting the Tuscan persecution, but, in some, even abuse him for holding them. It is a shame for them, at any rate, to denounce and decry him for opinions which, as he says—truly no doubt—in his letter to SERJEANT SHEE,

"I hold in common with every bishop and every priest in this country and in England, whose sentiments have been made known to me, and with nine out of every ten Catholic laymen with whom I have communicated."

Before SERJEANT SHEE and his liberal associates disown the persecuting tenets of MR. LUCAS, they should endeavour to understand what they are talking about—namely, their own religion. Perhaps, however, such an exertion of their intellect might be fatal to their faith, or, at all events, to their enthusiasm in its behalf. MR. LUCAS, who was once a Quaker, probably investigated his creed before embracing it. They must not blame him for holding it logically. Of course, if he were in the place of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, he would do as that prince has done. He calls the case of the MADIAIS "a case of ordinary Connemara-soup-money-and-Bible proselytism." Accordingly he, and all the Romish clergy, and nine-tenths of the laity with whom he has communicated, would, if they could, send the Connemara proselytizers to the galleys. Would they do no more? Why, as heresy in their opinion is an infinite evil, and any lesser evil is preferable to that which is infinite, they necessarily would be prepared to oppose such evil with indefinite stakes, unlimited faggots, and thumbscrews, racks, and all other instruments of torture without end. They are consistently ready to go the whole hog—as the hog was gone in Smithfield when Popery ruled the roast. MR. SERJEANT SHEE has no right to blame them for their sincerity—if he chooses to be their confederate, the proper person to blame is himself.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 20th, 1852.

THE DEFENCES OF THE CITY.

S our National Defences are occupying the attention of the public at large, the citizens of London—who may be termed, perhaps, the public at little—are in a state of anxiety about the defences of their Cockneydom, and especially as to the threatened demolition of Temple Bar. It is contended that this ugly old bit of masonry would prove what may be termed an "ugly customer" to an invading enemy.

It is argued, also, that though an incessant fire could only be kept up in the grate at the end of the room over the centre arch, a vast amount of discomfiture could be inflicted on an enemy by a continuous stream of water from the pipes in connection with the adjacent cistern.

The value of Temple Bar as a fortification is much impaired by the rustiness of the hinges of the principal gate, while the occupation of the little donjon on the left, by an enterprising barber, gives a sort of neutrality to the ground comprised in the foot pavement on one side, and deprives the City Monarch of the sole sovereignty of the fortress. Considering the inefficiency with which the whole affair is manned, or rather womaned—for we believe a char-woman is the only official regularly attached to the Arch—it is doubtful whether, in case of an attack from the West, anything like resistance could be relied upon.

It is true there is a sort of picket planted on the eastern side, in the shape of the City pikeman, who takes toll of the caravansera entering the Civic States; but it must be remembered that the Bar is already passed when that tribute is exacted, and that the pikeman might be easily surrounded, surprised, and put to the whip, before any help could be obtained from the Bar, even supposing there should be any at hand, which is quite improbable.

If Temple Bar is to be kept as a civic defence, it is only reasonable that the whole of the Cockney lines should be fortified, for we do not see why the West End should be the only point at which invasion is to be looked for. Why, for instance, should there be any special faith put in the wild and wandering tribes of Clerkenwell, who might pour down their native hills of Saffron, overrunning the vast plain of Farringdon and bubbling over into Bridge Street, thus swamping the fair levels of Cockney Land at their most valuable point, which lies at the foot of the rich Hill of Ludgate.

If Temple Bar is to be preserved, surely Blackfriars should be fortified, and Cannon Street defended by a restoration of the imaginary cannons from which it may have possibly obtained its title.

We would, however, propose the abolition of Temple Bar, which fortifies the City against nothing but its friends and customers. The only difficulty might be with the barber who has planted himself firmly in the base of the fabric, and in the affections of his customers; but there is no doubt that upon a reasonable compensation he would march out with the honours of war, so that the Bar might be rased to the ground, and all having business in the City might be able to

"March on without impediment."

SUBJECT FOR A STATUE. (*To be placed in the House of Commons.*)—DISRAELI, like NIOBE, all THIERS.

JOHN BULL'S NEW TROUBLES.

A MAN can't have just what he wants, and no more;
It never will rain but 'tis certain to pour:
A few years ago, my entire botheration
Was having on hand a too large population.

"Confound it!" I then was accustomed to say,
"I wish I could send half these people away—
These paupers, consuming the fruits of the earth,
And eating up ten times as much as they're worth."

I could not check their increase and multiplication,
And wish'd I could bring about cheap Emigration:
Emigration I've got, with a vengeance, at last,
I'm losing my superabundance too fast.

There won't be a servant for hire to be had;
We shall all have to clean our own boots, Sir, egad!
Our wives will be soon forced to cook us our chops,
And scrub their own floors, Sir, and twirl their own mops.

Can nothing be done to induce folks to stay?
Increasing their comforts might be a good way—
Rebuilding, and draining, and cleansing our towns,
Early closing our shops and instructing our clowns.

And then, Sir, there's Gold. I should once have cried, "Stuff!"
Had you said I could ever have more than enough:
But now I am plagued with a surplus of riches
That I can't dispose of in bank, coat, or breeches.

Indeed, I'm afraid, like that CRASSUS of old,
That I shall be finally choked with my gold,
It being my doom that hard diet to cram on
Because I so long have been worshipping MAMMON.

Diogenes Beresford.

DIOGENES took a lighted lanthorn in noon-day to seek for an honest man: did he find what he sought? On the DUKE'S funeral the Right Hon. WILLIAM BERESFORD took his lanthorn, and, proceeding from Downing Street to St. Paul's Cathedral, looked for "the rabble." We understand that the Right Hon. Gentleman expressed his sense of disappointment in words of bitterest disgust.

A HINT WORTH ANY MONEY.

LET MR. COPPOCK borrow a hint from the way in which the shopkeepers of the Strand and Fleet Street have been expressing their grief for the death of the DUKE, by exposing in their shop-windows a model of the Seats that were for sale, and the price of each. Let him, in his own philanthropic, patriotic way, expose in the windows of the Carlton Club a model of all the Parliamentary Seats which he has for sale, and ticket upon each the lowest price for which it is to be bought. It might induce many a rich customer, eager to tack M.P. on to his name, to go in to purchase, particularly if he was confident the Seat was safe, and was likely to bear him for a long period.

A Pyramid of Bad Jokes.

WE offer an entire collection of *Punch* to any one who can beat in atrocity the following attempt, which has been sent to us anonymously:—

"The marriage of LOUIS NAPOLEON is to take place, it is said, immediately after the announcement of the Empire. This looks doubly ominous, for the Empire will not only carry him *du mal Em-pire*, but his marriage will also take him from Bad'en to Wasa (*Worser*)!!!"

The Pantomime of Protection.

THE *Post* says, with respect to the QUEEN'S Speech on Protection—

"A Constitutional Monarch, who speaks by the advice and upon the responsibility of the official administrators of his Government, cannot adopt and recant opinions as a Clown in the Pantomime can change his motley habiliments."

Certainly not. It is only for a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to do the bottle-trick. By the way, it is said that MR. DISRAELI has already done more than go into a bottle; namely, he has corked himself up.

TAKING DOWN OUR NATIONAL PRIDE.

WE understand that a proposition is about to be submitted to Parliament, that Waterloo Bridge be taken down—in consequence of its name, which might be calculated to wound the feelings of Frenchmen arriving at the terminus of the South-Western Railway.

TWO SUBJECTS RIGIDLY EXCLUDED FROM GENIAL CONVERSATION.—The Rights of Woman; and the Wrongs of Ireland.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

BY A SCOTCHMAN WHO HAS GONE BACK.

CHAPTER I.

"*Bluter Castle, near Knockintulloch, Bligmurdochshire.*

"IT is a part of your wholesale calumny of us, *Mr. Punch*, to pretend that we never return to our native country. I am just going to show you the falsity of this notion, altogether. Nobody, I apprehend, will deny that *I* am a Scotchman. The name of M'Spleuchan of Bluter—but, however, you fellows are awfully ignorant on these points. Why, I have lived in London, in Spain, in Italy, in Greece, to say nothing of the country parts of England, and I never met with a man who had heard of Knockintulloch! Of course you go on bragging of your knowledge, and affect to pronounce opinions on Scotland. Pretty critics, indeed, who don't know the difference between Buittle and Borgue, and don't know which is the oldest, Gordon of Letterfourie, or Gordon of Glenbucket!!

"I shall just give you a few preliminary reasons why I happen to be here. From *my accent*, the people would never know me to be a Scotchman.* The fact is, I left Scotland some years ago. I know you laugh here. But, why do we leave Scotland? I will tell you. In the first place, we are naturally an adventurous people, and desirous of spreading civilisation. That was my first impulse. Secondly, I was desirous of seeing the world. Thirdly, I wished to study the manners of the Eastern nations. Fourthly, I love commercial pursuits. And, also, I should add, the property of Bluter was, in my youth, *not what it used to be*.

"The family of M'Spleuchan of Bluter † * * * * * * * * 'hard up.'

"People may say what they like about the causes of these changes. There are some who pretend that the property was a mere bit of hard hilly land at the best, and that it could not be expected to maintain an increasing family. This has a superficial air of reasonableness about it. But perhaps the real cause of our ruin was a large hospitality. In the old times in this neighbourhood, the way they managed hospitality was this. Half-a-dozen lairds were perhaps on friendly terms. Well! they all went to live at each other's houses by turns; and, by the time the sixth establishment was exhausted, the first was replenished. It was at one of these feasts that my excellent grandfather breathed his last, in what, I dare say, you fellows consider a somewhat remarkable way. He was always a good eater; and he liked *his tumbler*, my dear *Punch*. They had sat at table at the house of Dalzell of the Scaur for a couple of days. Somehow or other, the old gentleman had been silent for a little, and presently the Laird of Kilshillan called out across the table, 'Guide us! Bluter's looking gash!' which, being interpreted, means 'pale.' 'Gash!' said the hospitable host, 'he's been deed these twa hours, but I wouldna disturb the company.'

"Ah, those were the days! But I must not linger over the past. They laid the old gentleman's moist clay with that of his ancestors. My father found the lands of Bluter too much burdened to be longer tenable. They passed, Sir, into the hands of the great Earls of Muirfowl. You must have observed, my dear Editor, that properties are like quicksilver—the big knobs attract the little ones, and swallow them up.

"It has been the dream of my life to recover Bluter. I have bought Bluter; and here is the point I should like to urge on you. The Scotch, Sir, abroad—you may take them where you please—are all aiming at getting back their Bluter! Take old Mull and Groset of Cadiz, the wine-merchants. Take old M'Happs of Smyrna, the carpet man. Get either of them over a bottle of Port (which I dare say you would not at all object to), and see what the favourite vision of him is. Or trot through any Scotch county, and ask the boy who is carrying the letter-bag to the little place inside the fir-trees. You will find, ten to one, that the tenant is an old retired fellow, who left the county without a rap, and has come back and bought himself a bit of land. But to my more immediate 'notes.'

"It is a mercy we were not run into just before we got to Carlisle. They did what they could—I'll do them the justice to say that—as far as stopping went. But we got on—though for some time not much quicker than the train from Naples to Castel-a-mare—though it is driven by a Scotchman. (But no amount of intellect will triumph in some countries!) I was, myself, in a state of agitation more than once in the second-class carriage—I always travel in the second class, by the bye; I prefer it—and scarcely able at times to continue my converse with the gentleman opposite. This was a schoolmaster taking his boys home with him—who wondered, poor little fellows, to hear me chatting so familiarly with their master. I am afraid I was wrong about the longitude of Rio Janeiro, which came up in the course of conversation, and, indeed, the schoolmaster looked as if he would have liked to flog me. Flog *me*, indeed, M'Spleuchan, late of the ——! Ha! ha!

"I changed carriages at Carlisle. Two minutes for refreshment. They don't know what an old stager can do in two minutes. Shilling's worth cold brandy-and-water—three sandwiches—Banbury cake, half-finished, in hand—as I hopped into the carriage just at the starting bell. A youth in a white wide-awake was the only other occupant, and with demoniac exultation he exclaimed at once 'Ah! Smoke now!' 'Second class!' said a voice at the window bringing an ugly female face to it, 'This way, Ma'am.' 'Full here,' exclaimed the youth opposite. But this was 'no go,' and a scowl of indignation from the ugly female withered him up, as she passed between our knees, hugged herself in the opposite corner, and plunged into *Uncle Tom's Cabin!*

"Note here—that the people who begin a chat with you in railways about the places the train is going to always take care, in asking you about the people there, to ask you if you know the regular tip-top ones. For, of course, it is just as well to be a great fellow, if only *incog.* 'Going to Bligmurdochshire, Sir?' 'Ah!—do you know Eaglestail of Eaglestail?' (the largest proprietor, Lord Lieutenant, &c., &c.) This question was put to me by a fellow-passenger; how I answered it is nobody's business; but this I know, that the jaunty young gent. who did ask me this *is not staying at Eaglestail*—but spends most of his time at the wretched little billiard-room in Drumsleekie (such a table—such a rusty old cloth!) playing billiards with an ex-lawyer's clerk, who recently succeeded to a little patch of land, in right of some mortgage transaction.

"'Drumsleekie Station!' I woke up from a nap which had lasted all across the borders. 'And this,' exclaimed I—mentally, of course, or I should have been seized as a drunkard—

'This is my own, my native land.'

"'Hoo are ye, Sanders? Hoo's a' wi' ye. A' richt!' My dear *Punch*, I began to feel how English my culture had been when I first heard the Scotch tongue roaring around me. I have always liked Burns, undoubtedly, but his Scotch gives a relish to his humour, as olives do to wine. But all Scotch—common daily Scotch! By Jove, I begin to be afraid that we are like our thistles—deuced pretty and symbolic, and all that, to look at, but—to live upon—only fit for a donkey!

"'And this,' I resumed, 'this is the city where Bruce slew what's-his-name; 'twas here'—but in fact 'twas drizzling. I was very hungry. I got a fellow to carry my portmanteau to the Eaglesham Arms. I gave him a shilling. It would ill become a M'Spleuchan of Bluter to sneer at his countrymen; but I remarked then—and have since—a certain elation and surprise manifested by the recipient of a shilling, hereabouts, which—but let us not be satirical. Only note this, also, that if the unexpected amount awakens admiration for your generosity, that sentiment is blended with compassion for your understanding.

"I hate your orations, and great receptions. This made me shy in entering the Eaglesham Arms. A M'Spleuchan, I was afraid, *would be received* with that *empressement* which, to travelled men, can only seem a bore. The name of M'Spleuchan is—thought I—somewhat well known, hereabouts. Well—well—I escaped the anticipated bore; and, when I retired, I found myself conducted to a chamber as high as the heronry that *used to exist* near Bluter, in better times than these! Ha!

"I stayed at Drumsleekie some time. I mixed with the people—talked to them. In London, we talk of and interest ourselves in Russell, Derby, Palmerston, the Pope, &c., &c. In Drumsleekie, everybody talks of and worships Lord Pumple, Caddle of Snigg, Mooney of Nobbs, Gun of Gunning, and Mr. M'Pigmy of Dunce.—*Au revoir.*"

* We question this fact.—Ed.

† We have been obliged to prune our correspondent immensely here.—Ed.

ODE TO THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT ON HIS WONDERFUL REAPPEARANCE.

From what abysses of the unfathom'd sea
Turnest thou up, Great Serpent, now and then,
If we may venture to believe in thee,
And affidavits of seafaring men?

What whirlpool gulf to thee affords a home?
Amid the unknown depths where dost thou dwell?
If—like the mermaid, with her glass and comb—
Thou art not what the vulgar call a Sell.

Art thou, indeed, a serpent and no sham?
Or, if no serpent, a prodigious eel,
An entity, though modified by flam,
A basking shark, or monstrous kind of seal?

I'll think that thou a true Ophidian art;
I cannot say a reptile of the deep,
Because thou dost not play a reptile's part;
Thou swimmest, it appears, and dost not creep.

The Captain was not Walker but M'Quhæ,
I'll trust, by whom thou some time since wast seen;
And him who says he saw thee t'other day,
I will not bid address the corps marine.

Sea-Serpent, art thou venomous or not?
What sort of snake may be thy class and style?
That of Mud-Python, by Apollo shot,
And mentioned—rather often—by Carlyle?

Or, art thou but a serpent of the mind?—
Doubts, though subdued, will oft recur again—
A serpent of the visionary kind,
Proceeding from the grog-oppressed brain?

Art thou a giant adder, or huge asp,
And hast thou got a rattle at thy tail?
If of the Boa species, couldst thou clasp
Within thy folds, and suffocate, a whale?

How long art thou?—Some sixty feet, they say,
And more—but how much more they do not know:
I fancy thou couldst reach across a bay
From head to head, a dozen miles or so.

Scales hast thou got, of course—but what's thy weight?
On either side 'tis said thou hast a fin,
A crest, too, on thy neck, deponents state,
A saw-shaped ridge of flabby, dabby skin.

If I could clutch thee—in a giant's grip—
Could I retain thee in that grasp sublime?
Wouldst thou not quickly through my fingers slip,
Being all over glazed with fishy slime?

Hast thou a forked tongue—and dost thou hiss
If ever thou art bored with Ocean's play?
And is it the correct hypothesis
That thou of gills or lungs dost breathe by way?

What spines, or spikes, or claws, or nails, or fin,
Or paddle, Ocean-Serpent, dost thou bear?
What kind of teeth show'st thou when thou dost grin?—
A set that probably would make one stare.

What is thy diet? Canst thou gulp a shoal
Of herrings? Or hast thou the gorge and room
To bolt fat porpoises and dolphins, whole,
By dozens, e'en as oysters we consume?

Art thou alone, thou serpent, on the brine,
The sole surviving member of thy race?
Is there no brother, sister, wife, of thine,
But thou alone afloat on Ocean's face?

If such a calculation may be made,
Thine age at what a figure may we take?
When first the granite mountain-stones were laid,
Wast thou not present there and then, old Snake?

What fossil Saurians in thy time have been?
How many Mammoths crumbled into mould?
What geologic periods hast thou seen,
Long as the tail thou doubtless canst unfold?

As a dead whale, but as a whale, though dead,
Thy floating bulk a British crew did strike;
And, so far, none will question what they said,
That thou unto a whale wast very like.

A flock of birds a record, rather loose,
Describes as hovering o'er thy lengthy hull;
Among them, doubtless, there was many a Goose,
And also several of the genus Gull.

THE DUKE'S LAST HONOURS.

The Duke has been buried in honour—in so far as he could be buried, which was merely as to the outer-shell and under-uniform of the Great Man and Soldier. He has been entombed with all the pomp and circumstance—if not with the pride—of military ceremony and heraldic show; in all the solemn magnificence that could be devised, without regard to expense, which will be enormous.

Now parade, in itself, demonstration of gilt and silver, uniforms and liveries, emblazoned carriages, and regiments marching in state, is a questionable thing; and, it may be asked, "Was all this right?—was it wise?" The Duke of Wellington deserved more respect than we could show him; our ostentation, after all, fell short of our purpose;—was it rational, was it good?

Yes.

May existing peace be ever unbroken! But now, when Liberty over all Europe is extinct, what would not Continental despots and bigots give to tread out its fire conserved and still blazing in this little island? It was well and judicious to advertise them and the world with what enthusiasm we yet honour military heroism: that if we have abjured the love of strife, we have not renounced the spirit of valour.

Very fit and proper also, just at this time, was it that the nation should declare at how much it values the principles of the extreme Pacificators; preachers of meek submission to foreign chastisement: well meaning, doubtless; and therefore all the harm that we wish Mr. Fry and Mr. Bright is, that they witnessed last Thursday's ceremony, and had good places.

But for these considerations, the pageantry of sepulture would be pageantry simply more absurd than any other. Better, indeed, would it have been, if possible—but it was not possible—that the remains of the Duke should have descended into the tomb amid the silent reverence of his countrymen. May it be long before we lose another great man—when we have one to lose—but *then* may his burial be that of Sir Robert Peel.

PLEASING ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Our opinion is that "there's a good time coming" for the Established Church—perhaps. In Convocation, the other day, the Bishop of Exeter is related by the *Times* to have thus spoken:

"But, my lords, this I know, that there are many in this Church, very, very many, who, if the time should ever come that the Church should declare itself incompetent to its essential duties and its vital action, will leave it. I, for one, will leave this Church if that time should ever come."

As the Bishop of Exeter stands in a considerable minority on the question of what the vital action and essential duties of the Church are, there is really some hope that the declaration which he alludes to will, one of these days, appear to him to have been made. The Bishop adds,

"I will not go to Rome."

For the best of all reasons. Virtually, has he not already gone?

The French Schoolmaster.

The Minister of Public Instruction has been received at Lille with all the honours of war. It is quite right that Louis Napoleon's schoolmaster should teach the young idea how to shoot. The Lancastrian plan gives writing-lessons in sand; the schoolmaster at Lille improves on this—turning the sand into gunpowder.

M. P. "Did you see this admirable suggestion in the Paper, to pull down The Temple Bar?"

Swell. "Pull down The Temple Bar! A most earnestly hope not—Why, good gwacious! It's the Pwincipal Barwier between us and the horwid City!"

THE MAGPIE OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Mr. Disraeli's wonderful recitation of a speech delivered by M. Thiers on the Marshal de St. Cyr, as his own original tribute to the memory of the Duke, has elicited numerous remarks from various parties. The following are a few of them:—Disraeli's funeral oration was only Tears. The eloquence of Tears was the best of his oratory. Tears did not choke, but assisted his utterance. All who heard him were drowned in Tears. His Cheek, brazen as it was, glittered with Tears. His Tears gushed forth at every word. His fluency is a flow of Tears. His Hippocrene is a fountain of Tears. He shed Tears that no pocket-handkerchief can wipe away. He is Beauty in Tears. He promised a misty something looming in the future: it was the mist of his Tears. Perhaps his Budget will suggest a loan from Thiers. His political last speech will have been made in Tears. He was to have jumped into a quart bottle, but he has put his Tears into his bottle instead, and put nothing else but his foot in it. If Palmerston is the judicious bottle-holder, Disraeli is the injudicious Cribb of the political Prize Ring.

A portrait of The Chancellor of the Exchequer figured at the Exhibition last year. The public may like to have another picture of this eminent Statesman as he appeared when he uttered his obituary discourse—with the words of Thiers on his tongue. Such a subject can only be treated emblematically. Now, Benjamin is the Government's mouth-piece in the House of Commons. Credit was always given him for ability to talk; it was believed that on all subjects he had something, at least, to say for himself. Whatever speech he might make, we were assured, would be appropriate—not appropriated. It now, however, is clear that he talks by rote, and that, too, on a theme on which, of all others, he might have been expected to evince heart—instead of merely repeating what he had learned thereby. Thus, the idea of a parrot is suggested as a fitting representative for the Member who represents Bucks. A jackdaw in borrowed plumes would be preferable; but that character has been pre-assigned to some other pretender. A complete type of our second-hand orator is exhibited by the Magpie.

The plumage of this well-known individual of the feathered race corresponds to the political colours of the Protectionist Free-Trader—being black and white. The magpie's furtive propensities, too, render it a suitable type of the pilferer—in a Parliamentary sense—of shining things. Though not born to riches, the author of *Coningsby*—unless *Coningsby* is a translation—was generally supposed to have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth—the wealth of eloquence. His silver spoon, however, turns out to be another's property; and, like the filching Magpie of dramatic celebrity, he has hopped off with the spoon of M. Thiers in his beak.

Temple Bar Doomed.

No doubt of it—Temple Bar must come down. Nevertheless, we would wish—for the sake of its comparative antiquity—to have its architecture in some way preserved. Hence, we propose it should be adapted to a new frontage for the London Tavern. Moreover, if the silver soup-tureens—that on the day of the funeral surmounted the Bar, by tasteful order of the Corporation—could be retained, they would add greatly to the significance of the erection. The tureens might be labelled "turtle" or "gravy:" though we are bound to say, they were not so distinguished on the memorable 18th.

A STUMP-ORATOR WITH HIS BONE FROM THE FRENCH.

THE LEGAL SEASON.

THE prospects of the season at Westminster Hall are not very brilliant; and—to use the phraseology of the Green Room—"the people won't come," however much may be done to "pull 'em in" to the Superior Courts at Westminster. The only chance is in lowering the prices, in order to compete with the Minors or County Courts, which are doing "tremendous business."

Perhaps the issuing of a sort of programme might have some effect, and we have great pleasure in suggesting the following announcement as admirably adapted for the purpose:—

WESTMINSTER HALL! LEGITIMACY AND TALENT!!

The public are respectfully informed that this magnificent Hall is now open for the season, with an

UNRIVALLED COMPANY,

who will go through their extraordinary performances in Law and Equity.

Among the other astonishing feats that can only be witnessed at this establishment, the public attention is particularly directed to the

DRIVING OF A COACH AND SIX THROUGH AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT;

a performance that will be repeated at intervals during the season.

In order to give as much diversity as possible to the Programme, arrangements have been made for the production of

THE LAST APPEAL!

From the Quarter Sessions, which will be brought forward regardless of expense.

The novelty next in succession will be a Conviction, supported by the most eminent talent, and terminating with a powerful *dénouement*, realising, in the conviction,

THE CONVICT'S DOOM.

The entertainments will be enhanced by the facetiæ of MR. BRIEFLESS, the celebrated Blackstonian Buffo, and MR. DUNUP, the unrivalled forensic Grotesque.

Young Barristers trained and broken in from 10 till 4.

The Caledonian omnibus leaves the Temple every morning for the Hall, which may be reached by steamboat from Chelsea, and by walking from anywhere.

The Quart-Bottle Trick made Easy.

WE think the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is in a beautiful condition to perform the above trick, for he has *made himself so small* by his late robbery upon a French author, that he could get into any vessel, however little—even a lachrymatory. Perhaps, however, it would be dangerous to tempt him with the latter, for if he saw anything resembling THIERS at the bottom, he would be slipping into it directly.

The Staff of Peace.

WITH the greatest pleasure we read in the *Times*, that, under the new French Empire,

"The EX-KING OF WESTPHALIA will, it is said, be appointed to the office of Grand Constable."

France, you see, has understood her want. LOUIS NAPOLEON said the Empire was peace. We rejoice in the prospect of his appointment of a Grand Constable, who, it is to be hoped, will comprehend the duty of his grand office—and keep the peace.

LETTERS OF THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

KING PORUS TO ABD-EL-KADER.

BRAVE EMIR! Since France has escaped from the shame
She had well nigh incurred—of enrolling thy name
With HOFER'S and TOUSSAINT'S, whose dungeon and grave
Were *her* tribute of praise to the free and the brave—
'Tis not strange that thy heart truly grateful should be
That her chief has withheld such a tribute from thee.
Perchance too, while Paris profusely displays
Her manifold charms to thy wondering gaze;
While her crowds at the lion admiringly stare
Transferred from his wilds to their Vanity Fair;
While the courtly and servile, receiving their cue
From their chief, now first venture to give you your due,
And bestow on the captive their master has freed
All the care they withheld in your hour of need;
You may think, in your joy such a freedom to gain,
It was justice—not policy—loosened your chain,
And ascribe to an earnest desire to atone
For your wrongs what you owe to Ambition alone.
With a zeal keen as thine, in the glorious strife
For Freedom, I perilled my kingdom and life;
And though, in the terrible hour of defeat,
A more generous foe 'twas my fortune to meet,
When he raised me, half dead, from a heap of the slain,
And bade me my sword and my sceptre retain,
And, still more, when my deeds greater praise would extort
From his lips than he gave to the Best in his court,
I felt that he laboured to lessen the shame
Of my total defeat from regard to his fame,
And was willing more praise on the helpless to shower
Than on those whose tried prowess might rival his power.
And if, in young AMMON, the godlike, the grand,
Who was born but to conquer, to charm, to command,
Love of Fame, crafty policy, meanness, and pride,
With his purest emotions were closely allied,
Believe me! far baser the mixture will be
In the cold, selfish despot, who bids you be free.
He may boast of the mercy extended to you:—
Does he dare pardon those who your arms could subdue?
Tardy justice to France's brave foe he extends;
But when will he learn to be just to her friends?
Does he think, with your freedom, one Prince to have bought
Whose fame may embellish his *parvenu* Court?
Or hopes he—pursuing his uniform plan
Of resembling his Uncle, *whenever he can*,
As that hero was graciously minded, when crowned,
With some Mameluke captives his throne to surround—
Your assistance at his coronation to gain?
From such close imitation he'd better abstain.
One captive might pass for another, 'tis true;
But the Uncle *won* his, and the Nephew *stole* you:
And the soldiers on seeing you there might, perchance,
Murmur, "Where are the chieftains who brought him to France?"
And if you discover how artful, how base
Were the means that have raised him to power and place,
I am sure when the courtiers are taking once more
The oaths they have broken so often before:
When their Chief—of their perjuries never ashamed—
Hears this third, fourth, or fifth (?) Constitution proclaim'd
By the Senate he hires expressly to make it
To the soldiers he hires, if needful, to break it:
When the priests, with a blasphemous baseness, declare
That the saints have NAPOLEON'S life in their care,
And have sent him expressly Heaven's cause to advance—
To reform, to convert, to *evangelize* France,
Whose manifold crimes have long needed a rod
(Some kings have been nick-named the "Scourges of God"):
Then, Prince! as you hear the subservient train,
You will long to return to your desert again,
Where an oath is still sacred, the law still revered,
And the Prince, to the hearts of his people endeared,
Can confide the support of his rights and his throne
To their love, to their truth, to their virtue alone.

The Muse of Maidstone.

THE Stable Mind boasts of two great poets—its MANNERS and its MAIDSTONE—but the latter, we think, is *the* poet *par excellence*—the excellence, honourably gained, of mediocrity. We propose that for his especial glorification a Tenth Muse be created, and the name of this new sister of the Immortal Nine be—"The Mews of the Stable Mind."

A FANCY DRESS HUNT.

In the Paris correspondence of the *Morning Post* the other day, there was an account of a stag-hunt which had come off at Fontainebleau; Louis Napoleon present, and in at the death. French huntsmen sometimes sport "cords"—wearing them, however, on the shoulders, in the form of *jaquette de chasse;* but our British squires will be edified to learn that on this occasion,

"All the gentlemen present were dressed in a costume of green, *bordered with gold lace.*"

This very pretty costume—we should think—was completed by white satin breeches and red morocco boots. The *Post* adds that:

"Several ladies followed the hounds,"

who being most probably attired in the same fashion as the gentlemen, perhaps it was difficult to tell which were which.

FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION GOING OUT TO ENJOY *LE SPORT.*

MRS. GAMP AND THE GOVERNMENT.

The "official organ" has been rather unceremoniously warned off from the front of the Treasury, where it has not been allowed to wait the chance of picking up what might be thrown out from the quarter which an "official organ" usually looks to for patronage. The *Herald*, having got hold of the contents of the Royal Speech, has been taken to task by Mr. Forbes Mackenzie—the only recognised conduit for official eaves-droppings—and the controversy has suggested the following duet, to be sung by the parties to the well-known air of

"Polly Hopkins."

MR. FORBES MACKENZIE.

Naughty, naughty Mistress Sairey,
You ought to know, you ought to know,
Your act to rule is quite contrary,
And very low, yes, very low.

MORNING HERALD.

Cruel, cruel Forbes Mackenzie,
To treat me so, to treat me so;
Your harshness drives me to a frenzy,
Me off to throw, me off to throw.

MR. FORBES MACKENZIE.

What right have you to make reflection
On what we do, on what we do?

MORNING HERALD.

You know I represent Protection,
And so do you, and so do you.

MR. FORBES MACKENZIE.

We did so once, but that is o'er;
Protection now is quite a bore.

MORNING HERALD.

Oh cruel, cruel Forbes Mackenzie,
To use me so, to use me so.

FORBES MACKENZIE.

Oh foolish Sairey, curb your frenzy;
Your rage is low, your rage is low.

BOTH.

La, la, la, &c.

The Political Trappist.—Disraeli digging his own grave with a pair of scissors.

A SUBMARINE DIALOGUE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Place.—The Telegraph Halfway across Channel.
Time.—Every one fast asleep.

England. Any news to-day?

France. Pas une ligne!

England. You mean a line not worth repeating. And yet the news from France was interesting enough at one period. What have you done with all your Revolutions? You recollect you opened, curiously enough, with one?

France. Why should you remind me of my misfortunes? And yet, misfortune as it is, I could gloat over one now!

England. Come, old boy, you mustn't be so cast down. Who knows? You may have "Paris in a State of Siege" to announce shortly. Remember, France has been quiet now for upwards of ten months! It's high time something was up, if it were only a barricade. The stones themselves must be burning to rise.

France. Non—non—the stones, like the Bourbons, have set in France never to rise any more.

England. Never mind—you have other politicians beating the *pavé* besides your Bourbons. Haven't you your Orleanists?—your Legitimists?—your Bonapartists?—your Omni-Bonapartists?—your—

France. Oui, vous avez raison. They are stones—stones of the stoniest description—stones that have only paved the way to despotism—that way which M. Louis Bonaparte has been travelling for some time past.

England. Nonsense! He's been travelling lately in the South of France.

France. My good friend, have I not known it? Have I not had to cry "*Vive l'Empereur*" for him at least fifty times a day?

England. Yes, your President knows the value of a good cry. He manages the hurrahing, and the *claque* beautifully. He's a capital actor.

France. An actor, then, on the *Boulevard du Crime.*

England. It may be, but one of the most finished execution. He understands his art well. Lately he has been playing in the provinces—taking the round of the best theatrical towns. When he thought his provincial reputation was strong enough, he rushed up to Paris, came out in a new character, and now you see he is playing nothing but leading business. He has already made his *début* in his uncle's favourite part of the Emperor.

France. Empereur! Oh! That I should ever have survived that shock!

England. Pooh! Pooh! You needn't be alarmed. The higher he shoots up, the quicker he will come down again—like a rocket—and you know he's fond of fireworks.

France. Oh! I regret a thousand times the day that ever I was tied to the destinies of France! Why was it not my fate to be linked to your side of the Channel, instead of this?—your side, which is the side of order and prosperity, and mine the side of despotism and discontent! I really throb with indignation sometimes when I think my line of descent is a French one.

England. My dear France, I never saw you so low before. You must not allow yourself to sink in this way. Depend upon it, there are bright days yet in store for your country, and every chord of your electric nature will throb then with as much pleasure, as it does now with indignation, at being the chosen agent to transmit the glorious news to our shores.

France. It will be news indeed! At present it is all darkness—the

darkness of despair. There are thirty-six millions of inhabitants in France, and not one Frenchman!

England. Wait, and you'll soon——

France. Wait? Have I not been waiting these ten long, lingering months?—and have I not been compelled, from day to day, to record the degradation of my enslaved country? Have I not written with my own unwilling fingers the history of her growing wretchedness? Have I not transmitted to your happy land the catalogue of all her wrongs and sufferings? Have I not faithfully chronicled, so that all your countrymen could read it, and shudder at the blood in which most of it was written, how one liberty after another was torn from France, until she has become the corpse of a free nation that she at present is? With my own hands have I done this ever since December, without throwing the veil over a single wound—without bating a single day of infamy—and yet you calmly tell me to wait!

England. Well then, if you cannot wait, at least be silent.

France. You bid me to be silent. Why, you know, England, I have always been a silent agent in the transmission of these repeated onslaughts on my country's freedom. You cannot say I ever added a word, or a tear even, of my own, to the narration of the infamies which have been put, like so many chains, upon France in her slavery, and which France—I grieve to say it—only too passively endures like a slave. You never heard me complain before, but now I must speak out.

England. I don't see it; for, not having complained before, you have less right to complain now. The nation that wears its chains of slavery as proudly as if they were gold ones that had been bought at a jeweller's in the Palais Royal, should not, if it has any sense of modesty left, breathe a word of complaint about the weight of them.

France. Monsieur, je vous demande raison?

England. You ask for "*raison*," my dear France, and you shall have it. And the "raison," in plain English, is this:—"The Individual who smilingly allows himself to be kicked, and then sits down quietly under the infliction, gets not the slightest sympathy by making himself out everywhere to be a martyr. So it is the same with a Nation. If it likes being kicked by an old pair of jack-boots belonging to Napoleon, it had better not say a word about it."

[*Rather a stiffish breeze gets up in the Channel, and the rest of the Submarine Conversation becomes inaudible.*

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

Holding, as we do, that censure can always be conveyed, both with emphasis and precision, in language of the utmost temperance, we invariably abstain from what are termed hard words, and we therefore trust that the blandness of our phraseology may not be misinterpreted into compromise, when we say, that the proceedings at this theatre during the past week utterly and disgracefully transcend any previous instances which even this management has afforded, of duplicity, audacity, and incapacity. On the part of the public, whom it is our proud, but sometimes painful duty to protect, we indignantly protest against the system adopted on these boards.

A new work, which had not been underlined, was suddenly brought forward on Monday night as an original production, with Mr. Dizzy as its avowed author. We do not complain of this change of arrangement, because the exigencies of a theatre are variable. Nor need we refer to the subject of the piece. It was called *The Cypress*, and was of a serious character; the sentiment and moral were elevated, and the language in the highest degree appropriate and even elegant. Unexpected as was the production, it gave great satisfaction, and although, as a general rule, we attach little value to the opinions of actors, we may mention that the veteran Mr. Palmerston, who was in the front of the House, and markedly applauding, privately expressed his conviction that certain portions of the affair bore the stamp of real genius, though he admitted, subsequently, that the person to whom he had attributed genius had not stamped, but only put his foot in it. The press was nearly unanimous in its applause, and Mr. Dizzy was admitted, by *The Cypress*, to have retrieved some of his lost laurels. Will it be believed that this original piece was, in all its good parts, a mere translation from the French? Yet, such was the case. *The Cypress*, produced as his own by Mr. Dizzy on Monday night, is neither more nor less than a translation of a piece called *Gouvion de St. Cyr*, by M. Thiers (a French author, whose plots and intrigues are poor enough, but whose language is very felicitous), brought out in 1829 at a national theatre in Paris, since suppressed. The detection of the fraud was, we believe, originally due to certain suddenly revived recollections by Mr. Palmerston, who directed the researches of another actor of great respectability, who, though Young, is by no means green, and our contemporary the *Globe* published the discovery, and referred to a report in our contemporary the *Chronicle*, in which the piece of M. Thiers was described, and, on comparing the words of the two works, the plagiarism becomes revoltingly obvious. Such are the feats of the manager of our greatest English theatre!

We abstain from comment. We have heard that Mr. Dizzy designs to offer some excuse of the most common-place character; to say, indeed, that he copied M. Thiers' piece into his own common-place book years ago, forgetting to append the author's name; and on again referring to the book, thought that the work was his own. If the public accept this excuse, we are silent. But we are forcibly reminded of another piece brought out by Mr. Dizzy, when the late Mr. Peel was manager of the theatre (and which may be no more original than *The Cypress*), wherein the principal character sarcastically addresses his rival, "You found your enemy bathing; you stole his clothes, and you wear them as proudly as if they were your own." After this, could the public expect the Semitic manager to steal such very "old clo'" from a Frenchman? Another rumour which has reached us is, that Mr. Dizzy means to take refuge behind two jokes, and to say, first, that if his piece was *St. Cyr*, he was sincere also; and, secondly, that in treating his subject, he was so affected that he insensibly melted into Thiers. As regards the first plea, the public must pronounce the sentence; as regards the second,—though no one who sees the actor-author can doubt that he is often affected—we cannot believe a person can easily melt whose element, out of which he cannot live, is hot water. We will only add that M. Thiers is about to take proceedings under the International Copyright Treaty, and that the piece has been performed on one night only.

On Friday night the house was largely filled to witness a new local and personal extravaganza, called "W. B., or, *Did You Ever Send Your Frail to Derby?*" but there was a difficulty in obtaining the licence; and Mr. Cockburn, who was to have played a principal part (*Sir Scarify Scorch*, we believe) very properly announced a brief postponement. There is a part of an Irish Major in it, which will probably amuse the rabble.

With affairs behind the scenes we seldom meddle, but those who care for such matters may like to know that on Friday, in spite of some intrigue, a meritorious servant of the public, long known—and we hope long to be, known—as *Old Joe*, was installed into the office of Call-boy, and began his duties that same evening. We trust he will keep the company to its work, for many members are disgracefully behind their time, to the disappointment of those whose money goes into the Treasury.

"Peace and Plenty"—of Noise.

Many members of the Peace Society advocate their cause in such a noisy manner—agitating away as if they were going to move heaven and earth to enforce their pacific principles—that we think it would only be just to change the name of these Friends of Peace—but not Quietness—and to call them, for the future, "Earth-Quakers."

A new form of hero-worship.

The robbery committed upon a French author by our Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he was expatiating on the virtues of Wellington, was intended after all as a compliment, for Disraeli thought he could not pay the memory of the departed hero a greater honour than by taking something more from the French.

The Pope and the Fine Arts.

We learn from a Modena paper that the Pope has given an order to the sculptor M. Jacometti for his fine group of "The Kiss of Judas." The Pope must, no doubt, feel and deeply appreciate the subject. For what a kiss did Pio Nono give to Roman liberty—and how he has helped to crucify her!

Tickled by a straw.

A new paper manufactured entirely of straw has just been discovered. Perhaps the most appropriate purpose it can be put to, will be for men of straw to draw and accept their bills upon.

PLEASURES OF VEGETARIANISM.

"Oh, gracious, Miss Legume! I fear I have tasted Animal Food. I have eaten a whole Earwig in my Salad!"

FAMILY ANACREONTICS.

MARSALA.

I.—(THE REPROACH OF THE FORSAKEN.)

Estranged One!—thou art now above
The charms which thou didst prize when poor,
Ah! then thou wast content to love
Marsala,—fair at Twenty-four.

But now, alas! how changed since then,
Inconstant, faithless, and untrue;
Thy heart is given—like all those men!—
To Sherry—dear at Forty-Two.

II.—(BACCHANALIAN, BY AN OLD LADY.)

Marsala—Marsala 's the stuff for me
When I have a party of friends to tea.
And for supper, because I 'll come it fine,
I offer them cake and Foreign Wine.

Marsala, Marsala 's a wine to sip;
Enough for most but to wet the lip:
Another glass if I go to pour,
Oh—thank you!—they cry—not any more!

Strange Stuff.

A newspaper paragraph states that a vessel, arrived from Demerara, has brought a parcel of crabs' oil. What sort of stuff this can be we do not know, but suppose its use is to lubricate machinery; however, we should think crabs' oil would be likely to make locomotives go backwards

Erratum.—(In *Herald* and *Standard*.)—For "Chivalry" read "Shuffl'ry."

"WHEN FRANCE IS SATISFIED, THE WORLD IS TRANQUIL."

Thus, in his modesty, spake Louis Napoleon, during his recent "progress" to the Empire, at Bordeaux. Now, *Punch* is never needlessly an alarmist, and would not prematurely frighten any nervous reader. But a warning like this is not to be neglected; and, as one of the National Defences of his country, *Punch* feels it his duty to call attention to it.

For, if Louis Napoleon speaks the truth (and by accident perhaps he may), the world is obviously on the brink of War. Its peace is guaranteed, we are told, so long as "France is satisfied." A comfortable assurance, truly! As if France ever *could* rest "satisfied" for more than (say) a week together.

Besides, the very word "satisfied" is, *Punch* thinks, most ominously significant, seeing how inseparably it is coupled with what duellists are apt to call a "hostile meeting." For the world's sake, therefore, *Punch* would recommend that France be forthwith bound to keep the peace—on any surety, he would suggest, but that of its expectant Emperor.

Justice for Austria.

Alone amid the Allied Powers whose battle was fought and won by our great Duke, Austria refused to send a military representative to his funeral. The excuse for this disrespect—it is understood—is the unavenged horsewhipping of Haynau; unavenged because Haynau chose to put up with it: would not prosecute the draymen. What the Government of this country ought to have done, in the opinion of the Austrian, we presume, is—without regard to Haynau's laches—to have decimated the establishment of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, and drowned every tenth man in their biggest vat, reserving all those that were suspected of being ringleaders to be broken on the wheel.

Panic in the Dramatic Market.

It is reported that Alexander Dumas is writing a new piece for an English Theatre. Upon a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society remonstrating with him upon the unfairness of his writing for the English stage, and so taking the (French) bread out of the English authors' mouths, Alexander the Great made this reply—"*Mon ami, il n'y a rien changé. Il n'y a qu'un Français de plus parmi vous.*"

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE CITY.

Every now and then an occasion happens when the Sovereignty of the City has to be asserted by the temporary occupant of the civic throne; and the day of the Duke's Funeral was one of the occasions alluded to. The "sovereignty" consists in a supposed right to shut up Temple Bar; and, considering the backwardness of the Corporation of the City of London in many important respects, it is perhaps natural enough that it should attempt to show its authority by checking progress. There must, however, be a traitor to the civic monarchy somewhere, inasmuch as the great act of royalty, to be exercised by the Lord Mayor, is always baffled when the important moment arrives for the civic crown to use its power. On the day to which we have alluded, a general officer rode up to the side of the Lord Mayor's coach and observed—

"My Lord, the procession will be here in five minutes."—"Then," replied the Lord Mayor, "let the gates of the City be opened."

That was all right royal and dignified enough, but it turned out, according to the report, that "the gates of the City had never been shut," so that the majestic permission to open them was a piece of mere surplusage.

We should like to know who is the traitor to the civic sceptre, the underminer of the mace, who, being entrusted with the keys of office—the keys of Temple Bar—is so far oblivious of his duties as to allow the gates to remain open, at the very time when the Mansion House monarchy is to do the only effective act of sovereignty that is permitted it. Perhaps Temple Bar won't lock, or the gates don't meet, or the whole concern is rusty and unhinged, like the Corporation itself; but certain it is, that when the Lord Mayor said "Let the gates be opened," they had been all the morning gaping as wide as the mouth of the most eager sight-seer, who had come to witness the grand spectacle.

A Matter of Policy.—To insure the Crystal Palace against the violence of Hale.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—Saturday, November 27th, 1852.

A RAP OR TWO AT DERBY.

The Premier yesterday honoured the "Spiritual Rappers," recently arrived from the United States, with his company.

A vigorous rapping having been presently heard, the noble Earl was informed that a spirit wished to speak with him.

His lordship asked if the spirit was related to him; which inquiry was answered by a double rap. He was then requested to take up the alphabet and point to each letter successively from A. The first rap was given at L: and the word thus spelt out was Little Adopted.

Not clearly recognising the defunct by this title, the Minister desired further information; when the spirit rapped out the letters P R O T; where it was cut short by his inquiry whether it meant Protestantism? to which the answer, in so many raps as letters, was, "Don't serve Protestantism as you served me?" and then the raps proceeded to constitute the word Protections. The Noble Lord said he distinctly felt these raps over the knuckles.

His Lordship said, "Are you happy?"

The spirit's answer was, "I am now at rest."

The Premier asked if there was anything that he could do for the spirit's satisfaction?

The Spirit of Protection replied that it only required a decent burial for its remains, and after that never to be mentioned or thought of, nor disturbed any more.

The Noble Earl then retired with some degree of conviction evidently rapped into his head.

A WORSER THAN THE WORSEST.

We have received from an anonymous assassin—and we beg leave to lay a stress upon the *ass ass* on this mournful occasion—we say we have received from some atrocious stabber in the dark, a pun, that has been enough to turn our veins into a receptacle for curds, and spoil all the milk of human kindness of which our bosom has hitherto been considered a dairy. The pun alluded to is of so violent a nature that we request any reader of weak nerves to proceed no further with this paragraph, but if there is any one in whose case a shock to the system may be of service, we recommend him to go on and be electrified.

The pun is led up to most treacherously by an artful question, "Why Hansard is so much quoted in a debate?" and a reply is then given that "Hansard brings to light many things that remain *un-Hansard*." Insult is then added to injury by a note pointing out the similarity between *un-Hansard* and *un-answered*, the whole being insolently described as a joke of the first water. If we could meet with the perpetrator, we would certainly make him a punster of the very first water, by pitching him into it.

THE EARTHQUAKE EXPLAINED.

We had been a great deal puzzled about the recent Earthquake, and had been wondering why Nature had been amusing herself by going into those mild convulsions—which might have been mistaken for convulsions of laughter, so gentle and, in some cases, so ludicrous were the effects—when we met with the following paragraph in the *Limerick Chronicle*:—

"The earthquake in Dublin yesterday morning was also felt at Carlow, Liverpool, and at Holyhead. Scientific men will ascribe this convulsion, wholly unknown in Ireland before, to the effect of the electric telegraph wires, whose atmospheric influence is so powerful."

This is the first time we have heard of the Electric Telegraph being productive of earthquakes; and we must conclude—if the "scientific men" are right—that earthquakes are going on all day long in London and elsewhere, for the telegraphic wires are almost always in motion. It appears that it is impossible for Jones in London to send a message to Mrs. Jones at Margate, without setting the earth upon the quake, a result which seems to show that *terra firma* is by no means so firm as had been supposed, but is subject to fits of nervousness of a by no means creditable character. We had always thought when our windows gave a rattle, or our door quivered slightly on its hinges, that the passing omnibus or coal-waggon should be held responsible for the agitation in our household; but if we are to believe the Irish *savans*, it arises from a veritable *tremblement de terre*, that takes place whenever Snooks sends down to the north the price of Stocks, or Popkins asks a question from Brighton by Electric Telegraph.

As long as the earth does its quaking so gently as almost to entitle it to a position among the Quakers themselves, we have no reason for alarm; but should it begin to shake and quake in right-down earnest, whenever the wires of the Electric Telegraph are set in motion, we must—if the scientific men of Ireland are to be relied upon—put an end at once to a system of communication so dangerous to the tranquillity of the earth itself, though hitherto found so useful to its civilised inhabitants.

The wires will henceforth assume a most interesting attitude in the eyes of the curious, and we have no doubt that the ticket-porters, who have been superseded by the electric telegraph, will find in its alleged tendency to produce earthquakes an argument for its discontinuance. We can imagine some tottering Trotty Veck contemplating, with a sort of selfish horror, the mysterious lines that have been the ruin of his own peculiar line, and which, while conveying messages from pole to pole of the telegraph, are at the same time undermining the tranquillity of the earth, and causing those quakes—which, after all, have been no great shakes—that we have seen lately vended in the columns of the newspapers.

THE RIVAL TICKET-PORTERS.

"ODIOUS EPITHETS."

Mr. Disraeli, with great moral nausea, denounces the epithets "wise, just, and beneficial," when applied to Free Trade, as "odious." They are "odious epithets," says the Right Hon. Gentleman; and we doubt not he speaks from the very fulness of his feelings.

Ben Solomons by no means could be brought to own that particular statute "wise" that made coining and passing bad money felony.

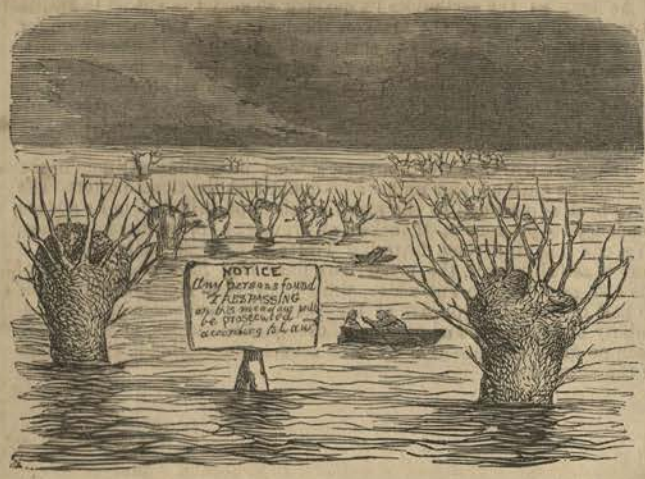
Further, Ben by no manner of argument could be induced to allow the Chief Baron to be "just" who tried and sentenced him.

And finally, when Ben was serving out his time, and—with chain on leg—was dragging loads in Woolwich Dockyard—not even the doctor could bring him to confess that such exercise was, or could be "beneficial."

Might but not Right.

It cannot be denied that Louis Napoleon has made himself Emperor of France by the will of the Nation, for in everything he has done he has taken French leave.

THE FREAKS OF FATHER THAMES.



OLD Father Thames has been having a few days out, and has been running about in all directions, to the great consternation of all residing in his neighbourhood. His pranks have been principally played in kitchens, where he has amused himself by setting everything afloat, and effecting a series of launches of crockery and tinware, from the largest potato-steamer down to the smallest butter-boat. Science tells us that water always finds its level, but, whatever that level may be, it has been found one day to be lost the next, for the water in the neighbourhood of London has been jumping up and down in the most eccentric manner. The meadows have been converted into navigable rivers; and, had the floods continued, the cabs and omnibusses must have either had their wheels taken off, or have had them converted into paddle-wheels, for the purpose of making their journeys by water through the inundated thoroughfares. The change would not be very considerable, as many of the vehicles alluded to are already worked by "screw" power. Perhaps the rising and falling of the water in the streets may have affected the omnibusses, and caused that fearful fluctuation in the fares which has been lately prevalent. So rapidly have these been going up and down, that the fare from Sloane Street to the Bank has, on some days, varied as much as the height of the tide, and a passenger, who has gone to town for threepence, has had to pay a shilling to come back again. If Father Thames cannot be made to keep his proper place, we may, at least, insist on the omnibusses not only finding their level, but being made to adhere to their level after finding it.

A Question to Mr. Smythe.

"SIR,—I lately observed, and pointed out to a friend of mine, a very beautiful diamond ring in a jeweller's window. He admired the ring. The ring somehow became circulated in society on the finger of the editor of *The Morning Chronicle*. Now I wish to ask of you—as a casuist—this little question. Because I pointed out the ring, may I prig the ring, and flash it as my own?

"Yours, BEN, the YOUNGER."

"Conscience Money in the Year 1853."

THE following will appear in the *Times* about the middle of January, a day before or a day after, according to *Punch's* almanack-maker:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges of an Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer the amount of three quarters' salary, to be forwarded as Conscience-money to MESSRS. FOSKETT and CHOWLER, and by them to be distributed among the most suffering British farmers."

Hint to a Bird-catcher.

MR. DISRAELI'S appeal to the young Members probably was made from a conviction that old birds are not to be caught with chaff; but he will find that nothing will do for the young ones either, except good Free Trade Corn.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW fender has been invented for breaking the force of collisions. The new fender is said to be a vast improvement upon the old buffer.

UNREADABLE BOOKS.

THE marked success which has attended the recently commenced series of *Readable Books* has induced an enterprising publisher to prepare immediately a companion course. Its title will be that which heads this notice, and we are assured that the works it will comprise will exclusively be such as shall defy perusal. As a guarantee for this we need but state, that the gentleman entrusted with the care of their selection has long been a "Constant Reader" of one of our Protectionist contemporaries, and is therefore fitly qualified to pass his judgment on the point.

Viewed in itself, the project certainly may seem eccentric, and we question if, at first thought, many publishers would like to undertake it. Yet that it will succeed abundantly there can be little doubt, seeing that it will command the patronage of that extensive class of readers who are caught by a title as readily as any City heiress; and if *Uncle Tom's Cabin* happens to have pleased them, will buy *Brother Bob's*, or any other, *Crib* which the cunning plagiarist may build upon it.

We have already, we may add, been favoured with a peep at the prospectus: a few extracts from which we break no confidence in publishing. The first work we are promised is that highly interesting one—

1. *The Court Circular:* complete from its commencement.

After this, at monthly intervals, we are to have—

2. A revised Edition of *Bradshaw:* with all the original advertisements.
3. *The Inaudible Hansard:* being a collection of Parliamentary Speeches, invidiously reported as "inaudible in the gallery."
4. Specimens of amateur poetry selected from upwards of 800 Albums.
5. A Collection of *Morning Herald* "leaders" on the Corn question.
6. Elegant Extracts from the "Visitors' Books," kept at the hotels chiefly patronised by tourists. (To be published distinctively as the *Fools' Chronicle.*)
7. A new Edition of the *Rejected Addresses:* being those of the Protectionist candidates at the late General Election.
8. "Heavies," from the pen of a "powerful" Astleian hippodramatist.
9. *The Wants of the Age:* being a Reprint of the *Times* Supplements for the last five years.
10. COLONEL SIBTHORP'S Collected Speeches.
11. *Hebrew Melodies.* New Series, comprising Specimens from the Works of our best Mosaic "Puff" poets.
12. Correspondence of "A Constant Reader," now first collected, and embracing the opinions of that writer upon an immense variety of topics. 2050 Vols. 4to, *at the very least.*

These few items will suffice to show the scope and character of the intended course, and we have little hesitation in predicting that *Unreadable Books* will form a series quite as useful (to the butter-man) as that of their more readable rivals.

The Hustings and the House.

DISRAELI, in his own bitter way, denounced the idea of "deducing from electioneering speeches opinions of great statesmen and the maxims of an English Parliament." Very right; any fudge may do for the people out-of-doors, but true philosophy for the Parliament assembled. For instance, we will say, for the House of Commons, nothing meaner than the philosophy of BACON—whilst for electors, mere GAMMON.

Abd-el-Kader a Frenchman.

ABD-EL-KADER claimed to be allowed to vote for the Empire "as a Frenchman." The claim was allowed; and the Emir dropt his paper in the electoral "urn." In this instance, how true—how significant—is the name of the vessel that receives the vote. For the urn that makes such an Emperor contains the ashes of French freedom.

A Good Customer.

AN Irish gentleman, being repeatedly solicited by a wine-merchant to give him the benefit of his custom, wrote to him to the following effect:—"My dear Sir, I am not rich enough to pay for wine myself, but shall be very happy to serve you in any other way. If you will send me a list of your customers, I will see what I can do to cultivate their acquaintance."

MAGISTERIALLY SPEAKING.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been addressed on several occasions as "*le Premier Magistrat.*" If he is the First Magistrate, it puts the nose of his favourite bird out of joint, for we certainly should have thought the Eagle was the "Greatest Beak."

A BAR SINISTER.—We propose that there be engraved on the City arms a tremendous Bar Sinister, in the shape of that barbarous old Bar, Temple Bar—and that the Bar Sinister there remain, as a reproachful blot upon the City escutcheon, until the nuisance is removed.

CRITICISM WITH A VENGEANCE.

ALTHOUGH we have heard a great deal, during the last few years, about dramatic and musical criticism being dead, if it is defunct in town, it certainly is rampant in some parts of the provinces. The following extract from a Plymouth print will prove, that if the London critics are deficient in poetical feeling, it is only because PEGASUS has run away into the provinces, and has found a MAZEPPA in the shape of a seaport critic, who has "urged on his wild career" with the following piece of flightiness:—

"PLYMOUTH THEATRE.—When DONIZETTI'S exquisite conception guided the band that was bequeathing a musical legacy to posterity and its ancestors, surely the spirit of Fame planted its signet on every one of those insignificant-looking, dotted hieroglyphics, and made them immortal. As in the balmy morning of every returning spring we visit our favourite rose-tree—that tree whose perfumed beauty lived still in our memory, whilst its material was commingling beneath the snow with the mould that nourishes the parent shoot, even as we find it 'wasting its sweetness on the desert air,' and gratifying the senses with revivified charms as lovely as heretofore—so the orations of this great master have an undying freshness, that protracted intervals of estrangement cannot infect or diminish. The simplicity of the story of LA VIVANDIERE by no means forms its least attraction, and the music is one continued prolongation of happy and delicious melody."

We are afraid that the above piece of superfine writing will be hardly intelligible, unless it could be accompanied by pictorial illustrations of an appropriate character. There is scope for a fine allegorical picture in the figure of "FAME planting its signet on those insignificant-looking, dotted hieroglyphics," and the skill of the artist will be shown in deciding whether there should be a separate signet to each dot, or whether one signet should cover the whole of the dots—a point which the critic, who seems to be in his dotage, might have easily settled. There is a glorious gush of something which is more easily expressed than understood in the description of the critic himself, "visiting his favourite rose-tree in the balmy morning of every returning spring;" and, lest we should have any doubt as to which particular tree he means, he indicates it expressly as "that tree, whose perfumed beauty lived still in our memory, whilst its material was commingling beneath the snow with the mould that nourishes the parent shoot."

We recommend this tree to the particular notice of DR. LINDLEY, or some other great botanical authority, who we trust will go down to Plymouth expressly to purchase it for the Conservatory at Kew, or the Gardens at Chelsea. The critic is able, it seems, to visit the tree, though the material is out of sight, "commingling" beneath the snow—at Plymouth, by the way, snow is to be met with on a "balmy morning" in spring—with "the mould" that nourishes the "parent shoot." If it is the "parent," we do not see how it can also be the "shoot;" but a poetical license, perhaps, accounts for an expression to which the term "father-child" would be analogous. We leave to the curious reader the task of examining the other points in this Plymouth rhapsody, which could only have emanated from a brain full of those "dotted hieroglyphics" with which it evinces such an extraordinary sympathy.

Parliamentary Language.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in his great speech—we use the word great with reference to length—on the motion of MR. VILLIERS, made use of the expression "an uninformed sneer." A sneer being a physical movement in which the eye, lip, and nose take a part, we do not exactly see how the term "uninformed" can be applied to the process. We might as well speak of an "enlightened sneeze" an "ignorant sniff," an "instructed wink," or an "uneducated hiccough." We dare say the expression, "uninformed sneer," is all right; but it sounds odd when placed in juxta-position with the somewhat analogous terms above cited.

SPORTING IN IRELAND.

OWING, perhaps, to the recent wet weather, there has been during the last fortnight very little shooting of landlords.

THE DESERTED FARMER.

A BALLAD OF RURAL LIFE.

'TWAS on a fine morning in Buckinghamshire,
As I was out shooting by leave of the Squire,
With my gun in my hand, and my dog by my side,
All among the green turnuts a Farmer I 'spied.

He groaned and lamented for grief and for woe;
And I axed him what made him bemoan his self so?
Says he, "I 've lost my true love—shan't see her no more,
And that is what makes me to cry and to roar."

"If thee 'st lost thy true love," I then did reply,
Come tell me the means and occasions whereby?"
"'Twas a false friend," he answered, "in whom I did trust,
Which when I remembers, I be ready to bust.

"I gie un my suffridge and gie un my vote,
Which having obtained, he has now turned his coat;
And unto his care I entrusted the maid
As he has so basely forsook and betrayed."

"Who 's she, and what 's his name?" I axed him again.
"Oh! she was PROTECTION, and his name is BEN:
But she 's dead and buried as sure as QUEEN ANNE,
All along of that cruel, deceitful young man."

"If she 's dead and buried, 'tis no good to grieve;
And how oft was you warned that there BEN would deceive!
Obliged for to do just as PEEL did afore;
Come," I says, "blow thy nose, and don't blubber no more.

"PROTECTION is gone!—let her bones rest in peace;
By most folks' accounts 'twas a happy release:
And the best thing for you now PROTECTION is dead,
Is to stick up directly to SCIENCE instead."

"In your words," says the Farmer, "there 's reason and force;
I 'll take your advice, for I likes your discourse:
Whigs and Tories was both rogues alike, I well knew,
And I finds 'tis the same with Protectionists too.

"To my crops, and my cattle, and pigs I 'll attend,
And endeavour in future to be my own friend;
Meanwhile, though half ruined, I 'll be of good cheer,
So come and partake of a jug of strong beer."

CASES FOR COMPENSATION!

SIR J. PAKINGTON must pause—(in the House of Commons, be it understood)—before he admits it to be "just" to benefit even the working-classes, at the expense of others. SIR J. P. himself knew men who had been respectable farmers, now working as day-labourers.

Now, it may be urged by cold-blooded political economy, that all social improvements must have their victims. *Mr. Punch*, for once, begs leave to deny and despise the assumed justice of such assertion; and, therefore, suggests to the Protection party—for the party lives and wriggles (even as an eel skinned and cut in pieces may wriggle in the very pan that fries them)—the following affecting cases for compensation:—

JOHN BAGS, late a respectable innkeeper, reduced by railways, to become third waiter.

SAMUEL CHEEK (now in his old age), the flourishing driver of the Brighton coach, now reduced to a spring-cart.

TOM TUGG, a waterman, "as held his head high" in the *Battersea Duck*, breaking stones "all along" of the penny steamers.

WILLIAM BUTTON, tailor, who—when trade was something like trade—used to have his five pound for a dress coat (and cheap at the money), and then could afford his coach and pair, now reduced by paletots at one pound one, to a pony gig.

And lastly, the British Goose, that supplied the free-born Briton's free, uncensored quill; and is 'now only thought on for its flesh and feathers, and all because of iron pens!

Trolling for Jack.

THE *Times* proposes the formation of a naval militia: a very desirable force. It is all very well to talk of our wooden walls; but those walls will be good-for-nothing without Bricks. The Admiralty must bid for Tars on the principle of competition, and outbid the Merchant-Service and the Yankees. In other words, they must fish for JACK with sufficient bait. They can no longer depend upon impressment; the days of the Pressgang are gone by; and they have now and henceforth only the Press to resort to, without the Gang.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

"THE COUNTRY IS AWFULLY DEEP, BUT THE FALLING IS DELIGHTFULLY SOFT AND SAFE."

FAIR ROSAMOND.

AN OLD LEGEND WITH A NEW APPLICATION.

PROLOGUE.

BEWILDERED BOOKER, let me speak—
An hour has pass'd away, and more,
Since with a flush upon your cheek
You flung the *Times* upon the floor.
As in the smoking-room you sat,
I've watched you, and remarked how blue
The looks, that from beneath your hat
On men and things around you threw—
And I, too, mused—until at last—
(Helped by a glass of something warm)—
Across my mind a legend past,
And settled into novel form.
And would you have the thought I thought
And hear the tale I have to tell,
Just order up a pint of port,
(Or p'rhaps a bottle were as well)—
And I will tell it. Turn your face,
Nor look with that too serious eye—
For gravity is out of place,
Under the present Ministry.

THE GARDEN.

The greenwood grows around the door
In many a close pleached knot and maze,
The windings of the walks would floor
A DIZZY'S skill in crooked ways.
From life without, through leafage dense,
Far sounds come faintly on the wind,
Like the strange voice of common sense,
Slow reaching the bucolic mind.

Quaint in the midst a garden bower,
Standing upon its close-pleached lawn,
Wherein, like to some fragrant flower
Behind the leafy shield withdrawn,
Fair ROSAMOND, a willing thrall,
Secluded dwells in covert green,
KING HENRY'S love—*incog.* to all,
Particularly to the Queen.

EN TÊTE À TÊTE.

How tell what joys sped time along,
Within the screen of Woodstock Maze?—
What *petits soupers—sans façon!*
What *fêtes champêtres!* what *déjeûners!*
For Kings that love will doff their state;
Monarchs are men, with ladyes fair;
Prince Presidents—*en tête-à-tête*—
Are as they were in Leicester Square.

Thus held KING HAL a pleasant time
Far from Court boredom, state and throng,
In joys, with just that smack of crime
Which makes so pleasant what is wrong.
If e'er amour excuse could screen,
Screen'd royal HAL'S amour might be:
His love was fair, and just eighteen,
His queen not fair, and fifty-three.

But Kings to business must attend;
And so it chanced that war began—
Love's *tête-à-têtes* must have an end
With monarch as with common man!

He went; but left to guard his flower
A knight, who kept a silken clue,
Which, fastened to the central tower,
Guided the garden mazes through.

THE DISAGREEABLE ALTERNATIVE.

I wot not how the hap befell,
But, certes, it befell ere long—
QUEEN ELEANOR found out too well
That Woodstock way was something wrong.
Perchance she spied her lord, or gat
A key that oped his *escritoire*—
Enough to say—she smelt a rat,
And so to bane that rat she swore.

The knight was summoned to the gate;
His throat was cut, his clue was ta'en;
Threading the garden mazes, straight
The Queen the inmost bower did gain—
And there FAIR ROSAMOND she found,
And sternly called her o'er the coals,
And, sorry choice, did straight propound
The knife's quietus, or the bowl's!

How that fair face first flushed to red,
How that flushed face soon changed to pale,
Hath been far better sung and said,
Than I can do 't—in that old tale.
She died, we know, but what her death,
We know not—if she stabbed or quaffed—
What matters whether that sweet breath
Was stopped by dagger or by draught?

A SCENE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

QUEEN ELEANOR AND FAIR ROSAMOND.

The King returned to find her dead,
And o'er her body reared a tomb,
On which a sea of tears he shed
Weeping his ROSAMUNDA's doom.
How he paid off his cruel wife
Legend nor history doth proclaim,
But, no doubt, he led her a life,
And she, no doubt, led him the same.

MORAL.

Now, MR. BOOKER, take my lay,
And if its moral miss your brain,
Just turn again the page and say
If that cut do not make it plain?
You shake your head? Then let me bring,
For you and your bucolic friends,
A meaning to the song I sing,
So hooking it to useful ends.

Was not DISRAELI, many a year,
Sheltered within Protection's gates,
Shut out from sense and reason clear
By prejudice and party-hates?
On him your party hung its fate
Fawned on him, fêted and caressed—
Leaving its loves legitimate,
Its GRANBYS, RICHMONDS, and the rest.
Till stern Free Trade—that mate abhorred,
To whom ST. STEPHEN's saw you tied—
Obtained the clue, your true knights floored,
And found through crooked paths a guide;
Then, piercing to your central hold,
Collared your love, more frail than fair,
And to him, frowning, stern and cold,
Offered black bowl, or dagger bare!

Behold him, while, as pale as curds,
He doubts, yet doubts not which to face:
The poison of his spoken words—
The knife, that cuts his hold on place!

EPILOGUE.

Now, MR. BOOKER, read my lay,
And, if you find a meaning there,
Just take it to your heart and say
"What fools, to trust in speeches fair!—
What fools, to leave the simple men
Whose order bound them to our cause,
And trust one of the tribe of BEN—
Of other manners, other laws!
One who to Office had an eye,
Who used us but to serve the hour;
That served, who gives us the go-by,
Gulps his own words, and stays in power!"

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

THIS week has been signalised by the production of an important novelty, in three acts, with the whole ability and debility of the establishment included in the cast. It is entitled, *Vox Populi*; or *The Landlord's Last Kick*, but any connection between the titles and the plot seemed to have been sedulously avoided by consent of all parties. We subjoin an outline of the story.

The piece begins with a scene of our own time, one of happy peasant life. We hear a chorus of contentment and prosperity, a large white loaf is said to be on every man's table, his wife and children are well clad, and he has work and wages. This pleasant state of things arises from the presence of *Cornucopia*, a rich heiress, resident among the people. She was, it seems, the adopted daughter of a late philanthropic baronet, and she has for guardians the *Hon. Charles Clarendon* and *Mr. West Riding*, the former an amiable aristocrat, the latter an eminent manufacturer. The hand of the heiress is, of course, eagerly sought, and among the most prominent pretenders to it are *Lord Oaks*, a sporting nobleman of dashing bearing, but not over sincere in his dealings, and *Mr. Israel Plagiary*, a showy and audacious M.P. of Hebrew origin, and possessing all the volubility of his race. These are the principal characters; and, without following all the ramifications of the story, it may suffice to say that *Oaks* and *Plagiary*, for reasons of their own, enter into a compact, the nobleman introducing the *parvenu* into the highest circles in exchange for the services afforded by the latter's superior keenness and plausibility. They have already victimized a large number of poor stupid farmers, and have pledged many things not their own to deal with. They are, therefore, most anxious to secure the celebrated and popular heiress, and agree that each shall woo her his own way.

The dashing *Oaks*, whose antecedents have been notorious, avows to her that he has loved a rival of the young lady, a *Miss Monopoly*, but professes that he has dissolved that *liaison*, and is as devoted to *Cornucopia* as if she had been his first love. The more audacious but less frank *Israel* vows that the moment he knew the heiress he loved her, and though it appears that *Israel* used to abuse her adopted father in the most violent manner, chalking "humbug" on his back of a night, and alleging that he was only a low huckster, he persists in asserting his passion, and even declaring that he had never in all his life attached himself to another. The girl herself listens to both, but her heart is quite untouched by either. The scenes of courtship, the attempts by the suitors to wheedle *Clarendon*, whose mild but shrewd manner, and high-bred bearing, oppose themselves to the fervid rattle of *Oaks*, and the smooth sophistry of *Plagiary*, and the rage of the baffled schemers are tolerably brought out, as are their equally vain attempts on *Mr. West Riding*, the other guardian, who bluntly tells them they are cheats. Foiled and furious, they resolve on revenge, and in order to blast the heiress's character, they get one clumsy country fellow to come forward and assert that she was not the daughter of the late baronet at all, but an impostor, and is much older than she seems, while another clown accuses her of having picked his pocket and nearly ruined him. An eccentric doctor, with a long beard, one *Gruntz*, tries to terrify her by declaring that her brilliancy of complexion is hectic, and that she "will not last long;" and some other accomplices actually hint that she is "not so wise" as she might be, and advise restraint. The *imbroglio* continues for some time; but, of course, the plotters are ultimately exposed and crushed. *Oaks* is shewn to have made a private and most stringent promise of marriage to *Miss Monopoly*—their union to be clandestine, until the advantages of the other connexion are gained: and the dashing sporting nobleman is rejected; while, as for *Israel*, he is shown to have been for no less than six years trying to get up evidence to oust *Cornucopia* from her domains, besides having been convicted of having plundered a poor Frenchman of his property, and of having practised a novel stratagem by which he actually succeeded in robbing a Scotchman of an article of value. Their discomfiture is complete, and *Cupid* next appears upon the stage (though we confess his intervention was as injudicious as possible), and it is found that *Clarendon*, who has ardently loved *Cornucopia* for many years, is entitled to the first place in her affections. The *dénouement* is most inartificial and objectionable; but it brought down the curtain smoothly on the vindication of the heiress's noble and beneficent character, of which all the *dramatis personæ*, except the clodpoles, record their approbation. The piece was not over until past two on Saturday morning.

We have little space for further remark, and regret it the less that scarcely any of the characters in the piece had anything original to say or do, and that the way most of the performers acted was very absurd. They dragged the piece fearfully, and where they should have been energetic and crisp were prosy and feeble. And such figures as some of them presented were perfectly absurd. The veteran VILLIERS, as *Clarendon*, was tame at first, but warmed into capital life and vigour; and distasteful as is the part of *Israel Plagiary*, we are bound to say MR. DIZZY was bold and effective in it. *Oaks* is constantly heard of, rather than seen. MR. GRAHAM, in a curious part called *Big James*, a canny north country man, was very oily; COBDEN was less fortunate than usual in *West Riding*, and obviously regarded the affair as a farce. MR. PALMERSTON's *Cupid* is an excrescence on the affair, and was so felt, but it was graceful enough; and MR. PEEL, in the short but good part of *Frederic* (son of the maligned baronet), displayed an admirable portrait of filial duty and indignation. The authorship of the piece is disputed, but it is not worth cavil, and though it will be heard of for some time, it will, we think, damage, rather than serve the Treasury.

A Rival to Sibthorp.

THERE seems to be a probability that what may be termed the "low comedy" of the House of Commons is likely to be divided; a rival to the inimitable SIBTHORP having just made his appearance in the person of MR. BALL. We have seen no particular proofs of humour manifested as yet by this gentleman; but it is a fact of some significance that the name of BALL is seldom uttered in the house without its being followed by "a laugh." We shall wait with some curiosity to see how MR. BALL "comes out" during the session, for it will be rather too hard if the Honourable Members are making an unfair set at him, and only indulging in a Game at Ball.

Dizzy's "Good-natured Friend."

"THERE's a great deal of absurd talk"—said a friend of DIZZY's—"about BEN's cribbing that speech from THIERS. Poor BEN! 'Twas only natural to wish a change of diet. The fact is, he had eaten so many of his own words, that he thought he should relish a few of the Frenchman's."

INSCRIPTION FOR EXETER HALL.—"Peace-work done here."

Alderman Gobble. "WHAW-T! PULL DOWN TEMPLE BAR? OH, DEAR! RING FOR THE SHERRY. THEY 'LL BE FOR DESTROYING GOG AND MAGOG NEXT!"

GRIEVANCES OF THE CHURCH.

WHEN next Convocation proceeds to discuss the "Grievances of the Church," perhaps it will take into consideration the subjoined intelligence:—

At a recent archidiaconal visitation, there were present three pluralists whose united incomes amounted to £30,000.

On Sunday last, the VERY REVEREND THE DEAN OF PLUMSWORTH had a small dinner-party. Covers were laid for the following reverend personages: the RECTORS OF DRONESDALE, LAZENFORD, and OTIUM-CUM-DIGGINS, together with the VICARS OF SNUGLEY and SNOOZLE, and the REGISTRAR of the Archbishop of the diocese: whilst nevertheless, incredible as it may seem, although a dean, three rectors, two vicars, and an Archbishop's registrar sat down to meat, there was only one clergyman at table.

A distinguished ecclesiastical geologist has discovered among the foundations of several Cathedrals the remains of provisions for extinct scholarships, the remainder of which has been swallowed up during periods of convulsion, and engulfed in the maw of voracious sinecurists, or slowly consumed and eaten away by the prebendal action of ages.

The Society for the Conversion of the Jews is making vigorous efforts to extend the sphere of its usefulness. For this purpose it contemplates amalgamating itself with the Society for providing Curates with Old Clothes.

PLEA FOR PROTECTIONISTS.

THE best apology for LORD DERBY and his Government is, that they defended the Corn Laws under a mistaken idea of duty.

AND NOW, A WORD ABOUT NELSON.

AND it is true what TENNYSON says of NELSON—addressing the Admiral by the way, in his *Ode* to the Duke? It is true?

> "Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man;
> The greatest sailor, since our world began!"

England loves the memory of NELSON dearly? She ennobled his parson brother; crowning his clerical beaver with a coronet; and when he faded from the flesh, laying that clerico-noble flesh beside the dust conveyed from the bloody cockpit of the *Victory;* to be reverently, devotedly followed—wept over—to St. Paul's; even as we have seen the dust of the great Old Duke followed and deplored. The Earl Parson sleeps—can he sleep?—beside his heroic, ingenuous, unsuspecting brother. There can be no doubt of it; nothing can stir or wake him *there;* or NELSON would long since have shaken and startled him thence as though he had been the most craven Frenchman.

Thine island loves thee well, glorious HORATIO? Let us see.

On the 21st day of October, 1805, on board of the *Victory*, "then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about two miles"—NELSON retired into his cabin and made a codicil to his will. He left LADY EMMA HAMILTON—(who had done the most vital services to England)—a legacy to his king and country. Both king and country refused the legacy; and after years of misery, dying in the very fangs of poverty, EMMA HAMILTON passed beyond the help of GEORGE THE THIRD and very merry England. She sleeps in a timber-yard in Calais; but the Parson Earl—who stung and robbed her—lies beside his brother.

"I also leave"—writes NELSON, then in sight of the combined fleets—"to the beneficence of my country, my adopted daughter, HORATIA NELSON THOMPSON; and I desire she will use in future the name of NELSON only. These are the *only favours* I ask of my king and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle."

But an hour or so, and a shot from the mizen-top of the *Redoutable* makes those favours payable—payable *at sight* of the slain but victorious admiral.

But were they paid?—No: and to this very hour the draughts remain dishonoured.

This codicil was placed in the hands of brother WILLIAM—then the PARSON EARL NELSON; and he—as the *Times* said in a most eloquent, withering article—made waste paper of it. But what was to be expected of the man who, for years previous to Trafalgar, crawled upon his belly for Church promotion? Mark how he whines to the mistress of NELSON:—

"Now we have secured the peerage, we have only *one* thing to ask; and that is, *my promotion in the Church, handsomely and honourably*—such as becomes NELSON'S brother and heir-apparent to the title. *No put off with small beggarly stalls.* MR. ADDINGTON must be kept steady to that point. I am sure NELSON is doing everything for him. But a word is enough for your good sensible heart."

But this good, sensible heart the Parson Earl flung into the street to pine and break. At the time NELSON'S life streamed out with his blood in the cockpit, PARSON NELSON, with his wife and family, enjoyed the hospitality of LADY HAMILTON. The black-coated Earl—the black went below the cloth—"quietly kept the codicil," written it may be said in his brother's blood, "in his pocket, until the day when £120,000 were duly voted" for the NELSON family. The Earl dined with LADY HAMILTON that day; and, in the triumph of his baseness, gave her the codicil, telling her she might do her best with it. She did. "She registered it"—says the *Times*—"at Doctors' Commons the very next day;" and there it may be seen upon the payment of one shilling. The Parson Earl "hid his head in a coronet," and LADY HAMILTON and NELSON'S child were "let down the wind, to prey at fortune."

Nevertheless, sings the Court Poet to the outraged hero—nevertheless—"Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man."

Why do we again refer to this subject—this scandal to our England? Because we think the hour and the occasion especially call for justice to NELSON'S daughter; the wife of a clergyman who—unlike PARSON WILLIAM NELSON—has no thoughts of "handsome promotion in the Church;" but who has nevertheless eight children. HORATIA NELSON, the legacy bequeathed to England, has received—but we give part of the advertisement appearing in the *Times*:—

NELSON MEMORIAL FUND.—Provision for the daughter and only child of NELSON, bequeathed to his country's care on the eve of the victory of Trafalgar, in 1805.—The Trustees of this fund beg to inform the contributors that the sum collected (including donations from his ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, EARL NELSON, and other eminent persons) amounts to £669 16*s.* 4*d.* Of this sum part has been invested in Government Securities, and the remainder applied, at the request of NELSON'S daughter, in qualifying one of her eight children for a civil profession; and in enabling another to avail himself of a cadetcy kindly given by CAPTAIN SHEPHERD, when Chairman of the East India Company. A free passage to India is promised to another son, should any equally generous patron be found to offer a similar commission. [And this for the grandson of NELSON!]

Ought we not as a nation—we who have within these few days witnessed so full, so solemn, so glorious a homage to the memory of WELLINGTON—to the dust of the man borne to lie beside the dust of NELSON, as the most revered, most honoured resting-place—ought we not to blush to read the above plea *in formâ pauperis* for something, the smallest, the very smallest sum in liquidation of the great debt—the great national debt—still due to NELSON as, by his last bequest, surrendered to his child.

HORATIA NELSON—to the present writing—has received £669 16*s.* 4*d.*

in part of her demand. Is it even a farthing in the pound? Conscientiously, we think not.

We have yet the bill to come in for the funeral of the Duke. Will England grudge the cost, though a large one? No. Yet we cannot but wish—(if HORATIA must still remain unrecognized by the state)—that some few hundred yards the less of cloth had been hung about St. Paul's to the loss of Dean and Chapter, so that NELSON's daughter might have had their value. We scarcely think that even the shade of the Duke—if shades are conscious of funeral braveries—would have withheld them.

And now we are to have an architectural, an educational monument to the Duke. A school is to be erected to his memory; a school whereat the children of soldiers shall be reared and instructed. A very noble monument this—glorious to the dead—benevolent to the living. A golden shower already descends upon the mere thought of the institution. May the shower still fall plenteously; but while, in honour of the memory of WELLINGTON, we succour and educate the children of soldiers foreign to his blood,—let us at least do something to provide for the eight grandchildren of NELSON—children in "whose living temples beats" the current of that blood that flowed through mortal wound at Trafalgar.

Any way, if acknowledgement must be still withheld, let us for very decency prohibit, ban the *Life of Nelson* from the class-books of the scholars of the WELLINGTON SCHOOL. Let them not read how NELSON with his last words cried through his friend HARDY to his country, "Never forget HORATIA!"—only to learn how doggedly his country persisted to forget her.

FACTION IN SHOE LANE.

THE *Morning Herald* cries exultingly—

"Ripped up from snout to tail, lies *before us* the carcase of the beast Faction!"

How is this? We thought it was not possible to rip up without a "division?" And at the time the *Herald* rejoiced, nobody had divided. But the *Herald* has a prophetic genius. And had determined to have Faction ripped up; and moreover—as barbers kill calves, and dress them as bears, with the sanguinary placard "slaughtered to-day"—so had the *Herald* resolved to exhibit the beast, *when* ripped up, at the office-door in Shoe Lane, *Mrs. Gamp* (in this wet weather in very high pattens) attending, and with her umbrella "pointing out all the infernals of the beast as it was ripped up by BENJAMIN's knife, which is a iron pen, in HER MAJESTY's Parlyment, which is the Commons."

Consolations in Railway Travel.

THE mail train from Plymouth having got off the line the other night, a newspaper paragraph states that the grumbling of the passengers was converted into conviviality by the appearance of cigars and brandy-and-water, brought from a neighbouring hotel; by which aids to philosophy they were enabled to endure a delay of some considerable length. This circumstance may suggest the introduction into an Act for the Better Regulation of Railways, of a clause obliging every train to carry spirits and tobacco for the solacement of passengers during any detention; for which the mildest penalty should be the fine of a glass of grog and unlimited cigars all round.

A THIN HOUSE.

THE Irish Brigade will have it all their own way this Session; for, with the exception of COLONEL SIBTHORP, MR. BOOKER, the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, and one or two more extreme Protectionists, the two chief parties in the House—the Ministerialists and the Free Traders—are six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

THE MONARCHY OF MALT AND HOPS.

WE have heard a great deal about the Ale-Kings of late; but there are no such monarchs reigning; they are all X-Kings; indeed, sovereigns of XX and XXX.

GOLDEN PROSPECTS.—Some half-dozen tons of gold were imported a few days ago. We shall probably soon hear of "pigs" of gold; and certainly the form of the pig would be that most appropriate to filthy lucre.

THE EMPIRE OF BEADLEDOM.

THE appeal to the Arcade on the question of the hereditary Beadledom, has been responded to by eight millions of votes, though the number of electors is less than a hundred, but this only serves to show the enthusiasm of the people. The votes were collected in an electoral tea-urn, and the Lascar having asked permission to record his vote, it was received apart in a breakfast-cup. None of the diplomatic circle have taken any interest in the election; and, notwithstanding what has been said by the friends of the Beadledom, we are enabled to contradict positively the absurd rumour that BARON NATHAN had tendered his vote in an egg-cup. The Baron has maintained throughout a dignified reserve, shutting himself up in his cloak, and dictating no other steps but those which he has always prescribed to those—his pupils—who submit their movements to his guidance.

The marriage of the Beadle is again talked about, and a portrait of the intended bride has been shown at the Beadle's lodge to a select circle. The lady is connected collaterally with the Alley of Cranbourne, and is a daughter of the House of Dunstable. The Tuscan and Leghorn interests are said to be opposed to the match, but it is probable that when the Empire of Beadledom is fully established in the person of BUMBLE II., there may be a change of sentiment.

The coronation will, of course, be the next step, and it is said that the celebrated POPE—the carrier—will be invited over from Hammersmith to carry out the arrangements.

Commerce has been rather dull in the Arcade during the past week, but orders are now beginning to come in, and several dozens of China save-alls have been purchased for an hotel in the neighbourhood. A slight rise in the price of bran has checked the dealings in dolls, but with the approach of the Christmas holidays activity is expected.

BENJAMIN'S ADDRESS TO (PARLIAMENTARY) YOUTH.

INGENUOUS Youth! to you I will appeal,
Now first among these hard old stagers met;
For ah! your hearts have not forgot to feel,
The Session's humbug has not steeled them yet.

You have not known of subdolous intrigue,
Of thimblerig, or anything like that,
Of factious motion or designing league:
You never knew a partisan to rat.

You have not learned to crack the bitter joke
On men who turn out other than they seemed,
On promises unscrupulously broke,
And pledges scandalously unredeemed.

Yours is the season of undoubting trust,
Such as when vernal sunshine gilds the scene;
Ere yet the ways are parched to dreary dust,
And leaves and herbs and ducks and peas are green.

Oh! lend me, then, your ears, and do not think
That I will e'er abuse the precious loan;
Confide in me, however they may wink,
Old in the wicked paths of party grown.

Like smiling Hope, and Faith, with lips apart,
That ne'er applies her thumb against her nose,
List to my tale, devoid of specious art,
And don't suspect whatever I propose.

A Diadem for the Emperor.

TRADE has its heart as well as its pocket. Hence, a few Parisian tradesmen—disinterested admirers of LOUIS NAPOLEON—have resolved to present the new Emperor with, say the papers, "a new diadem set with diamonds." May we be allowed to suggest bullets instead? They would be incomparably cheaper, and at the same time would more truly illustrate the means by which the Emperor has obtained his sovereignty. Bullets by all means, subscribed too—(we doubt not that they *might*, with due search be found)—from the very hearts of his people.

An Indefatigable Librarian.

MR. PANIZZI, hearing some gentlemen make allusions to "the Book of Nature," goes rushing wildly about town, making inquiries who is the publisher, in order that he may serve him with a summons to the Police Court for not having sent a copy of the Book of Nature to the British Museum.

A FIGHT ON PHRASEOLOGY.—The whole debate in the House has been as to the terms of the Protectionist surrender.

EASILY SATISFIED.

Fond Parent. "I DON'T CARE, MR. MEDIUM, ABOUT IT'S BEING HIGHLY FINISHED; BUT I SHOULD LIKE THE DEAR CHILD'S EXPRESSION PRESERVED."

THE GREAT TOM (FOOLS) OF LINCOLN.

LINCOLN has not been hitherto represented as a philosophical borough, but we are informed by a correspondent that a certain "Professor" is thriving there on "Celestial Philosophy." This philosophy, however, which pretends to contemplate the heavenly bodies would rather seem to experimentalize on earthly bumpkins. Lincolnshire has always been famous for geese, and its reputation in that respect will be increased by the pickings which this philosopher is now making in its metropolis. To show how easily some Lincoln folks and their money are parted, we may state that his terms are from half-a-crown to two guineas. Our correspondent's note is accompanied by an advertisement, announcing that the "Professor"—who also styles himself "Mathematical Projector of Zodiacal Planispheres," and professes "Genethliacal, Horary, Mundane, and Medical Astrology"—may be consulted on all important subjects of human destiny." Some of these he enumerates: all might rather exceed the limits of his space. Among them are "Life, Health, Love, Marriage, Pecuniary Affairs, Sickness, and Emigration." Whatever may be his advice to emigrants, it is not very likely that he will quit the country himself—of his own accord—for he knows well enough that the Australian Diggings are not to be compared, for what is to be got out of them, to the Lincolnshire Flats.

Canine.

AN eminent statesman, who "has suffered persecution and learnt mercy," intends, it is said, to bring a bill into Parliament to prevent the Worrying of Rats.

THE COMIC CAHILL.

OUR heart bleeds towards poor CAHILL. Certain published letters of his had misled us into the supposition that he was a raving bigot, and seditious, truculent incendiary. Alas! we fear that we have done wrong to our brother. We have now reason for apprehending that CAHILL, after all, is a member of the confraternity of—cap and bell. Such at least is but a fair inference from the subjoined jokes, jocosities, and allusions, reported in the *Tablet* as having been uttered by DR. CAHILL in a farewell address, the conclusion to a course of lectures on "science," at the Macclesfield Theatre:—

"It had been told to him that during the delivery of his lectures he had been continually looking up to the gallery. If so, it was because he had been talking of the Heavens, and why should he not look to the *gods?* (*Laughter and applause.*) . . . They would recollect that he gave them a lecture on mountains, in which he showed that our valleys were warmer in consequence of their having the direct rays of the sun; that the atmosphere gradually grew cooler with increasing altitude, and that the mountains were frozen on the top. On coming to the Preston theatre, he applied this to the gentlemen present. Those in the pit were very warm in their manifestation of good feeling towards himself personally; but he must certainly say that the simile ended, for when he went up to the gallery, he found that in place of being cold, they had been at boiling point all the time. (*Laughter and applause.*) . . . . . When he first came amongst them, he thought he was a stranger; but their first cheer made him [feel] that he was one of themselves."

Here we have CAHILL—like any other itinerant Professor of Merriment—making jokes, appealing to the gallery, and confessedly "going in" for applause. His jokes are of the mildest, to be sure, but then his end was to amuse—to amuse, perhaps, in order that he might subsist. Poor fellow! We only hope we have not deprived him of bread by any remarks we may have made on his misinterpreted rant. This was mere bombast and burlesque, of course. In venting such seemingly atrocious language, he was only, as it were, masquerading in the character of a disaffected and furious political priest. We may not approve of this mode of holding our opponents up to execration, if that was CAHILL'S object; still we might have given him due credit for intentions at least good towards us. For simply personating a priestly firebrand, a man is no more to be blamed than MR. O. SMITH is for having played the Devil. We hail the appearance of CAHILL in genuine motley—instead of the party-coloured vestments of superstition. Why should he not write for *Punch?* We repeat our hope that we have not injured him in his profession—if it is that of a jester. For, instead of being a malignant Popish parson, the man may really be a worthy Protestant jack-pudding, a respectable mountebank, a meritorious Merry-Andrew, struggling to get his living by honest buffoonery—for aught we know, with a wife and six children.

NARROW ESCAPE OF DISRAELI AND HIS CREW.

A BOTTLE has been picked up on the stormy sea of politics. It was found to contain a piece of paper, on which were the following words, "Save us—We are sinking. If some kind friend does not quickly come to our aid, we shall all be lost." The paper was signed "DISRAELI," and the name of the ship was the well-known *Vessel of the State.* The bottle was supposed to be the celebrated Quart Bottle, upon which the above Commander has been practising for some time with a view of seeing whether he couldn't get into it, and which at last in despair he had thrown overboard, wisely devoting it to the purpose of recording their dangerous situation. Very luckily the bottle was picked up by LORD PALMERSTON—and this satisfactorily accounts for the manner in which he hastened to the assistance of the sinking ship, and has been the means of saving for a short time DISRAELI and his miserable crew from a complete wreck.

News from the Vatican.

IT is stated that the POPE has ordered the "restoration" of RAPHAEL'S pictures. For picture-cleaning Infallibility of course has an infallible receipt. To renovate the pictures of RAPHAEL may be a barbarism; but if the deed is done by Papal authority, no doubt the pictures will wink at it.

RATHER TOO HARD.—The Ministers were ready to eat humble pie; but MR. VILLIERS wanted to make them devour dirty pudding.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 4th, 1852.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

AT last the "great" novelty of the season, the work for the appearance of which the public, tantalized by a long series of preparatory puffs, had begun to look with a sort of interest, actually came off on Friday night. It is called *The Budget*.

The preposterous length of the affair must, upon the present occasion, be its protection, for it occupied five hours and ten minutes in the performance. Criticism in detail is out of the question. Nor, indeed, is it our custom ever to be severe, and least of all upon a production which, whatever we may think of its merits, has undoubtedly given employment to great numbers of persons, and has been placed upon the boards with no small expenditure of ingenuity and industry. We are disposed to let the public voice decide its fate. The manifestations of a wearied house, on Friday night were so equivocal, that we can hardly accept them as a sentence. The author, MR. DIZZY, was re-demanded several times, but, when he appeared, his reception was not complimentary. We saw, indeed, during the evening, several pieces of orange peel fall near him, and though we did not observe that any apples were flung, we remarked in his proximity what looked very much like old crabs—they may, however, have only been the faces of some dissatisfied supporters of the management.

The *Budget* is not a work depending so much upon strong effects, as upon the elaborate working out of a given idea. Certain figures are taken as types, and, though automatons, they are subjected to systematic manipulation, which at length makes them bear an interest to which no Englishman can be insensible. The plot—if so it may be called (though the real plot had obviously been worked out before the affair began)—turns upon the adventures and perplexities of a lady who is a landed proprietor, and also a holder of manufactories, *Mrs. Britain*. She is a tolerably kindly old soul, not over wise, but with good instincts, which keep her, generally speaking, in the right path; but, from hints which are given of her character, we learn that she is always being victimised. Any beggarly foreigner, especially if he pretend to have a title, is sure of her hospitality; but she is capricious, and sometimes treats her own dependents with harshness. A needlewoman who comes to make up her dresses is over-worked and ill-paid; and a young lady, who resides with her to instruct the children, is snubbed, and sent into the kitchen, in a vulgarly arbitrary manner. In some other matters she is foolishly obstinate, insisting that all the sinks of her house shall run into a pretty fish-stream under her best drawing-room window, and that the family kittens shall be drowned there; so that the water, which might be ornamental, is offensive. There is a picturesque church attached to her mansion, but she spoils its effect by opening a church-yard in the midst of her kitchens and bed-rooms. A parcel of lawyers are always hanging about her, and pretending to improve her property, and she has not the sense to see that they are mere thieves. This is the heroine of *The Budget*. It developes nearly a year of her domestic and other vexations. She incurs enormous expenses; but, properly managed, her estate would bear them, and much retrenchment might be made. Each new steward she gets promises wonders. Her last, one *Wood*—a good-natured fellow, but avowedly ignorant of arithmetic—was got into her service by some rich relatives of his, named *Grey*, who seem to have feathered their nests well, out of *Mrs. Britain's* property. Her new steward is of Hebrew descent, and so takes kindly to figures; and, of course, has all sorts of shifts and dodginesses to try. His name is *Benny Diction*, and in his own diction, which is excellent, he announces himself as "a real blessing." His devices to keep things going, and to make *Mrs. Britain* believe that her affairs are being splendidly administered, form the staple of *The Budget*. He gets her grocer to knock off fourpence-halfpenny a pound in her tea, and her maltster to take off sixteen-pence a bushel in her malt, which they can both well afford to do, as the first has been cheating her all her life, and as the other has just had some great gains by means of some law compromises. Then *Benny* gets some tolls in the neighbourhood taken off, and some charges for night-lights reduced; and a fellow in a pilot coat, who bullies her visitors a good deal, is handed to the sessions, and some troublesome quack-salvers, with their salvage, are served the same way. And her household being fond of toffy, *Benny* arranges for the treacle and molasses to be brought into the house, so that it may be made at home; but he snubs the grocer—who wants a little money on account, being in difficulties—and tells him if he can't pay his old workmen, to catch a China-man at a crossing, and make him work for him. And so *Benny* makes things look plausible enough. Meantime, he concerts, with the tax-gatherer, a scheme for getting an enormous sum out of *Mrs. Britain* for taxes on her house; and, though he certainly gets her chaplain, and her amanuensis, and some of her farm-servants a little relieved from the income-tax, the old lady herself has to pay rather more than before. And so, out of the bold and plausible speeches of *Benny*, the sneers of his rivals, the helpless indignation of poor old *Mrs. Britain*, the counterplots of *Wood*, the ex-steward—helped by a sort of small orator, one *Russell* (with a tiresome catch phrase, "JACK'S alive!")—and the really clever things said by a grim old Scotch ex-surgeon (a capital character), *Mac Tottle*, a good deal of interest is created. But the whole affair is frightfully long; and there is much in it that must be submitted to an unsparing pruning-knife. The management seemed to feel this, and it will not be played again until next Friday. We shall probably notice it again. We will only add that MR. DIZZY played the principal character; and, though indisposed, sustained it with the fortitude of an ATLAS—an atlas, indeed, in which the great latitude taken was no less evident than the longitude given without an observation.

W. B., or *Did you ever send your Frail to Derby?* has been licensed at last, and read; but MR. BERESFORD, who was to have played the *Irish Major*, was afraid of his part, and shirked it, despite his pledge to support it on the boards of this theatre. But it is being studied elsewhere, and the public will not lose by the delay.

HOMAGE TO THE INFLEXIBLE.

HERE'S to GRANBY and NEWDEGATE, SIBTHORP and BALL,
And the staunch fifty-five; the minority all,
Whom argument never could render untrue,
No rhetoric conquer, no reason subdue.

With facts and with figures though pelted like rain,
Unshaken as posts did those heroes remain,
Statistics upon them were hurled by the foe,
Not an inch they recoiled—for they felt not a blow.

As the goose throws the water-drops off of its back,
Impervious as firm, they repelled each attack,
In genuine proof-armour encased they were hit
To no purpose by proofs; to as little by wit.

Give me those that self-evident majors won't grant,
And your minor deny, notwithstanding they can't,
Or admitting the premises, logic disdain,
And dispute the conclusion they clearly contain.

If the country were ruled by such counsels as theirs,
We should soon see a different state of affairs,
The loaf would fast rise, and the people would not,
At least if they did they'd be hanged or be shot.

Or should revolution and ruin ensue,
The hearty old English Protectionist crew
Would remain at their guns, till the old ship went down,
Exclaiming, "Hooray for the Country and Crown!"

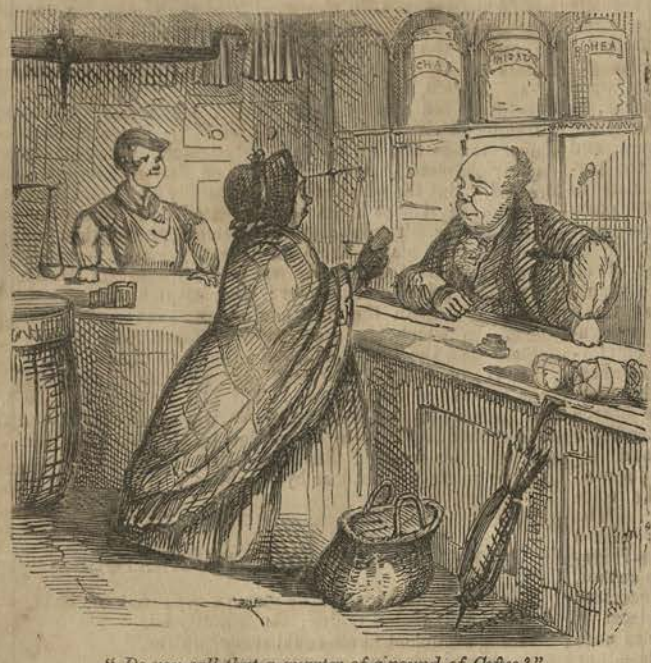
Different Vehicles of Government.

THE French drive—the English guide. This is best proved by bringing forward the different vehicles which have been chosen by the two nations as symbols of their respective Governments. In France they talk of their "*Char de l'Etat.*" In England, we speak of our *Vessel of State*. The chariot may be taken as expressive of the way in which the French drive matters upon land; and the vessel, we think we may, without much vanity, assume as figurative of the manner in which the English guide the course of events at sea.

TWO BOTTLE-MEN.—LORD PALMERSTON and BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

CHICORY AND CHICANERY.

We have most of us heard of the traditional old joke said to circulate in cheap eating-houses, as to the propriety of having the flies on a separate plate, when "one of currant pie" is ordered in the dog-days, by some hungry dog who is having his day, and indulging in a three-penny pile of coarse pastry. The same class of requirement is likely to arise at the grocers' shops, from the habit of mixing chicory with coffee, and no little surprise will be excited by the smallness of the quantity of the latter, when a purchaser of half-a-pound of coffee draws the line between that article and chicory, by desiring to have them separate.



"Do you call that a quarter of a pound of Coffee?"

It will be found that the adulteration will far outweigh the genuine article; and indeed we might suggest "*Magna est chicory et prevalebit*," as an appropriate motto to be placed over almost any London coffee-shop. If the regulation against mixing chicory with coffee is to be enforced, there should be a new scale of weights for the use of the grocers, as it is quite impossible that a pound of unchicoried coffee can weigh above four ounces, if the profits of it are to be the same as they have been hitherto. Wine Measure has long been exempted from the ordinary rules of honest measurement; and we suppose that Coffee Measure must henceforth have a set of weights of its own, by which a pound of coffee may bear about the same proportion to a pound of anything else, as a quart bottle of wine is found to bear to a quart of any other liquid.

Protection Gone to the Dogs.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has long been an advocate for a good political cry. As the Protectionists, from Lord Derby down to Mr. Christopher, have, it appears, made up their minds to "bow" to the country, *Punch* recommends them to adopt for their new cry, "Bow, wow, wow!"

"PICTURES SAFELY REMOVED."

For terms apply to the Trustees and Keepers who have had the cleaning of the Pictures of the National Gallery, for their plan of removal is certainly the most effectual that has ever been tried with regard to pictures—so effectual, in fact, that after a short time, there's nothing of the original picture left!

THE SUSCEPTIBILITIES OF FOREIGNERS.

Orders have been given by the Lord Chamberlain, that the *Battle of Waterloo* is never to be performed again at Astley's, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of foreigners.

A Noble Endowment.—A Contemporary says: "We have much pleasure in stating that Sir Peter Laurie has been *giving his undivided mind* lately to the interests of Bedlam."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

BY A SCOTCHMAN WHO HAS GONE BACK.

CHAPTER II.

"*Bluter Castle, near Knockintulloch, Bligmurdochshire.*

"The famous town of Drumsleekie lies upon a river, flowing towards the sea—like Florence. It is always delightful to me, as a Scotchman, to notice these remarkable cases of resemblance. I suppose you will hardly deny that Florence is beautiful? The inference is obvious, and I am delighted, *Punch*, to have you there!

"I woke very fresh and jolly at the Eaglesham Arms, next morning. I was surrounded by classic associations. To go no further than the Eaglesham, (and, indeed, why should one go further before breakfast?) it was from that inn, that in the last century, Dalzell of the Scaur set out, after that very great dinner which commemorated the defeat of Mummeton, who presumed to contest the county with the eldest son of the Earl of Muirfowl! Dalzell, I say, set out for the Scaur from the Eaglesham. He seems to have been in an eccentric frame of mind, for it is said, that the last time he was seen—he was reposing with both legs projecting from the carriage windows! The carriage tumbled over a precipice—for Scotland is a little hilly in some parts, I must admit—and Dalzell was killed. By the bye, the coachman, I believe, was killed too; but you may depend upon it, that if the Laird was killed, nobody bestowed much attention on the question of what became of the coachman.

"The Eaglesham gives you a very good breakfast; in fact, it's the best inn, perhaps, in Drumsleekie. The county gentry mostly put up there. The Muirfowl family, when they post, get their horses there. I suppose *that* settles the question! At the rival establishment, however, over the way, they boast an historical association. For there the Pretender supped, when he was on his way south to invade England—and I have not the least doubt supped very jollily, if he had any of the qualities of his family in him. The people of the house have stuck up a flaming inscription in the chamber where this august event took place, saying, 'The people of Drumsleekie wished the departure of the Rebel Army, because they were Loyal.' I am sure I don't doubt the loyalty of the people of Drumsleekie, but I dare say they wished the departure of the rebel army from other—not quite so romantic—feelings. It is on record, also, that the Prince carried off the Provost; which is more than any invader, I think, would be found to do, now-a-days. But, these are quieter and more happy times.

"The general aspect of Drumsleekie is picturesque—with its red sandstone churches, and streets paven with white round stones. The High Street is even majestic in its appearance. I may be prejudiced, but I say majestic.* The stranger who comes from London to stay in a provincial town, feels a sensation like that which he feels in London—when he gets into an omnibus. He feels that he has suddenly emerged from his absolute solitude, and become an object of observation. But, further than that, he has an odd sensation from the contrast between his romantic notion of the place, historically, and the place itself. For example, who does not know, that 'twas in Drumsleekie that Bruce slew the Red Comyn? Why, there's a great family proud to this day, that their ancestor 'finished' him on the occasion, by walking in and giving him the final stab. At least, they derive their crest and motto from the deed and word then performed and uttered. If you were to ask at Drumsleekie to be shown the spot, you would, doubtless, be told, 'Just by Dick Breeks, the tailor's!' Breeks lives and does his necessary trade-work, there (we require him *in the South*—so none of your old jokes, *Mr. Punch!*). You feel a little put out that everybody doesn't feel as you do when you go there. But this is an everyday matter to them: Bruce slew the Red Comyn on that spot—and 'twas there Dick Breeks made the 'bailie's' Sunday trousers.

"*Apropos* of trousers, I must not omit to register a 'note' on something I observed in another part of Drumsleekie. There is a house—a very small house (not without an interest to be noticed presently)—boasting this inscription—'M'Gusk, renovator of gentlemens' apparel.' I stood and contemplated that announcement with admiration; I defy London to produce one more dignified, more gentlemanly. The whole operation—whatever the operation may be—must lose all its humbleness in the hands of M'Gusk. You are not, when you employ him, an economic individual bent on having your clothes made look newer—bless you, you're a gentleman having your apparel renovated! It makes all the difference. You are always quizzing us in London for our economic solicitude; you must admit, that while we preserve our clothes, we likewise preserve our dignity.

"M'Gusk gave my spirits a fillip that morning, after my little disappointment about the Bruce and Red Comyn scene. I went about and made a call or two. I looked up a near relation of mine—a sixth cousin. We are related this way. M'Spleuchan of Bluter

* We hardly know sometimes when M'Spleuchan is laughing and when serious.—Ed.

in 1706 * * * * * The Scotchman in his own country is a better fellow than the Scotchman in London. In London, I have remarked, he is shy of his fellow, until he knows a good deal about him. He is even known to doubt your Scotchmanship for a little. You may be an interloper; a mere pretender to the honour. 'From Dundee?' he asks drily, as much as to say, 'you'll hardly be claiming thaut!' 'Farther south,' you perhaps observe. 'Ah!' And then you cannot, if you are a RAMSAY or a MURRAY, be one of *the* RAMSAYS or *the* MURRAYS. A Scotchman in London is slow to believe another Scotchman anybody. SIR ISAAC NEWTON, who was of a Scotch family,† wrote, I have heard, to claim kindred with the head of his house; who took no notice of him, conceiving him to be a stranger who wanted to connect himself impertinently with NEWTON of that Ilk. But this is a digression. I say the Scotchman is a far better fellow at home. If he is your kinsman, so much the better. By JOVE, we're a sentimental people, in spite of what they say about our hardness! Do you know that SIR WALTER SCOTT shed tears when he saw the Scotch firs in the Apennines? I, myself, displayed the deepest emotion at Cephalonia when little EMILY PEARTREE sang *Banks and braes*, and hugged old M'GREGOR, the ugliest fellow in the regiment. They said I had been drinking, but I declare I was sober. Don't your kinsmen receive you with open arms? Has not M'SPLEUCHAN OF BRICKLEBEEBIE—the Invernesshire branch of our family—who is not related to me nearer than by two hundred years, and who never saw my face, asked me to visit him? And don't I intend to go.‡ Did not BALGONY give me the run of his pheasants, though I am a bungler who massacre hens? Our hospitality is proverbial. Some fellows abuse it. I have heard my father (who grew ten times fonder of the family traditions than ever after he had lost the estate,) say, that GORDON OF HAIG stayed once with GORDON OF GRINSMUIR so remorselessly, that they were obliged to serve him up his spurs, in a side-dish. This, however, was an extreme case. *We* never did even a thing like this. At the entertainment which followed the funeral of BLACK M'SPLEUCHAN, my great grandfather, scarce a man in the parish (*of rank sufficient to be invited*) was sober.

"Two days after my arrival at Drumsleekie came Sunday. I was sorry to observe how disputes have divided our church. Besides the Established Church, there is the United Secession, and the Brotherly Withdrawal, &c. It is a great sight—a sight only to be appreciated by a traveller—to see those respectable traders, the magistrates (Provost and Bailies) of the burgh, marching to church with the halberd-man (as a harmless official in a livery is supposed to be) marching before them.

"But you are perhaps not aware, my dear *Punch*, that the swell thing (as the gents say) is to go to the Episcopal Church. The MUIRFOWL family happen to be Episcopalians; also a few of the inhabitants of the West End of Drumsleekie (for Drumsleekie has a West End, which is almost half as large as Leicester Square); so it is thought by some people to be more 'genteel' to go there likewise. This is a polite way of snubbing Presbyterianism, and pooh-poohing the Scottish Reformation. It is practised even by fellows who come of genuine Presbyterian breed, and who have recovered (with interest) the ears which their ancestors lost in the cause in the times of persecution.

"When I heard of a fact like this, my eyes were wont to wander to that part of the High Street in which, on summer evenings, certain of the Drumsleekians 'cut'—ROBERT BURNS.

"But this is opening a subject too wide for my present space, though, perhaps, the jaunty young gent I met t'other day would think otherwise. He was of opinion, I remember, that such intruders as BURNS should be 'put down.'"

The Difficulty of Saying No.

THIS difficulty has never been so wonderfully proved as in France recently, where, in the matter of the election of Emperor, no more than 253,145 persons could be found to say "No;" whereas, near upon 8,000,000 came forward to say "YES." This is a curious example of the politeness and gallantry of Frenchmen, who have elected a man like LOUIS NAPOLEON Emperor of France, sooner than hurt his feelings by saying "No" to him. Certainly, the French are the politest nation in the world!

Doing a Good for an Evil Turn.

THE *Times* has lately favoured the public with one or two very curious specimens of Curling papers. The Curling process, as shown by these papers, is remarkable for its power of twisting and turning in a manner so completely at variance with anything straight or following a right line, that a patent might safely be applied for by the Reverend proprietor.

* We have again applied the pruning knife.—ED.

† The reader is cautioned not to take facts like this on M'SPLEUCHAN'S *assertion* only.—ED.

‡ We don't doubt it in the least.—ED.

"THOSE ODIOUS EPITHETS."

FRIEND has sent us the following pathetic lines, which were found under the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S seat, the night he delivered his now famous speech on MR. VILLIERS' motion. Whether the Right Honourable Gentleman had himself found solace in composing them, or whether they were sent him by some amiable brother Member, must, we fear, for ever remain a secret.

We can only say that we have received them anonymously, and "in the strictest confidence"—which, of course, explains our immediately publishing them:—

AIR.—"*Oh! no, we never mention her.*"

Oh! no, we'll never sanction it:
That VILLIERS is absurd,
To think that tamely we'd submit
To one such odious word.
From House to House they worry me,
Ne'er Rat so hunted yet,—
But no! we'll not be "bullied" by
An odious epithet!

'Tis true with fouler words than these
I badgered ROBERT PEEL,
'Tis true I called him all the names
That man could coin—or steal:
But now I'm grown so sensitive,
My nerves it quite upsets
To be attacked in public with
Sugh odious epithets!

I'll bow to the majority:
What must be, must—of course:
I'll eat the leek—why should it
Be served with VILLIERS' sauce?
May be I promised to restore
Protection—one forgets:
I'm Free-trade now: but pray withdraw
Those odious epithets!

Cullen and his Chains.

DR. CULLEN, in his late pastoral, accuses certain "proselytizers" of endeavouring to forge new chains for their Catholic countrymen at home. Nobody that we know of attempts to forge any chains for Catholics, except the chains that are calculated to fetter the understanding: and these, surely, are not the work of Protestant blacksmiths.

BLACK AND WHITE.

SINCE the REVEREND MESSIEURS CURLING and ELLIOTT have figured so disreputably in the columns of the *Times*, it is not improbable that a falsehood will henceforth go by the mild—and only too appropriate—title of a clerical error.

THE TWO PLURALISTS.

MANY HUNDREDS. MANY DUTIES.

HOW WE BURIED PROTECTION. BY A MINISTERIAL MUTE.

YOUR burial-jobs may be sad sort of things
For the stiff 'uns and parties as mourns 'em,
But we fun'ral performers, we laughs and we sings,
And for tears and all that there—we scorns 'em;
Our saddest o' mugs is a mug of good beer,
With our plumes we packs up our long faces,
And we laugh and we chaff—it's quite pleasant to hear—
While atop of the hearse in our places.

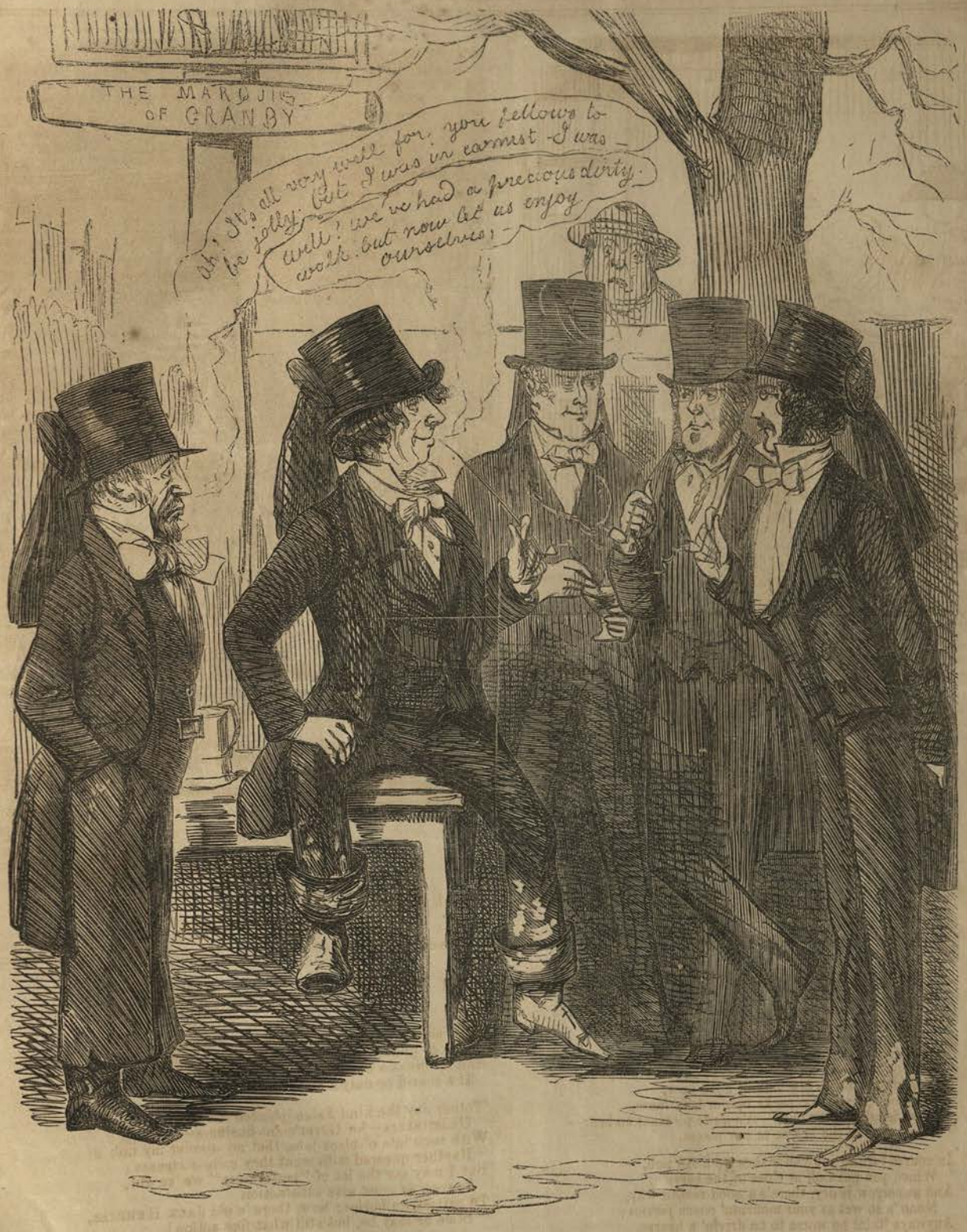
In course for the job you makes up a sad nob,
Which you pulls off at close of the sarvice,
And as sorrow is dry, there's a good reason why,
None 's so wet as your mournin' coach jarvies;
Anyways 'taint no worse to be drivin' a hearse,
Than a cab, or a wan, or a carriage;
You gets your five bob for a funeral job,
As you does for a christ'nin or marriage.

As for walkers, and bearers, and stavesmen, and mutes,
What odds is the togs a man walks in?
There's some on us goes in Lord Mayors' City shows,
Some as supers the theatres stalks in.

But a show is a show, whatsomever the name,
Gay or glumpy don't matter a biffin;
And for what a chap follows, why that 's all the same,
If a sheriff or only a stiff 'un.

'Tother day the kind Fates 'pointed me and my mates
Undertakers—for Gover'ment business—
With such lots o' black jobs, that no wonder my nob 's
Rayther queered with what they calls *dizzyness*;
But I may say the lot of "performers" we 've got,
Is such as must give satisfaction
To parties we buries; now, there 's old JACK HERRIES,
Stale he may be, but still what fine action!

And then there 's JOE HENLEY, and that there young STANLEY—
Steady lad, though his father's own son, Sir;
While to bear plumes or banners, there 's handsome JOHN MANNERS
Does *that*, as it 's never been done, Sir.
As for DERBY, d'ye see, 'twixt the post, you and me,
He 's a drag, p'rhaps, upon the concern, Sir;
But him I've booked up too, 'cos he 's much looked up to,
And, old as he is, he can learn, Sir.


THE MARQUIS
OF GRANBY
Ah, It's all very well for you fellows to be jolly. But I was in earnest - I was - well, we've had a precious dirty work. but now let us enjoy ourselves!

THE UNDERTAKERS CAROUSING AFTER THE BURIAL OF PROTECTION.

So I think, altogether, just give me fine weather,
And no rivals my plans for to frustrate,
And—it ain't no use talking—be 't a "riding" or "walking,"
I'll turn out a job you'll call *fust*-rate.
Why, 'twas but t'other day, didn't we stow away
One, for whom some professed great affection—
Her age it might be somewhere near thirty-three,
You know her I mean—MISS PROTECTION.

My eyes, what a lot of people was got
Together to see that gal buried!
Six hundred or more must have been round the door—
No wonder my men was quite flurried.
The lead, Sir, I took, in my hat-band and cloak,
One GRANBY and BALL was chief mourners,
With old MRS. GAMP—as quite wept herself damp—
Many joined 'em, but slipt off round corners.

Some few, by their crying, seemed to feel for her dying;
Old servants—they always most suffers—
About fifty-three their whole bilin' might be,
Steady, elderly, top-booted buffers.
As for us who "performed," why in course we was warmed—
(One wants spirits on these sad occasions,)
But quite stiff and steady, with faces already
Made up to suit grave situations:

And nought could be graver than was our behaviour—
Few 'd have thought to see such solemn creepers,
That 'neath long cloaks and scarfs was such lots o' good larfs,
And such fun dressed in hat-bands and weepers.
To see men misbehave, on their way to the grave,
Friends don't like—and it's they finds the stumpy—
As I says to my men, "When you goes back again,
You may sky-lark—till then come it grumpy."

Well, we stowed her away, and I think I may say
Chaps ne'er had a pleasanter ride, Sir,
Than me and my men, as we came back again
On the stripped hearse—all cosy outside, Sir.
Black clothes and sad looks we 'd scored all in our books—
Glasses round at each public I stood, Sir;
The party was laid up, our bill to be paid up—
'Tis an ill wind blows nobody good, Sir!

A GLASS OF FRIENDSHIP WITH FRANCE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"A SENSIBLE writer in the *Times*, signing himself VIATOR, combats the assertion of revenue officials, that it is impossible to levy an *ad valorem* duty on French wines. Your readers, Sir, do not require to be convinced, that to facilitate the importation of those beverages is a thing most desirable by all manner of persons, except brewers and teetotallers—desirable even by the latter as conducive, at least, to temperance. It is obvious that the introduction of the juice of the grape must tend to prevent the interchange of grape-shot; the more bottles we crack with the French, the fewer heads we shall break; and the greater quantity of claret that flows commercially, the less amount will be drawn, pugnaciously, between us. A nation of wine-merchants might as well cut their own throats as those down which their produce is poured by their customers; they would be pledged to peace in the wine-glass. Light wines, moreover, are salubrious as well as pleasant; by their cheap admission, therefore, we should not only lessen the chances of hostile invasion, but also diminish the frequency of bilious attacks. Increased consumption would compensate for reduced duty; thus, we should gain security without losing revenue, and be enabled to dispense with militia-men and blue pills; all by the agreeable and satisfactory expedient of addicting ourselves to good and cheap wine. To these beneficial results an *ad valorem duty* would tend; and were there any difficulty to be apprehended in collecting it, I am quite sure the means for surmounting that obstacle might be supplied by an Establishment in Fleet Street, commanding taste competent to appreciate any quality of wine. I beg to forward my card to your office, *Mr. Punch*; and with the assurance that I have the nicest palate in the world, and am ready, any day, to appraise any quantity of French or other wine, to subscribe myself, hereinunder,

"Your Constant Reader,
"GUSTAVUS."

The Ignoble Art of Self-Defence.

THE present Ministers still endeavour in private to take credit for Protectionist principles, their argument being that for Self-Protection they have sacrificed everything.

THE HEIGHT OF GERMAN ROMANCE.

HE French believe that the English people are accustomed to sell their wives. Monstrous as is this imputation on HER MAJESTY'S subjects, the Germans appear to entertain an idea still more shocking. We quote the *Examiner*:

"RUMOURED BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—The *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung* says, that the report gains consistency that PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, the heir of the Prussian crown, is betrothed to the PRINCESS ROYAL of England. The Princess of Prussia, mother of the Prince, will make another visit to England next spring. PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, eldest son of the Prince of Prussia, and nephew of the reigning monarch, was born October 18, 1831. The PRINCESS ROYAL was born November 21, 1840."

During the dark ages of the last, and the beginning of the present century, in England, it is too true, the sanctity of Royal matrimony was wont to be profaned by the conjunction of prince and princess irrespectively of their affections. Now, of course, there prevails no such practice in any higher quarter than the Smithfield Club. The age is past when Royalty respected its family at the rate of live stock. GEORGE THE FOURTH'S glass of brandy at the sight of CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK is never to be repeated. The wickedness of joining hands without hearts is no more to be perpetrated in the highest places. Nature, ceasing to be outraged in illustrious breasts, will no longer assert herself in scandalous example. Nor will our Court, adorned now at last with the domestic graces, a pattern to its subjects, ever show them one so different as to mortify those virtues at the root. The idea of the PRINCESS ROYAL, aged 12, being engaged to be married is too absurd. Seriously, however, we assure our Augsburg contemporary that nothing like it has ever occurred in this country for years; except a case that came the other day before the Westminster County Court, reported in the *Times*: "PELLAS *v.* HUNTER." This was an action for the recovery of 10*l.* paid by the plaintiff to the defendant—manager of the "Legal Matrimonial Association"—to procure him a wife—value not received for the money. In a letter to defendant, plaintiff described himself as "a most honourable and respectable single gentleman, desirous of getting married to a respectable lady, no matter her age, possessing a handsome fortune."

On cross-examination, MR. PELLAS stated that

"He had never before speculated in marriage. He was under 30 years of age. He did not care about his wife's age, as he wanted a companion in a woman, and money might give her favour."

However, this not very particular gentleman was, in fact, a foreigner. He was above 12 years of age, though under 30. He was old enough to understand the value of his own heart; and was a free agent in the negotiation for its sale. In all which respects, the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung* will perceive, he differs entirely from the PRINCESS ROYAL. We hope that print will publish no more calumnies against the British Crown, although slanders so absurd can tend to shake it only with the laughter of the Sovereign wearer.

French Logic.

LOUIS NAPOLEON says he has accepted the title of NAPOLEON III. because it has been bestowed upon him by the logic of the people. He is mistaken: or else the logic of the French is a logic that does not regard consequences.

"A WISE, JUST, AND BENEFICIAL MEASURE."

THE Quart Bottle—if there were any possibility of meeting with one; but we suppose MR. DISRAELI, having certain bitter recollections of that measure, would oppose the application of the terms, and stigmatize them as "odious epithets."

MAXIM FOR THE STAUNCH MINORITY.—An honest politician may be often tried, but is never open to conviction.

A PRESENT FROM GALWAY.

"MISTHUR PUNCH, ESQUIRE,

"BAD luck to ye for a blackgard and thief of the world, that fires confutation and ridicule from the bow of impertinence agin our pathriotic Prastehood, and pours the arrows of contimpt from the urn of arrogance on the heads of the holy and venerated epistles of the Irish successors of the Apostles. This comes to inform ye of the intintion I cherished of comin over to London to assist in the fillilоo of the Funeral, and take that opportunity of tellin ye a bit o' me mind with the tongue o' me fist through the madium of a sprig o' shillelagh. Defated in that laudable design by an unforeseen combination of circumstances, I adopt the alternative of sending you my picthur, as I appeared tuk by an artist of imminence on the platform of the Galway Station, ready for the voyage to England, when suddenly compelled to stay where I was, and proceed back again for want of the dhirty railway fare. Sur, I desire that ye will consider yourself insulted by my portbrait in the most offensive manner that may be agreeable to your feelings as a man of honour: and I have only to add that my likeness represents me as ye would have seen me in Fleet Street, if I hadn't been obliged to be present elsewhere on Thursday, November the Eighteenth, 1852, hurling defiance and mud at your Office window, and goin to pull your long nose from the other side of the way.

"I have the disgraceful honour to be, Sur,

"YOUR GALWEGIAN CONTIMPORARY."

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

Suggested by a late fracas.

YE gentlemen of England
Who read debates at ease,
How little do ye think upon
The squabbles of M.P.'s.
One Honourable lifts his cane
To castigate a foe,
With a smack on the back;
But, no sooner struck the blow,
Than the assailant runs away
As fast as he can go.

But want of spirit always
Is impotent to save,
For the legs are very soon tripped up
Of him the stripes that gave.
Then one M.P. in gutter fell:
Your cheeks with shame will glow,
When you're told, as he rolled
On the pavement to and fro,
From foot and hand, while he was down,
He got both kick and blow.

Britannia boasts her bulwarks,
Her towers of wisdom deep,—
The Members of her Parliament
Who talk and vote and sleep:
The thunders that her statesmen spoke
To all the nations go;
As they're hurled through the world,
What a pity it should know,
Two Members, all about a cab,
Exchanged the coward's blow.

Each gentleman of England
Will feel his cheek to burn,
That Honourable Members
Have still so much to learn.
Ye House of Commons' warriors,
'T is time that ye should know,
'T is a shame on your name
To have sunk so very low,
In a street fight to give, at night,
The unbecoming blow.

THE TRIBE OF LEWIS.—Although LOUIS NAPOLEON has destroyed most of the liberties of France, his financial operations show that he still respects the system of Jewry.

A PRETTY PLACE AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS!

WE have been asked what we think of the advertisement subjoined, which appeared, lately, in the *Times*:—

WANTED, in a tradesman's family (a widower, with three girls, the youngest nine), an active, cheerful, domesticated PERSON, who understands the French language, has a good knowledge of music, and is a good dressmaker, and would not object to housework, which is light. Washing, &c. all put out. As the person will be treated as one of the family, a small salary only will be given. No other servant kept. Address, with full particulars, stating age and salary required, to G. M., Grove Hill, Tunbridge Wells.

After sixty seconds' mature deliberation, our opinion is that this announcement has been put forth for a bet. We conjecture that G. M., in a moment of eccentricity, laid a wager to the effect that such destitution exists among Governesses, that he would obtain an answer from at least one young lady of that class, to an offer of a situation so monstrous and insulting as the above. He must be a bold man to have laid a bet which not only existing facilities for emigration, but chances of obtaining a maid-of-all-work's place in any respectable family, render so hazardous. We should also say he was a rather unfeeling person, to sport thus with the distress of poor young ladies, if we did not consider that his intention might be to surprise the starving applicant with a generous proposal—perhaps that of becoming the mother of his children.

If we are wrong in these surmises, we can only suppose that business being very slack at Tunbridge Wells, the tradesmen of that town have got up the foregoing advertisement, for the purpose of attracting an influx of visitors to see the remarkable beast that may be viewed, on application, in the shape of G. M., at Grove Hill.

A MOOREISH LULLABY.

OH, rest thee, young Parson, thy prospects are bright,
Thy brother's Archdeacon, your uncle's all right:
The stalls and the tithes, and the livings you see,
They all shall belong, my young Parson, to thee.

Oh, rest thee, young Parson, the time it may come
When your gains shall amount to an annual plum:
Then rest thee, young Parson, and reap while you may,
For down comes the system as sure as the day.

Flaying the Old Masters.

IT appears that the authorities presiding over the National Gallery have been picture-cleaning again, to the detriment of CLAUDE'S "*Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca*," "*Annunciation*," and "*Embarcation of the Queen of Sheba*;" the last of which paintings, in particular, has wofully suffered. How strange that these gentlemen never can clean pictures without getting into a scrape!

PROFESSOR PUFFY AT THE CHRISTMAS CATTLE-SHOW.

With the learned, dear *Punch*, it has long been a question,
And one, I admit, rather hard of digestion,
If beasts can indulge in polite conversation,
Or are wholly condemned to complete isolation;
If their tongues for the purpose of speech are supplied,
Or are useless, unless they are pickled or dried.
To the latter opinion I always inclined,
And, indeed, until lately had made up my mind
That, supposing I *could* have said "Bo!" to a goose,
I should find that achievement of very small use,
Since that brief salutation, for all I could learn,
From no goose ever met with the slightest return.
But last night, Sir, I luckily happened to dine
With a learned associate and crony of mine,
A mesmerist; one, whose Od force, when he tries,
Makes you see with your stomach instead of your eyes,
With one pass of his hand o'er a pauper forlorn, he
Makes him swear that his gruel is Mulligatawney;
With another an old tavern waiter is brought
To think red ink and logwood are fine fruity port;
With a third, on a grocer red lead and ground glass
He contrives for the best Cayenne pepper to pass;
With a fourth, as he hands him a thick, black, sweet liquor, he
Makes him say, that is coffee which really is chicory!
At his house, then, the question I've previously stated
When dinner was over was warmly debated,
Till it seemed, as each man argued on, without heeding
The rest, that, in person, the brutes were all pleading,
And our host, to compose us, proposed we should go
In a body, at once, to the Baker Street Show.
Well! to cut matters short, we had looked at each stall,
Praised the beasts, poked our fists in the ribs of them all
As connoisseurs do, and were standing hard by
To a pen of prize pigs, when I heard a deep sigh
So like that of our host, who had hold of my arm,
That I thought he was ill, and turned round with alarm,
To find that it came from a two-year-old boar,
Whom our host with a glance had held fast to the floor.
But, far greater became my alarm and surprise,
When the pig, from our host never taking his eyes,
Exclaimed, "So, Mr. Puffy, you think we can't speak!
You'd have wished, had you heard my poor ancestor's Greek,—
The Great Boar of Caledon (*that* sung by Homer, I
Mean, not Lord Athol or Robert Montgomery)—
That the bold Meleager had ne'er had to vaunt a
Flitch won for himself and the fair Atalanta!
Not speak! Don't you know how that pink of propriety,
St. Anthony, greatly admired the society
Of a pig he had cured, not by pickling and smoking him,
As your tithe-pigs are cured, but by sprinkling and stroking him?
Don't you know that the pig obeyed all the Saint's wishes,
And acted as clerk when he preached to the fishes.
Like a Newman or Pusey kept fast days and high days,
And never eat acorns on Wednesdays and Fridays;
And how, when he died, the good Saint, deeply hurt,
Of his favourite's bristles composed his hair-shirt?
Setting pigs on one side, don't you know that the horses
Of Achilles pronounced the most moving discourses,
In terms not to humbug or mystify meant,
Of his 'future performance foretold the event,'
And declared they could back him no more, as their art
Taught them Paris would 'scratch him,' ere long, 'not to start?'
As for bulls, though poor Apis in Egypt, and Nandi
In India, have quite lost their old *locus standi*,
The Assyrian bull, with its grand human face,
So full of calm majesty, power, and grace,
('Mid the ruins of London, the Stowe or the Strype
From Australia, of John Bull will deem it a type),
That its sculptors a very small diff'rence could see
'Twixt a man and a bull clearly satisfies me;
And this feeling, which prompted their kings to require 'em
To carve this grand *semibovemque virum*,
Fired the poets of Greece in like manner, and drove 'em
To describe their great *semivirumque bovem*.
And if, 'Why have beasts ceased to talk?' you should cry;
'Where's the wisdom of Æsop?' I ask, in reply.
'*He* treasured each hint that our fathers let drop,
You but look at a sheep with a view to a chop;
Neither he, nor that worthy disciple of Brahma
(Whom you have named Pilpay, but we Vishnusarma)
Would have ever been suffered to mix with the beasts
And the birds in their rich intellectual feasts,
If their ardent desire those circles to join
Had sprung from a wish for a leg or a loin.
In those innocent times every potent Wuzeer
And grave Cadi delighted our counsels to hear,
And the sheep and the calf *viva voce* would tell 'em
What you glean with such trouble from parchment and vellum;
Whilst the Mollahs and Muftis from our conversation
Got a wisdom not found in your whole Convocation.
But, perchance, when the great Vegetarian sect
Our lives from the murderous steel shall protect,
And, surpassing the wise men of primitive days,
Shall seek us, not only to talk but to graze:
When the judge shall run out for a bite of fresh grass
And a quiet hour's chat with his ox and his ass;
And the soldier of battles and wounds shall discourse,
As he bruises and munches his oats, with his horse:
And, still more, when the tenets so pure and so grand
Of Electro-Biology spread through the land,
And the stomach, engrossed by its new task of thinking,
Has quite lost its relish for eating and drinking:
As our lives will be safe in the hamlet and city,
We may once more be learned, sagacious, and witty;
Without trembling with fright, all the while that we chat,
Lest our hearers should think us invitingly fat."—
Here our host, who was jostled and pushed by the crowd,
His attention to rove for one moment allowed,
And the pig, from his power in that instant released,
Became a poor, panting, mute, suffering beast.

THE EMPIRE OF BEADLEDOM.

THE Beadledom is now a *fait accompli*, and Bumble II. has delivered the following speech to those who have offered him the hereditary Cocked Hat in the name of the inhabitants.

"Gentlemen,

"The new reign is not founded, as others have been, on violence. I have not walked into power over the crushed beadles of the past, though some of them have been black beadles who have left a stain on the page of history.

"The greater my power, the more need have I to be surrounded by enlightened men—(*bowing to the Lascar*)—by independent men (*nodding to a Waterman*) like those I now address, to guide me by their counsel (*a howl of applause from the Lascar*), and to restrain my authority, should it ever stray beyond just limits ('*Hooray!*' *from the Waterman*).

"I take this day, with the Cocked Hat, the name of Bumble II., because the logic of the Arcade has already said that, one and one making two, and number one being the sole thought of my predecessor as well as of myself, I can take no other title——"

The rest of the speech was drowned in a shower of rain that fell for many hours uninterruptedly. A portion of this speech was delivered by the Beadle mounted on his horse—a powerful clothes-horse. The effect was excellent.

There is still considerable difficulty in dealing with the claims of the Bumble family, and it is said that the Uncle of the Beadle is desirous of the appointment of Special Constable of the Arcade, with nominal duties and a high salary. Some hint that the Vice Beadledom of the Lowther Bazaar will be offered him, but whether he will be satisfied with this splendid exile is more than doubtful.

Amongst the anecdotes told of the Beadle is the following:—When the potboy, on the eve of the proclamation, came round with the nocturnal beer, he inquired whether the time had yet arrived when the Beadle was to be addressed by his new title. "No," replied Bumble, "let me enjoy my private position as long as I can;" and he retired into a corner with a pot of half-and-half. The effect was excellent.

CURATES IN OLD CLOTHES.

HE cry of Old Clo' is commonly supposed to be a shibboleth; a form of speech peculiar to the Jews. This voice, however, of Hebrew persuasion has, it seems, become a Christian appeal. Old Clothes are cried—in a whisper—about our holy places—if the areas and side-doors of our Episcopacy and Pluracy are holy. Thus saith S. G. O.:—

> "Will the public believe the fact?—for years past there has been a Society whose aim is to collect cast-off apparel for—poor curates!"

The public will readily believe the fact; it will, indeed, help them to understand how curates can live on such salaries as those quoted in the *Times* by "AN INDIGNANT CHURCHMAN," as offered on the part of a clerical agent in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*:—

> "York, £50, with apartments; Winchester, £40, furnished house; Chichester, £52, furnished house; Oxford, £50, furnished house; Oxford, £50; Litchfield, £52, furnished house; Rochester, £60, £50; Peterborough, £50, £25, £60; Ely, £45; Hereford, £40; Sarum, £30, furnished house and servant; Norwich, £65, £60, £50."

The Indignant Churchman has previously observed that the same *Ecclesiastical Gazette* announces the appointment, by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, of the "Honourable and Very Reverend G. PELLEW, D.D., DEAN OF NORWICH," to the rectory of Great Chart, Kent, valued in the *Clergy List* at £668 per annum; this dean having, since the year of grace 1829, held the rectory of St. Dionis Backchurch, London, appraised at £439 a year.

The Honourable and Very Rich—we beg his pardon, Very Reverend—DEAN OF NORWICH, is doubtless—he can afford to be—a handsome contributor to the Clerical Old Clothes Bag: a contributor of cassocks but little patched, and of coats and gaiters not extremely threadbare. The BISHOP OF LONDON, we trust, often stuffs it with habits of charity, old, but not outworn. The BISHOP OF EXETER'S suits go, probably, rather to fill the blue bag of his lawyer.

Some interesting speculations are suggested by the idea of poor parsons wearing the old clothes of rich. Does the Society above-mentioned sometimes buy the old clothes of the original wearer, and does it ever get "done" by a bishop or a dean putting a farthing into a waistcoat pocket? Into how many surplices for an attenuated curate would one surplice of a bloated pluralist cut up? How many highlows might a working clergyman get made out of episcopal jack-boots? And how would such a labouring son of the Church walk in the shoes of a lazy prebend?

There was an extraordinary man who professed to be gifted with insight into the spiritual world, and who published his experiences, or imaginations, of its phenomena. According to him, it is one of the laws of that kingdom that he who puts on another's clothes is forthwith inspired and actuated with that other's sentiments; a churchman and a politician—if we rightly remember—dispute; are made to change garments: when forthwith the political man talks as the ecclesiastic, and the latter utters the ideas of his secular antagonist. This notion is based on some extent of truth. There is wisdom in the wig. The soldier, in a measure, is made by his uniform. Who would not feel himself to be some inches of a king, in a crown and royal robes? Would you not be conscious of an inclination to strut, if you were bedizened like a beadle? To enter into the feelings of a mechanical working-man, you not being one, would you not be helped by donning a brown paper cap and an apron?

Suppose, then, one of our lean curates—quoted at from £25 in the *Narrow Lane Express*, or *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, inducted into the *femoralia*, or nether canonicals, of a prelate; in short, putting on a bishop's breeches—how would he feel? That the breeches would have to be taken considerably in for one thing, perhaps. But he might also be conscious of a decreasing humility. He might begin to think a little better than Small Beer of himself, and to form a self estimate rather at the rate of Old Port. It is likely that his appetence would exceed bread and cheese; some suggestions of sirloin, if not of venison and turtle, might be communicated to his interior by those "shorts" which had formed the outermost continent of so many good dinners. He might even be sensible of vague indistinct emotions originating from achievements of French cookery; remotely inspired, too, by Lafitte and Chateau-Margaux, Sillery, or Johannisberger. The superinduced breeches of the Lord Bishop would surely communicate to him a somewhat enlarged apprehension of good things and good living.

Whether, on the other hand, the prelatical nether garments would imbue our poor Curate with any thought of moral famine and spiritual destitution, arising from want of working clergy, depending on deficiency of provision for their maintenance, chargeable on superabundant endowment of sees, may be a question. It is not very likely that they would: the mitre itself puts any such anxiety into few heads. More probably the breeches would impart a sense of ease and comfort, tending to subdue and quiet misgivings of that sort. But this pleasant impression would hardly last, by reason of the altered state of the pockets.

As second-hand clothes are better for poor Curates than none at all, it is to be hoped that the prelates and pluralists do not, in general, sell their cast-off raiment to the Hebrews. Still, new clothes are preferable to old for gentlemen and scholars, and to supersede the Society for providing Curates with the latter, the Heads of the Church might form an Association for getting them the former. Attired in the rejected habiliments of the "dignified clergy" the poor Curates appear in an aspect so undignified as to be absolutely disgraceful—to their superiors.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF MR. BALL, THE BROKEN-HEARTED PROTECTIONIST.

Just the Size for it!

AS DISRAELI has no longer any use for his favourite Quart Bottle—for he certainly has abandoned that trick, though he may have made up for his loss by acquiring one or two fresh ones—may we be allowed to recommend his keeping the Bottle for some future purpose, or experiment? It may come in useful to hold LORD MAIDSTONE'S Deluge that we are promised after the DERBY Ministry has been swept away. There would be plenty of room for it, and would bottle it up nicely, and so prevent it committing any excess of damage.

Rather Poetical but Quite True.

THE ancients, with due reverence and dread,
Placed in an urn the ashes of their dead;
The modern French the practice have pursued
Though with no sentiment but fear imbued,
For Freedom's ashes, with abasement vast,
Into th' electoral urn they meanly cast.

"May Good Digestion Wait, &c."

IN reply to a question put to him in the House of Commons on Thursday night, the Home Secretary said that the Government did not intend to propose that the whole of the law should be digested. We are not surprised at this, for how is it possible to digest that which nobody is able to swallow?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 11th, 1852.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

HE entertainments this week have been of a slight and desultory character, the management being, we presume, glad to "put up" anything they could get, while the great novelty, *The Budget*, was being rendered more fit for the boards than on its ill-advised production. We looked in for a short time at the second performance of this affair on Friday last, but could see no great improvement, except that the part of the ex-steward, *Wood*, came "up" a little. His advice to *Benny* not to be ashamed of bungling his accounts, as he, *Wood*, had often sent in an account wrongly cast up three times running, told upon the House; and the smartness of *Dandy Tom*, a light character, by no means new to the stage, but always welcome, imparted a motion to the business. We also thought we listened to some sentiments for which the author of the *Lady of Lyons* is responsible: and the applause they received was by no means meant for the successful plagiarist who is understood to have concocted the *Budget*.

On Monday a succession of short extravaganzas occupied the evening. A brief but well conceived *pièce de circonstance*, called *The British Fleet*, was successfully produced, and has drawn a great deal of money, as it deserved to do. The idea is a happy one, the sentiments excellent, and we may add, thoroughly English. It is full of fire; and we have no hesitation in saying that it can triumphantly compete with any French work of similar construction. Although not a "Whig piece," the author has not dispensed with the old conventional powder, and has judiciously prepared the way for keeping the audience in a tremendous roar. MR. STAFFORD played the principal character with much spirit.

The same evening an actor named CARTER, nearly new to the stage, made his appearance in the disagreeable character of *Cavil*, in *A Nation's Tears*. We have seen many instances of outrageous violence on the part of an audience, but we never remember so dead a set being made against any actor as was directed against this unfortunate MR. CARTER. He had scarcely uttered a sentence, when yells and groans were discharged at him in volleys, and every time he attempted to be heard, they were re-doubled. He gesticulated furiously, but in vain; and it was only on a portion of the audience insisting, either that the performances should be heard, or that the curtain should fall, that he was allowed to proceed. The words he had to utter were certainly a mixture of nonsense and bad taste, nor is his hard, unpleasant manner calculated to win upon a fastidious assembly—but we cannot approve of these extreme demonstrations, as an indifferent actor will always find his level in due time.

The long talked-of *W. B.*, or *Did you ever Send your Frail to Derby?* has been in rehearsal all the week, but in one of the green-rooms, not upon the stage, the principal actor, it is said, being afraid of the "traps," and having a nervous antipathy to face the lights, when he can avoid it. A great mystery has been made about the affair, but lobby-loungers say that the plot is pretty clear, and that some letters which are read will produce a startling effect. There is a good parody—"My name's MR. MORGAN, I don't live at Chester," and one of the scenes is the interior of a London club; an Irish Major is seated on a sofa, and is engaged in some mysterious correspondence, when somebody crosses the room, and is mistaken by the Irishman for the Editor of a London paper, who, he fancies—(after the fashion of his countryman, *Mick*, the valet to *Charles O'Malley*)—wants to fill his journal with details concerning the important Major. The Irishman's wrath blazes out, he makes a ludicrous speech on a dinner-table, and bawls out to his audience that they are "rabble" and that "he despises them from the bottom of his heart." Great fun is said to come out of the whole affair, but these attempts at secret rehearsals, which, of course, are no secret at all, say little for the tact of the parties concerned. The exclusion of the press, always the best friend to real merit, bespeaks a timidity which augurs ill for *W. B.*

On Thursday we had the old comedy of the *West Indian*, supported rather ably. MR. WILSON was very jovial in the character of *Mr. Molasses*, who insists on reviewing the forces of the whole of the islands, and swears that they are the most powerful and valiant fellows extant, and MR. PAKINGTON was good in *Sugarloaf*, who is always wailing, and sees nothing in sunshine but a reminder that shade must follow. Altogether the performance was a legitimate one, though from the thinness and coldness of the House, it is not probable that we shall hear much more of the *West Indian*.

We hear that the Christmas Pantomime is to be called *Harlequin House-Tax, or the Semitic Juggler and the Decidedly Disenchanted Island.*

AQUATIC INTELLIGENCE.

LORD MAIDSTONE's prophecy seems really to have been realised, for if the letters of "Our Own Correspondents" may be accepted as letters of credit, there has been a continual deluge throughout the country, almost ever since the EARL OF DERBY came from it. "Water, water, everywhere!" has been generally the cry. The barometer for months has been standing at "much wet;" and while the rains have been falling, the rivers have of course been rising, and the "meeting of the waters" has been commonly attended with most inconvenient results.

In the lower districts especially, the tidings have been seriously high, and many an act of bankruptcy has been in consequence committed. Not the oldest playgoer ever remembers such a run of "overflowing houses." Nine in ten have seemed invaded by the hydropathic system; for sheets have been watered after being aired, and almost every room has had a bath in it. Nervous folks have even slept with life preservers on; for, instead of waking in one's own bed, it has been no uncommon thing to find oneself in that of the adjacent river. In short, people have been living quite amphibious existences, and many have found reason to wish themselves in France, where the water, it is well known, is invariably *l'eau*.

We have no wish to speak lightly of this really heavy wet; but it cannot be denied that things are going on most swimmingly.

THE ADVANTAGE OF AN INUNDATION.

"A Splendid Coin."

THE *Herald* in a fit of ecstacy, quotes the words of the *Times*—"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was received with enthusiastic and protracted cheering." Upon this the *Herald* beautifully observes—

"Take your change, MR. GLADSTONE and LORD JOHN, out of that! It is a splendid coin, fresh from the mint of national intelligence and patriotism."

Take your change out of that! Out of what? Out of DISRAELI? Well, certainly no man ever showed himself more capable of change. Never was such "a splendid coin" made up of so much unblushing copper.

W. B. AND SHREWSBURY FRAIL.

EVER since Wotin' fust begun,
Wotes and Woters made for sale,
Never a hustings job was done,
Like MAJOR B.'s, and Shropshire FRAIL:
MAJOR B. was a soldier hearty,
FRAIL had lather'd many a chin;
One was the whipper-in of his party,
'Tother the whip to the whipper-in.

'Twas at the Darby last election,
Darby, where the Ram was born,
Rallyin' all who lov'd Purtection,
Darby, and the Tax on Corn:
That a hagent was detected
Up to his neck in Tory gold—
Buyin', as mite be expected,
All the wotes that could be sold.

MAJOR B. had wrote to FRAIL,
"For a man as was safe an' good;
Wich in his judgment wouldn't fail,
And his bisnis understood:
Wich to Darby straight should go,
Find at once the County Tavern—
Send up his card to COXE and Co.,"
That is, if COXE and Co. would have 'im.

Curious people always pester
Arter a stranger in the town;
He was to say "he come from Chester,
On his card have it written down."
This here hagent's name was MORGAN,
Come in truth from the town of Shrewsbury; he was FRAIL's chief organ;
(I wouldn't like to stand in his shoes).

MORGAN, actin' under orders,
Fell into a willan's snare:
Party spirit sutt'nly borders
On wots neither right nor fair.
In the town was FLEWKER, a lawyer,
Wich wos ow'd seven hunderd pound;
He'd been a tip-top Tory sawyer
Till he ask'd for his moneys round.

Bein' kep' out of wot he wos ow'd,
He wos nat'rally sore;
Said the Tories might be blow'd,
If they would n't pay his score.
But hard by there liv'd a neighbour—
Tory RADFORD staunch and true—
Wich to win the other's labour
Told him wot was known to few:
Told him of the new Arrival:
"The hagent, with a heavy purse,
Was n't one to stick at a trifle;"—
Brib'ry is the poor man's curse.

MORGAN, arter he 'd bin to COXE's,
(COXE was a Co. with many friends)
Isn't sure o' certain proxies,
'Cepting F. his int'rest lends.
FLEWKER, like a "base Judean,"
Gammons now that he'll give his aid,
Goes to MORGAN, gets to see 'im;
MORGAN being a talkative blade,

Tells his wisitor all he's doin',
Where he come from—who he wos,
Show'd the mischief he's a brewin',
Show'd his orders plain and poz.
Show'd the traitor all his treasure—
Wich, be sure, he was glad to see—
Likewise, to enhance his pleasure,
Show'd the note sign'd W. B.
'Tis the MAJOR's sprawly writin',
'Tis the MAJOR's "Carlton Club;"
"Here's a bisness beats cock-fightin',"
Says the mean deceitful cub.

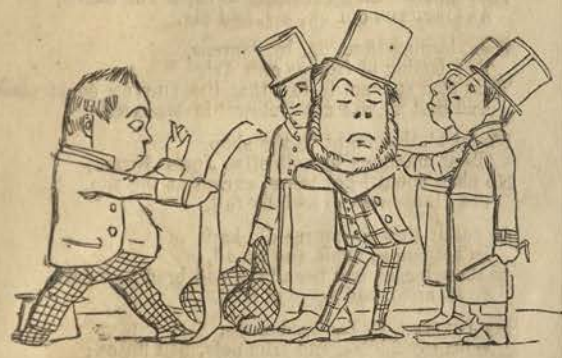
Off he runs to the Lib'ral party,
Peaches all wot he 'as seen—
(Tied to the tail of the nearest cart, he
Tied and 'oss-whipp'd should ha' been)—
Peaches where the hagent's stayin',
Peaches now to access gain,
Both the sign and pass betrayin'
So that MORGAN might be ta'en:

"Make the sign of silence gravely,
Put your finger to your lip,
Say aloud, and say it bravely,
It 's all right—I 'm a RADFORD Chip."

MR. MOSS of the Lib'ral faction,
Hears the artful FLEWKER's tale,

To nab the hagent in the haction
  Thinks at onst he shouldn't fail.
So he goes with 3 policemen,
  Found the watchman at the door,
Pass'd the word, and then these men
  MORGAN found, and something more;

Found a list of Venal Voters—
  Notes and gold three hunderd pound—
All the parties and their quotas;
  MORGAN, calmly looking round,
MORGAN, when he was arrested,
  Called the town "a wery pore place—"
Shabby fellows he detested:
  "Shrewsbury's a town o' grace;



"Twenty of the Darby lieges
  Wouldn't buy a Shropshire man."
Haply legal wengeance reaches
  Those employin' such a plan:
For, of this untow'rd disaster,
  The House of Commons 'ill rend the wail;
See if FRAIL is MORGAN'S master,
  And W. B. the master o' FRAIL.

LORD FRANKFORT IN PRISON GRAY.

LORD FRANKFORT has been sentenced to a year's retirement in the House of Correction for a gross case of slander: a case pre-eminently infamous. His Lordship—the papers tell us—has undergone the usual discipline, having been made a K.C.B.—or Knight of the Cold Bath (fields)—and been dressed in prison attire. Is the poor man in his right wits? We would wish to think otherwise. Nevertheless, he has been judged and sentenced as a self-accountable man; and therefore, why to imprisonment was not added "labour?" We would not rigidly insist upon "hard" labour; because even *that*, comparatively light to a man accustomed to toil, would be crushing to a man wholly unused to muscular exertion. Still, we would have set his lordship down to pick a little oakum—the softest oakum, if you will, but still oakum. And whereas the cups carved and engraved by poor BARON TRENCK were much sought for, and purchased at a large price in token of his memory and his misfortunes—so, the fine and very fine yarn, picked by a Lord, might have been bought up by the soft-hearted or the curious (or both), and—like Berlin wool—worked into kettle-holders to be vended at Fancy Fairs in aid of penitential evil-doers. Kettle-holders would carry a significance: inasmuch as they mutely preach the danger of getting into hot water.

The Isle of Conscience.

THE contemplated extension of the Income Tax to Ireland is a measure of great justice, and also a measure of conciliation. It is treating Paddy as Paddy would like to be treated, like a gentleman of honour and veracity; it proposes to tax him according to his means—as stated by himself. No doubt the Irish Income Tax Returns under the various schedules will be wonderful for accuracy, of course.

CHANGE OF RELATIONSHIP.

IN consequence of the feeling which has been aroused by MRS. STOWE'S famous tale of Slavery, the negro's appeal to sympathy will henceforth be, "Am I not a man and an Uncle?"

NAPLES SOAP.—The eagerness of the Neapolitan Minister to recognise LOUIS NAPOLEON as Emperor.

THE LADY'S COMPANION.

"BIRDS of a feather," we are told, "flock together;" and, when an old lady-bird seeks for a "companion" with the capacities of a cook, but without the independence of that useful menial, we may presume that the "lady" thinks herself suited to the sort of association she has chosen. An action which, like many other legal actions, seems not very creditable to one at least of the parties concerned, has been brought against the widow of a late judge by a lady who was engaged by the judicial relict as a "companion" at home and abroad, at the noble salary of "fifty pounds per annum, out of which she was to pay her own travelling expenses." The duties of the companion were to read out loud, look after the servants, and occasionally to make—if it could be done cheap—"a pretty little foreign pudding." The "lady" who required these qualities in a "companion," would seem to have a sympathy with culinary pursuits, and to have secured the congenial luxury of kitchen associations by hiring the companionship of one endowed with a cook's accomplishments, and to whom the wages of a menial were acceptable.

Objecting, however, to an unceremonious dismissal, the "hireling" brings an action for a quarter's pay, which is defended on the plea that a "lady's companion" being only a servant, is entitled only to her month's wages or month's warning, like her fellow-servants, the cook, the footman, and the housemaid. This view of the case is coincided in by the judge, who decides that she can claim her month's wages and no more, thus establishing by law what has long been clear enough in fact, that a "lady's companion" is to be classed with the occupants of the kitchen. This being the case, we scarcely see the necessity for engaging any one expressly to fill the situation, as the lady in want of a "companion" has only to ask the cook up into the drawing-room—when her work is done—for the benefit of her society. The judge's widow, who defended the action, and the judge who tried it, are evidently quite agreed in their view of the law, and we therefore take it as certain, that the judicial fiat has gone forth, fixing the position of a lady's companion on the same scale as that of the commonest menial.

MRS. GAMP CALLED IN.

THE *Herald* says, upon the opposition to the Budget, "The attempts at agitation will be only in the nature of angry local pustules, developed by the irritation of a few demagogues; but the constitution is sound, and its pulse continues steady and strong."

The above, be it understood is, in other words, the opinion of *Mrs. Gamp*, lowered to the apprehension of the readers of the *Morning Herald*. We are, however, enabled to give, in its very words, the opinion of that *femme sage* and *sage femme*, called in to attend the Cabinet during its Budget.

(OPINION OF MRS. SAIREY GAMP.)

"A good deal o' fidgets which in course is nothing which comes in rash breakins out in Marrowbone and Lambeth, which is low neighbourhoods, always inflicted with measles, which as the Chancellor of the Chequers as as bad 'em can be of no hurt sumever to that blessed Cawcasion. A more sweeter Budget never blessed the eyes of MR. BULL, which has his quiver full on 'em. The interestin pasint is much better than anybody ever could have expected. With a tongue like any rose, and a pulse like the everlastin motion, a threatenin to go for ever.

"Shoe Lane. (Signed) SAIREY GAMP."

The Two Premiers.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in his late speech at Leeds, eulogised Mechanics' Institutions. He said, "I had the pleasure of assisting DR. BIRKBECK in the beginning of these institutions." "And I"—LORD DERBY *might* with truth observe—"And I had the pleasure of offering DOCTOR BIRKBECK'S widow a £50 pension." "Which I," MRS. BIRKBECK might clench, by continuing—"Which I, with a curtsey to chivalry, begged leave to decline."

THE ANTIPODES OF THE CHURCH.

THE Ecclesiastical Diggings continue to afford a rich harvest to the fortunate pluralists at the cost of no greater labour than can be performed without exertion, with the shovel-hat.

To Type-founders.

WANTED, an enormous supply of *Italic types*. As it is intended to support the DERBY Ministry by *vigorous writing*—and as the *vital essence* of *vigorous* writing, *so to speak*, consists in *italics*—parties holding *any amount* of *italics* (said, *by the way*, to have been invented by *one* PETRARCH) will be *very, very liberally* treated with. Address at the office of the *Morning Herald*.

"Ha'penny Candle, please, and be quick, for Mother wants her Tea."
"Oh yes! of course, Miss; could we send it anywhere for yer?"

FAREWELL TO JULLIEN.

Composer of *Peter the Great*,
'Ere over Atlantic's broad swell
The steamer shall carry thee, proud of her freight,
Let me bid thee a hearty farewell.

With ophicleides, cymbals, and gongs
At first thou didst wisely begin,
And bang the dull ears of the popular throngs,
As though 'twere to beat music in.

With national measures of France,
With polka, with waltz, and with jig,
The "gents" thou excitedst to caper and dance,
As Orpheus did ox, ass, and pig.

Then, leading them on, by degrees,
To a feeling of Genius and Art,
Thou mad'st them to feel that Beethoven could please,
And that all was not "slow" in Mozart.

I went t'other night to thy shop,
'Twas crammed by collective John Bull;
No place could I get there, except at the top,
The House was so awfully full.

As gently that concourse did hark
To harmonies noble and grand,
As though each had been born and bred in a park,
To inherit broad acres of land.

My Jullien, to Yankeedom go,
With thy fiddles, and trumpets, and flutes;
May thy *bâton* refining assist Mrs. Stowe
To humanise slave-holding brutes.

Thy vessel let tritons surround,
Conch-blowing—and should'st thou fall o'er,
A dolphin in waiting of course will be found,
To bear our Arion ashore.

THE FAT OF THE LAND AT BAKER STREET.

Baker Street Bazaar has, during the last week, presented a most formidable rival to Madame Tussaud's wax, in the shape, or rather the shapelessness of agricultural fat and tallow. We were particularly interested by the asthmatic aspect of a Suffolk short-horn, in a state bordering on suffocation. The poor brute returned our sympathising glance with a look of almost breathless interest. The pitiable gaze the obese creature assumed might have melted a heart of stone, even though the heart was encased in a stone or two of suet. We felt the tear drip from our eye at the contemplation of so much future dripping. We could not help thinking of the fate that awaited the numerous prize sheep around us, but we could not say with the philosopher "Out, brief candle," for there were several pounds of prospective candles in every doomed mutton.

There was in one part of the Bazaar a melancholy group of pigs, over whom we actually let fall compassion's pearly tear, for on this occasion we considered the casting of pearls before swine allowable. From an aged sow there came upon our ear a plaintive grunt, with all the mournfulness of a moaning sou-wester. We returned home with an imagination full of fat, a mind bewildered by wool, and a vague idea that the times are not likely to be "out of joint" during the approaching Christmas.

The Weather and the Militia.

The late wet weather has grievously embarrassed the agriculturists and the militia; the state of the ground, in the cases of both, having been most unfavourable for drilling. The evolutions of the men have for the most part, presented the appearance of an aquatic tournament; and instead of the goose-step on *terra firma*, the gallant fellows have, in many instances, been obliged to resort to the species of march which is practised by that bird in walking the waters.

CUPS OF COMFORT.

In proposing to reduce the Malt Duty, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to have offered a boon to the Protectionists; but his abatement of the tea duty will be perhaps considered the greater blessing by the generality of old women.

A Spiritual Rapper.—We should say that the "Mantle of Grimaldi" was quite a spiritual wrapper.

VEST FOR THE VERSATILE.

The pilgrim of the Strand will have observed the word "Versatio," glittering with gold letters in a tailor's window. "Versatio" is described by advertisement as a "Reversible Coat;" and we are further informed that

"The importance of this invention consists in the novelty of the material and its application—viz., the double purpose of forming two in one without trouble; one side presenting a gentlemanly morning coat, the other a riding, shooting, or hunting coat, in any texture or colour desired."

Is not this just the sort of coat for Ministers? We hope our friend in the Strand will instantly receive an order from Downing Street for reversible coats. One side of the Ministerial garment might present an agricultural gentlemanly coat, and the other a Free Trade or Manchester Wrapper. The word "Versatio" is objectionable, as it signifies merely a turning, not the coat or thing turned. A better name may be suggested. There is a dance called the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Polka. Why not style this vestment the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Polka Jacket? The Right Honourable gentleman might dance *Sir Roger de Coverley* in it, with one side out, and then jump *Jim Crow* and bow to the decision of the country with the other.

Better Luck this Time.

The French have re-established the Empire, termed by our contemporaries the Imperial Dynasty, but which we call the Empirical form of Government. We hope the second experiment will succeed better than the first did.

VERY BITTER BEER.

A very greatly increased consumption of bitter ale will be the consequence of the reduction of the Malt Tax; for all the beer we drink will be embittered by the reflection that we are saddled, in consequence, with an additional House-duty.

Question on the Budget.

It is even said that the diminution of the Malt Tax will not cheapen beer at all. Well; perhaps so. Possibly the brewers could tell you that malt has less to do with beer than you suppose.

An Enemy to Progress.—Temple Bar.

"HIT HIM AGAIN! HE HAS NO FRIENDS!"

Old Saying.

EXCHANGE—A ROBBERY.

IGHT excellent *Punch*,
As one of a bunch
Of unlucky victims who've reason to groan
O'er that vile imposition, the Ottoman Loan,
Oh, let me appeal
To your wisdom and zeal,
To give the disgrace of this horrible case
In the eyes of the public a prominent place.
The PRINCE CALLIMAKI
Smok'd pipes of Lataki,
And gave us his highly respectable name
As surety to warrant the rights of the claim.
Good MONSIEUR COUTURIER,
Ready to worry ye,
Swears by his whiskers—and who can gainsay it?—
The Loan is a good one, and Turkey must pay it.
And BECKET DE THOMAS
Who took the tin from us,
With MESSRS. DEVAUX and the rest of the Co.,
Are still of opinion it's certainly so.
But Pasha the Veley,
Whose mouth is so mealy,
Has gammon'd unbusiness-like Government folk,
Till MALMESB'RY believes that the Loan was a joke,
And tells MR. CAPEL
In answer quite Papal,
"The Sultan's all right, and the claimant's all wrong,
A Minister's word isn't worth an old Song."
While such things are doing,
And working our ruin;
No wonder that others like MR. GUEDALLA,
Cry, "Sons of MAHOMET! disciples of ALLAH!
This repudiation
Unworthy the nation,
Though, perhaps, for the present it gives you relief,
Will certainly bring you to ultimate grief.
To be done by a Turk
Is a new kind of work,
Which, not being expected, was good for the nonce,
But don't you suppose it will pay more than once.
Though your Bank may be saved
By the way you've behaved,
Your coffers replenished with ill-gotten gain—
Your fame and your credit no longer remain!"

Change Alley. I. M. DUNN BROWN.

Political Horsemanship.

THE *Times* the other day commended MR. DISRAELI for the clever way in which he had been "riding the country party" lately. We think the word "riding" is significantly chosen, seeing how obviously the Right Honourable Jockey has been studying throughout to keep his seat.

THE CUBAN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

MUCH agitation prevails in Cuba; where everybody is anxiously asking what next? To this, the cool reply on the part of brother JONATHAN is, An-nexed, of course.

A Grin for Cheshire Cats.

ALLUDING to Cheshire, in reference to the Militia, the *Liverpool Mercury* says—

"There is little doubt now, that recourse must be had to the ballot in this county, the deficit on the whole amounting to about 500."

THE young blood of Cheshire seems rather of a milky nature, as it requires so much pressing to render it anything like the cheese.

Bitters.

WHAT makes bitter beer more bitter?—asks *Punch*.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, an authority on the subject, makes answer and says—"Bitter small bottles." And smitten with the truth of this, *Punch's* cry is—"Not men, but measures."

A VERY SOLEMN QUESTION.

"WHAT have I done?"

This is a tremendous query: a question besetting every man, woman, and child, at almost every step and turn of life. "What have I done?" What a question for a man to put to himself, wakeful and restless, in the solitude of midnight sheets!

Last week, the EARL OF DERBY—his system gently stimulated by the LORD MAYOR'S roast and boiled—last week, the EARL OF DERBY asked this question of all the world; yes of all the world: for gentlemen of the press were there who would cause the query of the noble and chivalrous EARL to reverberate round about the world; and who was satisfactorily to make answer to it?

The noble Earl, for the second time, touched upon the moral dignity of the masses at the DUKE'S funeral. The innocent, unsophisticated—we do not like to say, ignorant—Earl knew, it seems, so little of the people of England—(of the few millions who pay taxes, and drink beer when they can get it, and smoke coarse tobacco, and crack one another's skulls at quarter-staff, and bait bulls and draw badgers, and shy down Shrovetide cocks, and drown witches, and so forth, even as at the time of the early STANLEYS)—the Earl, it seems, knew so little of the rude and savage people, that, when he left his house on the 18th of November, it must have been to him as though he was departing upon a very serious foreign discovery. As he passed through Temple Bar he must have become a little re-assured. But about Charing Cross and entering the Strand, he must have expected that the people—the mob—the hoggish multitude—would have received the car with "hurrahs," and catcalls. That only for the soldiery, they would precipitate themselves upon the mourning coaches, stripping them of their velvet draperies and escutcheons. No MUNGO PARK, no CAPTAIN COOK could ever have been more surprised and delighted at the pacific demeanour of savages whom the travellers expected to find cannibals: and lo! they were not men-eaters, but yam-eaters! Even so was it with the masses—the walls of men and women—that skirted the streets; and stood like patience in a gutter on the memorable 18th. The EARL OF DERBY'S head shrunk in its coronet, like a mouldy nut in its shell, in self-reproach. Hear, however, what—full of bashfulness and a little turtle, of humility and a drop of champagne—hear the EARL OF DERBY discourse concerning the people on that day.

"It is with feelings of self-humiliation that I ask myself, 'What have I done that I should hold so high a place among such a people?'"

"What have I done for my place?" asks DERBY.

"What have *I* done?" inquires DISRAELI.

"What have I done?" the while covered with blushes, stammers MALMSBURY.

Let the EARL OF DERBY take good heart—he has done a good deal. Men "do not (did not) hold so high a place among such a people"—even when men were exalted above the mob in the pillory—without doing a good deal for it. Now, it is a hard truth—but, to some statesmen, what is place but the pillory? True it is that so exalted, they may for the present have nothing but the sweets of salary and office showered upon them; but time presses, and hard-hearted history will spare not her ancient eggs. But what has DERBY done to stand so high? Why, for more than six years he talked and voted black, that, at the seventh, he might accept the black for white. It is chivalrous sport to destroy an opponent, only to possess and fight with *his* weapons.

"But what have I done?" asks MR. DISRAELI. Why, wonders. You have jumped from the attorney's stool—(and a noble jump too, if taken with a strong heart and a high object)—right upon the shoulders of the aristocracy. You are to an Earl, what JOCKO who has seen the world is to the dromedary JOCKO is perched upon. Your tricks are numberless. You can crack epigrams like nuts, and fling the shells in the eyes of the folks surrounding. You can jabber about guns and soldiers, and marines and mortars, as much at home with them as any monkey, born and dwelling on the Rock of Gibraltar—but then, you must first empty a Frenchman's ink-horn into your stomach, like a dry pump, needing something to be poured in ere you begin to spout. "What have I done?" asks the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. And how all true men of pen-and-ink would have rejoiced to clap their hands, and cry "Bravely, my beautiful—my BEN!"

"What have I done?" cries MALMSBURY. Well, you have made a first-rate bow to the EMPEROR of AUSTRIA. If JOHN BULL had been a dancing-master, you could not have bowed longer and lower. You have swallowed Tuscan tyranny as though Tuscan tyranny had been Neapolitan macaroni. You have showered roses of speech upon NAPOLEON THE THIRD and BURGLAR THE GREAT; as though the aforesaid NAP. the III. and B. the G. had been the Imperial Beauty of the time, instead of that other thing with which in fairy tale at this writing—(was there ever such a Land of Flam as France?)—the Beauty is companioned. With MALMSBURY for Foreign Minister, JOHN BULL has grimaced and shrugged like a French dancing-master—and BRITANNIA talked slip-slop to tyrants like any waiting-maid.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

CABBY (politely). "*BEG PARDON, SIR; PLEASE DON'T SMOKE IN THE KEB, SIR; LADIES DO COMPLAIN O' THE 'BACCA UNCOMMON. BETTER LET ME SMOKE IT FOR YER, OUTSIDE, SIR!*"

OUR STARS AND GARTERS!

It is now become so common for Dukes and so forth to lecture at Mechanics' Institutions (we very much applaud the custom), that it is expected, by way of an equitable arrangement, a few lecturers by profession will be called to the Upper House. If a Duke takes a lecturer's chair, why may not the lecturer rest himself for awhile in the Duke's seat?

Many new noble lecturers are about to hold forth—and upon novel and excellent themes; no other than the history, political and social, of their own armorial bearings. The Premier (assisted by W. B.) will shortly deliver a lecture at Derby. (The lecture will be gratis; or no doubt Frail would be money-taker.) The noble Earl—with his arms painted in a very bright transparency—is expected to be unusually eloquent. The pelican about to bleed herself will illustrate what *the noble Earl may yet* do for the farmers; whilst his motto, *Sans change* (without change!) will declare what he *has* done for them.

The Earl of Malmesbury has also a lecture prepared. His crest, a hedgehog, with the motto, *Je le mainteindrois* (I will maintain it) may be most felicitously applied. The hedgehog showing how, with almost a touch, the noble Earl may be completely doubled up.

Other lectures will be duly announced.

PROBLEM FOR MODERN MIRACLE-MONGERS.

Given, Cleopatra's Needle, to hem an Oratorian's long-clothes.

A CABMAN'S GRATITUDE

FOR THE BUDGET.

Come, let us drink a health to Ben,
For he 's a jolly chap,
At least to we and watermen,
For cheapnun of our tap;
That 's if so be I ain't at fault—
For some is not quite clear—
By low'rin of the tax on malt
As he 'll bring down our beer.

Agin the tax on ouses, I
By no means will complain,
Not if so be as when I 'm dry,
I gits a double drain;
Cause vy?—the Bar my ome I count,
Vere off the stand I 'm found,
Whereon my taxes does amount
To nothink in the pound.

Some folks looks different on the case,
According to their lot,
And thinks about their dwellin'-place
Afore their pewter pot;
But since I ain't a seedy clerk
And forced to be genteel,
I views the Budget as a lark,
As cabbies all must feel.

Fashionable Intelligence.

General Haynau has retired awhile to Florence. The softness of its atmosphere, together with the philosophic benevolence of its Duke will, it is expected, soon restore the old soldier. After his recent "let down" in Belgium, it was thought he would have required a more bracing air. It is said, if Mr. Disraeli's measure of malt be carried, that Haynau will visit England: simply because he is assured that the change in the Malt Tax will so improve the condition of the brewers.

The Height of Absurdity.—A vegetarian paying a visit to the Smithfield Cattle-show.

A SWEET LITTLE CREATURE.

Treasure of extraordinary value was lost, and may have been picked up—by anybody who did not mind touching it—near the Regent's Park, last week. It was advertised in the *Times*—with a little elegant circumlocution—in the following terms:—

"Strayed from two ladies in the Albert Road, without the Regent's Park, on Saturday evening last, a Small Female Black and Tan King Charles Spaniel, long ears and feathered feet, very old and fat, and has some hair off her back from mange. Answers to the name of 'Jessy.' Whoever will bring her to &c., may receive Two Guineas Reward."

But for the slight indisposition under which this interesting animal was labouring, we might have given a hint towards procuring its restoration, not to say recovery. The likeliest quarter to search for it would have been the Prize Cattle Show, whither it doubtless would have been taken, if it had been in a state of wholesome obesity. It might, perhaps, have been exhibited among the hypertrophied oxen—whom doubtless it would have made to draw in their horns; but a more congenial society for it would have been afforded by the pigs. We fancy we see it panting on its litter, with a memoir posted over its head. The principal particulars of this document, we imagine, would be cream, sugar, pound-cake, mock-turtle, buns, calfs'-foot jelly, rout-cake, and trifle: Feeder, John—whose place we do not envy.

Bucolics at the Antipodes.

The Sydney *Morning Herald* says—

"We fear for our flocks and herds."

No wonder. In Australia, just now, there is no sort of cattle attended to but the Golden Calf.

A Good Setting Down.—"I thank the Honourable Member for that cheer," as the M.P. for Sunderland said when he was offered a *fauteuil* by a brother M.P. in the lobby.

BELLS UPON MY MIND.

AIR—"*Bells upon the Wind.*"

THAT tinkling voice, that tinkling voice,
Which rings above my head,
In accents jingling on my ears
With tone I've learned to dread.
Those madd'ning sounds, those madd'ning sounds
Above, below, behind,
Are quite enough to drive me wild
With bells upon my mind.

Those hateful tones, those hateful tones,
From morn till night I hear;
At morn they summon boots and shoes,
At noon and night 'tis beer.
The harass'd boots, the harass'd boots,
No peace can hope to find,
While he is troubled day and night
With bells upon the mind.

THE FLOODS AND THE FARMERS.

WE see by the papers that the farmers have, in many places, suffered most severely from the recent inundations. "Great loss of property" is the general report, and in the low lands, especially, there have been high grounds for it. There has, moreover, been a complete *bouleversement* of the usual routine of farming: and the "four course shift" seems, in many districts, to have been completely shifted. But little seed has yet been sown, for there has been but little land left dry enough to sow it in. And sheep-washing has commenced considerably before its time. Several flocks, we hear, have been already washed clean—away; hurried, like defrauding publicans, to their watery bier.

It is not often we can sympathise with our almost stereotypically "distressed" agriculturists. Their frequent cries of "Wolf!" have somewhat steeled our heart against them. But the present is a case of *really* "real distress," and as such we offer our sincere condolence. Such excessive wetting must, for a time, have damped their prospects. Still, we trust they will be able to keep their heads above water.

Odd Fellows in Parliament.

A NEW lodge of Odd Fellows has lately been established under the name of the Derby Election Committee. The members of this secret society have been holding their meetings during the past week with closed doors. Their mystical emblem is the Rose; under which flower, in a figurative sense, the proceedings of this sect of Rosycrucians are carried on.

THE BOLD MAN'S BUDGET.—The reduction of the Malt duty to cheapen ale and beer is but a half-and-half measure.

EDUCATION TRADE REPORT.

THE Governess market continues flat. There is a limited demand for full-grown Church-of-Englands, with character and accomplishments. Some inquiry is made for music and French; but the tone of it is low: and the terms offered for the former article resolve themselves into barter, being a mere song. In some cases, indeed, sales are attempted to be negotiated for no money at all, or at least for notes which no bank could cash, or by a system of acceptances drawn on paper equally worthless. In proof of the accuracy of these remarks, we subjoin an advertisement from the *Times*, containing the most extraordinary tenders, and purporting to be issued by a House at Liverpool:—

WANTED, as JUNIOR GOVERNESS, in a school of the first respectability, near Liverpool, a young lady, a member of the Church of England, not under 20 years of age, who has acquired the French language in France, and speaks it with a good accent. She must also be competent to superintend piano practice, to lead a singing class, and to assist in the usual routine of a school-room. *No salary given*, but lessons in music and drawing from eminent professors, together with laundress, and travelling expenses paid. If the young lady can converse fluently in German, *a further* remuneration would be given. The strictest inquiry will be made as to character. Apply by letter, post paid, to Beta, Messrs. Deighton and Laughton's, booksellers, Church Street, Liverpool.

Considering the general business in ladies' maids, the steadiness in housekeepers, and the high quotations of good plain cooks, many persons are of opinion that the ridiculously low prices offered for Governesses are merely nominal, and published by designing parties on a bear speculation in order to beat down the market; but whether genuine or fictitious, such shameful proposals deserve the severest reprobation. We incline to think the above announcement a hoax, on account of the allusion to the laundress, whose functions would of course be entirely unknown in a concern so dirty as the Liverpool establishment.

SIGHS OF THE FAT,

(OVERHEARD AT BAKER STREET.)

THE PEN. AIR—"*I remember, I remember.*"

I'M a glutton, I'm a glutton,
Oh! take warning, sheep, by me:
I'm not mutton, I'm not mutton,
Though it's what I ought to be.
All my lean, Sir, all my lean, Sir,
Is nothing else than fat:
You may clean, Sir, you may clean, Sir,
Every bone, and find but that.
I'm a glutton, &c.

THE STALL. AIR—"*Oh, dear, what can the Matter be?*".

OH, dear! what beast can fatter be?
Dear, dear! what beast can fatter be?
Breathing's an awkward affair.
But they Prize me, and buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
They Prize me, and buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
To show I've been fed with such care!

THE STY. AIR—"*Sing a Song of Sixpence.*"

SING a song of fattening a pig within his sty,
Until he scarce could wag his tail, and scarce could wink his eye:
When the butcher killed him, he found no trace of lean—
Wouldn't that for MR. SPRAT a pretty dish have been?

A GENTEEL BREACH OF THE PEACE.

"SER,

"BILL COSTERS, tother nite at the Chekers, a readin out the nusepaper for genral Hinformation, come to a count of a row tween a couple o Swells, members of the ouse o commons Edded 'Fracaw in Parlimant Street.' The story was, how one Swell feched another a rap on the back, and E as was It nock'd tuther Swel down and kickt im in the guter. And this here Bisnis the papers calls a Fracaw. Pleze, ser, can you Ixplane wy 'tis a skrimmidge atween swels is called a Fracaw? Sposin BILL COSTERS was to give me a slap in the Chopps an I wos to pitch into im and Punch is ed, twould be spoke of as a Brawl or a Scuffle. Hif Fracaw is a Fine Word for Shindy, and sicknifying a Mill amung the soupearior Clarses, preps you'd ave the goodnis to blige your numerus Reeders by telling of us Ow Much Money a cove must be wuth per Hannum in Case of avin ad a Sett Too to ave it call'd a Fracaw? I remane your umbel servent to Come And, &c.

"*fantail Court, desember* 1852. "DICK RUBLEY."

EVERYBODY'S QUESTION.—If LORD PALMERSTON is master of the situation, how is it that the noble Lord is out of Place?

"MORE INCOME TAX! MORE HOUSE TAX!! WHAT WILL BECOME OF US!!!

"HA! CAPITAL BUDGET! DOWN WITH THE MALT DUTY! THAT'S THE TIME O' DAY!"

THE RIVAL PATRIOTS.

A few evenings ago there seemed a probability that a most interesting match was about to come off between Messrs. Hume and George Hudson, in the House of Commons. The contest was one of liberality, and though the veteran Hume is liberal enough in a political sense, we fear he might have been beaten by the Railway Millionaire in the competition they were nearly entering on. The affair arose out of the cost of the Duke's funeral, into which Mr. Hume was inquiring rather closely, when he was snubbed by the Ex-Railway King, who was asked by the economist if he was ready to draw a check for the amount in question. This was certainly a home question; but the answer was equally in point—for Mr. Hudson expressed his readiness to put down any sum that Mr. Hume was willing to contribute. "The matter here dropped,"—to use the Parliamentary phrase—for neither of the honourable gents seemed eager to drop any money. We should be glad to see a generous rivalry spring up among members of the House, as to who shall sacrifice most to ease the public of a burden. It would save a great deal of difficulty to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if in the event of his desiring to take off an obnoxious tax, the members would begin to draw checks against each other, and run a race of liberality for the purpose of making up an expected deficiency. It is to be regretted that Messrs. Hudson and Hume did not proceed in their generous rivalry, and go on drawing checks one against the other, until the affair had ended in a check mate or a drawn battle.

NUGGET-HUNTERS AT HOME.

The *Morning Post* says that an interesting lecture was delivered the other night at the Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall, by the Honourable and Reverend Montague Villiers. From our contemporary's report, it appears that the excellent lecturer, after very briefly dwelling on the diggings, proceeded to a series of digs. He represented the lawyer, the merchant, the shopkeeper, the stock-jobber, the gambler, the betting-house keeper and frequenter, all as contributing to form the class of gold-seekers. Under the same head he also enumerated members of the liberal professions; and in speaking of these we hope he did not forget to mention the wealthy pluralists, whose profession certainly is liberal enough, and whose pay is much more than sufficiently liberal, although their liberality may be confined to their pay and their profession.

COMING DOWN ON THE ROOF.

Few persons cultivate houseleek; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer appears to be one of them, by his project for putting a plant on our dwellings.

THE INCOME TAX ELUCIDATED.

IN AN EASY LESSON.

The In-come Tax is a fun-ny Thing. It is a Tax up-on a Man's In-come. A Man's In-come is all the Mo-ney he gets in one Year. Many a Man has no-thing else in the World than the Mo-ney he gets in one Year. He pays In-come Tax on all that Mo-ney. He pays Se-ven Pence out of ev-e-ry Pound of it. Mo-ney is Pro-per-ty. If a Man has No-thing else than the Mo-ney he gets in one Year, that Mo-ney is all his Pro-per-ty. So, if he pays In-come Tax up-on it, he pays a Tax on all the Pro-per-ty he has got. But ma-ny Men have a great deal more Pro-per-ty than the Mo-ney they get in one Year. Some have Twen-ty Times as much Pro-per-ty as that. Yet they only pay a Tax on the Mo-ney they get in one Year. They pay no more than Se-ven Pence out of ev-e-ry Pound of that Mo-ney. They do not pay a Far-thing out of all their o-ther Pounds. So, the In-come Tax is a Tax on all one Man's Pro-per-ty and on on-ly Part of a-no-ther's. Mr. Glad-stone says this is just. If Mr. Glad-stone had no-thing but what he could earn, he would not be so well off as he is now. And yet he might have to pay Se-ven Pence out of ev-e-ry Pound he was worth. Mr. Glad-stone would not be glad then. He would be Sor-ry. I do not think he would call the In-come Tax just, a-ny longer; do you?

HARD WORK AT THE FONT.

The Grand Inquisitor—we beg his pardon, the Grand Duke of Tuscany—has received an addition to his domestic happiness, after having deprived the Madiai of theirs. In other words, he has been blessed with a son. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, he has christened the young hopeful of Persecution and Popery—

"Giovanni Nepomuceno Maria Annunziata Giuseppe Giovanbattista Ferdinando Baldassere Luigi Gonzaga Pietro Alessandro Zanobi Antonino!"

By a private communication from Florence, we learn that when this polyonymous infant was baptized, his godfather, in naming him, had to stop three several times to fetch breath: and at the completion of his arduous task, proved to be so exhausted, that he was obliged to have some brandy-and-water. The officiating priest in repeating the sponsorial catalogue was evidently winded, and perspired copiously, but did not faint, which was considered by the bystanders to be a miracle.

FAIR EMULATION.

If the artistic authorities at the National Gallery could manage to cut out the old masters instead of scraping them out—it would be a fine thing.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—Saturday, December 18th, 1852.

ALARMING INUNDATION.

(From Our Own Reporter.)

IT is our painful duty to acquaint the Universe that an inundation of a most alarming nature has occurred, which at one time threatened to involve a greater loss than any which the recent floods have hitherto effected. When we inform our readers—we mean, of course, the Universe—that the safety of the *Punch* premises has been most seriously endangered, the truth of our assertion will at once, we think, be manifest. Merely premising that Our Own Reporter is a rather nervous man, we proceed at once to put his notes *verbatim* into circulation. The first we received was headed thus:

"*Under the bed-clothes—half-past four, a.m.*—I am aroused at this unpleasant hour by the sudden entrance of 'our Boy,' who informs me in a hurried manner that 'there 's suthun up!' Without waiting to hear what, I pencil this to show you that he found me ready at my (bed) post."

"*Two minutes later.*—I have despatched my breakfast and the boy, who in parting, asks me somewhat cautiously, if I'm a 'svimmer.' Gathering from his hints that it 's an Inundation I am sent to, I improvise a life-belt with some oil-skin umbrella-cases, and putting on my overalls and patent aqua-scutum, I sally down our alley undaunted, to the flood! (P.S. As I cannot swim a stroke, it may be as well to remind you that I have bequeathed a widow and six orphans to your care.)

* * * * * * *

An interval of more than half-an-hour here elapsed. The next despatch we received was almost hieroglyphical—apparently from excitement.

"*On the way.*—I stop to say that I've been hoaxed by that inf— well, inf-*erior* little scamp. The Inundation's WALKER!!!

"*Six minutes and a half later.*—No, it isn't. The imp spoke figuratively. The City *is* inundated—but not in an aquatic sense. As far as I can see there is a perfect sea of heads, and fresh streams of people are continually pouring in.

"*Quarter to.*—I am carried by a current into Fleet Street, and take refuge on a friendly lamp-post. The sea I spoke of surges fiercely round me. I tremble, but I'll not desert my Post.

"*On the strike.*—My position is becoming painful. (The lamp-post is a rather hard one.)

"*Striking.*—A small newspaper boy has suddenly disappeared in a wave of the crowd.

"*Struck.*—He rises on the kerbstone at my feet, and informs me, confidentially, that 'all 's serene.'

"*Half a second later.*—At present all is wrapped in mystery.

* * * * * * *

We are able to unwrap it through another source. It appears that some malignant scoundrel, wagering to out-hoax the Berners Street affair, had maliciously contrived to circulate the report that upon the morning we allude to *our Almanack would be published.* Well, knowing the attraction of this great national event, the scoundrel naturally chose it for his purpose; and of course the "Alarming Inundation" we have chronicled was the perfectly obvious and inevitable result.

A Line of Narrow Gauge.

RAILWAY Boards are Committees of Ways and Means that care more about their Means than their Ways.

It may be added that they are so intent on the main chance, as to overlook the minor chances, or risk of accidents.

Opposition.

AN Indignant Tailor intends opening a shop opposite to the "Spiritual Rappers," with a tremendous notice over his door to the following effect:

☞ "DO NOT BE DECEIVED! THIS IS THE BEST SHOP FOR RAP-RASCALS!!"

"YOU see what drinking has brought me to," as the Quart said to the old Imperial Measure.

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

BY A SUFFERER.

AIR.—"*Obvious.*"

WHAT un-fairylike music
Steals slumber from me?
Provoking a sentence
That beginneth with D!
'Tis the voice of the trombone,
Blown with might and with main,
As it mingles its tone
With the shrill cornet's strain.

The cabs are all hushed,
And the busses at rest:
But these sleep-murd'ring wretches
The still streets infest.
My ears from their torments
No night-cap can save:
So I groan for the summons
To get up and shave.

Theatrical Intelligence.

ONE of the pieces lately playing at the Lyceum has been suppressed, we understand, by our vigilant Lord Chamberlain, for a political reason which will at once be obvious. It was feared, in short, that it might hurt the feelings of our friends across the Channel, by the rather sarcastic reference to their late re-establishment of the Empire, which is borne so pointedly in its title—"*Anything for a Change.*"

APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS BOX.

AS the DERBY Ministry has been beaten, and, as after the DERBY Ministry we were promised the Deluge, it would not be a bad Christmas BOX to present MR. DISRAELI and every one of the Ministers with a good stout umbrella.

Sincere Attachment.

"HAST thou ever yet loved, HENRIETTA?" I sighed.
"I should rather imagine I had," she replied;
"Oh, did not my glances my feelings betray
When you helped me the third time to pudding to-day?"

Honest for Once.

THE Civil List of the French Emperor has been fixed at 25,000,000 francs—a little trifle equal to a million sterling. In one respect, at least, LOUIS NAPOLEON has been true to his principles—he has proved himself, by the above grant, literally "*A Man of the Million.*"

Sitting in Jeopardy.

WHY did you plant your seat, BEN, between two opinions
Of the policy which ought to sway these vast dominions?
In vain must you endeavour conviction to smother,
That Free Trade was one stool and Protection another.

ANOTHER MEANING OF THE INITIALS "W. B."—Wholesale bribery.

CURIOUS PROPHECY FULFILLED.

FROM the *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, of CHATEAUBRIAND, we extract the following prophecy:—

"There have always been two BONAPARTES: one great, the other little."

When we consider that this was said long before the present Emperor appeared on the stage of French politics, the prophecy with regard to the "NAPOLEON the Little" is curious enough to deserve a passing record, now that the fulfilment has so literally taken place.

What would *Zadkiel* not give for such a lucky prophecy!

MR. PUNCH'S YULE LOG;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

'T WAS the Midwinter Night,
And the stars, in their flight
O'er the office of *Punch*, in the court of St. Bride,
That enchanter could spy
In his garret on high,
With TOBY, the faithful, asleep at his side.
O'er the chimney, pourtrayed
By his skill, were displayed
A group of his very best figures of speech,
And two vases appeared
On the mantelpiece reared
With the flow'rs of his rhetoric blooming in each.
All around were the spells,
And the charms, which he sells
'Gainst Blue devils, bad spirits, deceit and delusion;
And of others, whose use is
'Gainst public abuses,
On the shelves, chairs, and floor lay a mighty profusion:
Here the models in wax
Of impostors and quacks
At the fire of his wit were fast melting away;
There, the cause to advance
Of true freedom in France,
He had pierced with sharp jokes a NAPOLEON of clay;
The Yule Log, that blazed
On the fire upraised,
On an oak of Dodona had formerly grown,
From out of whose hollow
Trunk, ZEUS or APOLLO,
To their questioners Sibylline leaves had oft blown;
But, when all these poor oaks
Had succumbed to the strokes
Of sceptics, whose axing precluded reply,
The Log I have named,
From the fire reclaimed
By a cabinet-maker, came forth by and bye,
Fresh with gilding and paint,
In the form of a saint,
And worked every day some miraculous cure,
Till the English White Friars—
Of relics great buyers—
Sent their agent an image so blest to procure.
It boots not to tell
How, when evil befell
All the Convents, it suffered a terrible drop,
And became, first a sign
For a dealer in wine,
Then a Black Boy outside a tobacconist's shop,
Or how in each place,
Its miraculous face
For its masters oft made many customers stop;
Till, much battered about,
Tarnished, chipped, and worn out,
As no one could tell to what purpose to turn it,
Mr. Punch had just bought it
For an old song, and brought it
To his home, in the hope as a Yule Log to burn it.
And e'en now as he gazed
On the Log as it blazed,
He saw that the flames from its fingers and toes,
And the eddies of smoke,
That incessantly broke
From its thrice blessed eyes and its sanctified nose,
As over the ceiling
And walls they went stealing,
And dancing, and glancing in light and in shade,
In the forms of Dwarfs, Pixies,
Trolls, Boggarts, and Nixies,
Pucks, Brownies, and Kelpies themselves had arrayed,
And the Lubbar Fiends cried,
"When all faith in us died,
And our mission as Brownies and Bargeists was over,
For a time 'twas our fate,
In the Church and the State,
On fat sinecure places to live on in clover;
Then, like DAWSON and MOORE,
Still increasing our store,
Or like RICHARD and GEORGEY, those two pretty men,*
Doing less for the pay
We received, every day,
We devoured more livings than three score and ten;
But the press, which alas!
Brought our downfall to pass
As spirits, is bent on our ruin once more."—
Howled a Leprechaun, "Wirrasthrew!
Blessed KEVIN! What *shall* I do?
When my quare shape, that bothered the Irish before,
Lost its power to alarm,
Still the peaceful to harm,
As a Ribbonman, Orangeman, Peep-o'-day Boy,
Rockite, Rapparee, Whitefoot,
With quick hand and light foot,
I contrived the whole country to vex and annoy;
But, with great consternation,
I see emigration
Bids fair soon to throw me quite out of employ."—
Said a Troll, "When our pains,
In the forging of chains
For the weak, and the knights who defended their cause,
Unavailing became,
Changing calling and name,
We were able to frame such bills, statutes, and laws,
As to check for a season
Truth, justice, and reason;
But this business don't promise much longer to answer, I
Have great reason to fear,
From the tidings I hear
Of the New County Courts, and late Orders in Chancery."—
An elf moaned, "When we found,
For our halls underground,
Little children as servants no more might be caught,
In the forms of slave-dealers,
Slave owners, slave-stealers,
Great skill to our new occupation we brought;
And contrived, for a time,
Every species of crime
To indulge in, but now of all friends quite bereaved,
From "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*,"
A terrible stab in
Our tenderest point we have lately received."—
Shrieked a Kelpie, "My scream
From the fountain or stream
Frightened those who had sought it to bathe or to drink,
And I've laboured since then,
Round the dwellings of men
To collect every sort of filth, nuisance, and stink,
But alas! this Commission
To mend the condition
Of Towns (here the poor fellow looked quite dejected),
Makes me tremble with fright,
When I read, day and night,
Of the drains they have made, and the baths they've erected."
Here arose a mixed howling,
And general growling—
The Bogles, lamenting each old institution
Whose ruins they haunted,
Its excellence vaunted:
While the Banshees foreboded its near dissolution,
Toby, roused by a spark,
Jumping up with a bark
To bay at the spectres he saw had begun;
When a sharp voice, that broke
From the Yule Log, thus spoke:
"By your friends, *Mr. Punch*, all this ill has been done;

* The Reverend Brothers PRETTYMAN pluralists *par excellence*.

And our ruin, I know,
To thy efforts we owe,
Thou dread Demogorgon of humour and fun!"—
"Unfortunate idol!"
Cried *Punch*; "Learn to bridle
Your wrath, and be civil; for though it is true
Little ruth to each foe
Of true progress I show;
'Tis their minds, not their bodies, I strive to subdue;
And the weapons I use
To convince and amuse
Are so nicely constructed, it oft comes to pass
That my foes haven't half
Made their minds up to laugh,
Or to cry, when I give them the last *coup de grace*."
Here the Log one last splutter
Just managed to utter,
But *Punch* was unable to catch what he said;
So he tenderly raised
Up the fire till it blazed
All around him; remained till the last spark had fled;
With one pull at the bowl
Fairly drained off the whole,
Patted TOBY, and went off to JUDY and bed.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

THE presence of interest and the absence of principle have alike characterised the performances at this theatre during the past week. It is, we believe, matter of notoriety that public indignation has compelled the managers, MESSRS. DILLY AND DIZZY, to surrender the direction of the establishment. We have little pleasure in registering occurrences which have been justly described by one of the leading actors as "discreditable," but we will briefly advert to the extraordinary scene of Thursday.

We mentioned that upon the new and "great" work, *The Budget*, the managers of the theatre had staked its fortunes. We recorded the production of this vaunted affair, its cold reception, its withdrawal, and its subsequent reproduction. The directors, driven to desperation, resolved to run the piece, and, accordingly, it was "put up" for three nights successively. The final verdict of the town was thus boldly claimed, and the pit being nightly crowded to witness the last efforts of this provincial company, "town" may be said, and, indeed, was said, to have been "pitted against country." We felt it our duty to attend each night, but not caring to owe anything to the courtesy of the house, we placed ourselves in the gallery, a locality with which no fault could be found, except that certain ladies, who are admitted to the neighbourhood, interfere with the effect of the programme by their chattering and laughing, and unhesitating remarks upon the *personnel* of the actors.

Monday's performance went off flatly, owing to the *bal masqué* at JULLIEN'S, for since DR. REID has been let loose, it is not wonderful that people prefer dominoes to draughts. The only noticeable thing was the termination to the first act, which has been "written up," and contains a mock eulogy, by *Solomon Serious* (WALPOLE) on his friend *Benny*. This was really comic, and being interlarded with Latin scraps, ludicrously misapplied, excited great and legitimate mirth. A phrase in which *Solomon*, thinking he is complimenting *Benny*, describes him as being continually snubbed and kicked by his superiors (*contendere nobilitate, &c.*) will be as stock a joke as any of those of *Dr. Pangloss*, L.L.D. and A.S.S.

On Tuesday the house was better, and the piece went with some spirit, though there was a manifest desire to get through it as quickly as possible. MR. GRAHAM, as the *Hon. Boa Constrictor*, delivered his earlier bits with great oiliness, and when he had his unlucky antagonist completely in his power, the *coup de grace* was given very crushingly. We wish GRAHAM would get rid of his north-country accent, his broad "a" is objectionable in a character of refinement. This evening PAKINGTON came out pretty well as *Sir Quarter Sessions*, which is about what he is fit for, and the class of part for which he has obtained a provincial celebrity.

Wednesday there was a morning performance, for the benefit of the Irish Lunatic Association, and its charitable character exempts it from criticism. Indeed, NAPIER, for his "double shuffle," danced on an Irish newspaper, deserved notice, and he received it—in fact, notice to quit.

But Thursday brought the eventful night. The managers again thrust *The Budget* before the public, and the latter was finally aroused into stern, but most just indignation. The exceeding and utter badness and immorality of the piece, now that the actors were all well up in their parts, was startlingly manifest. The sentiments inculcated were felt to be shocking. Many of these, with the hope of smartening the affair, had been introduced since the first night. *Benny*, for example, had to say, "O, promise to pay a shilling, and so get what you want; but say afterwards that you meant tenpence, or twopence, or what you like—let 's have a little resolution—we're not bound by anything." This honourable proposition excited much disgust. A robbery too, which, by way of a joke, is attempted on some old ladies who have been to the Bank for their dividends, was lustily condemned, as was a burglarious incident, in which the hero tries to get some money out of a little house belonging to a poor clerk, who had already assisted the reckless spendthrift. We are bound to say, however, that the acting could not have been better. MR. DIZZY, the author-actor, put forth his whole strength, and in one scene, where, standing motionless by a large table, his head on one side, and his eyes gleaming with hate, he slowly enunciated bitter sarcasms against the ex-steward *WOOD*, and then suddenly turning upon him, with a thunder scowl, burst into a fierce denunciation of his "insolence," the effect (well or ill placed may be a question) was terrific, and the house rang with applause for several minutes. But no acting could save *The Budget*, now revealed in all its naked deformity, and the house became obviously antagonistic to the acting. GLADSTONE, as *Sir Oxford Logic*, had an effective scene towards the close, but what he said was felt to tell with damaging mischievousness against the piece itself; and at last, at the end of the longest night's performance we hope ever to witness, the audience rose *en masse*, and made in the lobbies, and in the house itself, so tremendous a demonstration of disgust, that MR. DIZZY, feeling that *The Budget* was condemned, announced that it was withdrawn, a declaration which gave the heartiest satisfaction. He and his partners have since resigned the management. We shall take another opportunity of commenting upon the season thus closed, heartily congratulating the public that a career of reckless audacity and disregard of the tastes and requirements of the day has been thus brought to a termination.

CONTROVERSY FOR CHRISTMAS.

ACKNOWLEDGING, and raving at, the "immense success" of the Protestant Missions in Connaught and Kerry, the *Nation* indignantly exclaims:—

"Shall the soupers and tract distributors accomplish the work which all the force of England, for 300 years, has been unable to effect?"

Theological controversies, at these particular holidays, are considered to be, in general, out of season; but there is one species of polemical argument which certainly is at present highly appropriate. It is the sort of logic which so dreadfully offends the *Nation* newspaper, whilst it is so satisfactory to the Irish nation; demonstration to the stomach. It seems to be very convincing—and no wonder. Feeding the hungry is no bad method on the part of any Christian denomination to recommend itself. Those who have first tried your soup and found it good, will have considerable reason for trying your doctrine afterwards. It would, indeed, be a capital thing, especially just now, if all our "persuasions" that are trying to persuade one another, were to attempt their object by "becoming soupers," or dispensers of soup to the indigent. By the adoption of this course, indeed, a sect would peculiarly deserve the name of "persuasion," as using that means of disseminating its tenets, instead of force.

It has long been known that the way to the heart is through the stomach; but contending creeds have seldom appealed to the latter organ except by pokes and thrusts, and blows, calculated to do grievous bodily harm, and gain no spiritual advantage. Rival churches are strongly advised now to substitute the weapons of nutrition for those of offence. A cut of beef under the ribs is infinitely more convincing to the gainsayer than a puncture of bayonet ever was; and a plum-pudding may be pitched into the lap to better effect than a round shot. Dogmas that cannot be forced down the œsophagus of belief will be easily swallowed with slices of mince pie; and a string of sausages, to say nothing of turkey, is equal to many strings of propositions.

The *argumentum ad ventrem*, or address to the gastric region, always so sensible, and about Christmas so legitimate an expedient of proselytism, may be reinforced by the *argumentum ad cutem*; the appeal to the integument, or surface of the body. Coals and blankets, in short, will be found good companions to beef and pudding. Zeal, to be efficacious, should impart warmth. With this remark we will dismiss the subject of controversy, having suggested food for serious discussion, which probably will be smoking hot.

Christmas Presents.

Of these the most remarkable this year are:—

PRESENCE OF MATTER—at the Christmas Cattle Shows. And
PRESENCE OF MIND—in *Punch's Almanack!!!*

TEA AND TURN-OUT.—DISRAELI'S Budget.

AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE.

Harriet. "Oh! I'm so glad you are come, Blanche! I have been so perplexed I could hardly Sleep all Night."

Blanche. "Well! what is it, Dear?"

Harriet. "Why, I don't know whether to have my new merino frock Violet or Dark Blue!"

"ANOTHER NEW PLANET."

The above title is becoming quite a standing one in the newspapers. "Another and another still succeeds" so rapidly, that to talk of the planets being stationary while they are going on at the rate of a new one nearly every month, is almost ridiculous. Mr. Hind, the astronomical "detective," who does the police duty of the skies, has recorded the result of the "information he has received" in a letter to the *Times* of last Thursday. He proposes to give to the new discovery the title of Thalia, from which fact we presume that the star seems suited to shine in Comedy. We are glad its *début* has been made in time for our old friend Adams to include it in the "Galaxy" of attraction that shines forth in his annual Orrery. The only difficulty will be now to make room for all the new stars on the very limited stage of the Adelphi, where they are usually exhibited.

THE SATED ONE.

(*Impromptu after Christmas Dinner.*)

It may not be—go, maidens, go,
Nor tempt me to the mistletoe;
I once could dance beneath its bough,
But must not, will not, cannot, now!

A weight—a load within I bear;
It is not madness, nor despair;
But I require to be at rest,
So that my burden may—digest!

An Easy Explanation.

That which Mr. Disraeli calls "the area of direct taxation" is the Area attached to your own private residence: the "direct taxation" being the leg of mutton which mysteriously walks off directly a policeman enters it.

SAUCE FOR YANKEE SLAVE-OWNERS.

Soyer has become so imbued with the feeling of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that he has invented a new sauce, which, out of respect to Mrs. Stowe, he has christened "*The Tom-Martyr.*"

Glory for Glaziers.—The Crystal Palace at Sydenham will be a monument of what human industry can accomplish by taking panes.

PAROCHIAL PARLIAMENTS.

There are one or two suburban vestries that really want "smashing." There is no questioning the right of vestrymen to busy themselves with the subject of taxation, or any other subject of legitimate discussion; but while they are professedly meeting as a vestry, they ought not to puff themselves up with the idea that they are sitting as a Parliament. They are appointed to mind the affairs of the parish, but they insist on attending, instead, to the affairs of the nation.

Marylebone, as the most rampant of these noisy little senates, must really be made an example of, if it does not restrain its turbulent ambition within proper—that is to say, parochial—limits. We cannot allow the absurdity to go on much longer, of an inflated vestryman rising up "in his place," talking of the "honourable member opposite," and boldly asserting that "Marylebone being moved, the metropolis would move, and the country would then move also." In our capacity of moral and social policemen, we can only say "Come, come. Move on!" to these frothy orators. It is all very well for Marylebone to "pronounce," but some of the members would have to consult a pronouncing dictionary before the task could be properly accomplished. We have no objection to the members in their capacity of citizens having voices of their own on public matters, and expressing their opinions freely at proper times and proper places, but we cannot consent to the absurdity of their assuming the capacity of legislators, and thus evincing their incapacity as vestrymen. The Marylebone vestry-room is continually the scene of some strong debate about something quite foreign to the business the vestrymen have met to perform, and it not unfrequently happens that there is an interchange of personal abuse, in the course of which the Chairman's authority is set at nought. Mr. Somebody, Senior, gives the lie to Mr. Somebody, Junior; the rector is voted out of the chair, Mr. Nobody is voted into it, and everybody abuses everybody else, for the purpose of setting an "example to the metropolis."

We quite agree with the notion that the Marylebone Vestry should be made an example of, and we shall feel it our duty to carry out the idea, if the same vanity and folly that have lately been so disgustingly displayed are much longer persisted in.

The Triumph of Temperance.

The lovers and advocates of Temperance need only look at the present size of the Quart and Pint Measures to be convinced of the gradual decrease of drinking in this country.

OF THE SAME CAST OF MIND.

We are informed that, out of compliment to the Emperor Napoleon III., every French cannon and bomb is for the future to be stamped with the following inscription—"My Voice is for Peace."

Unfashionable Announcement.—Gentlemen interested in the reduction of the price of Beer are informed that Mr. Disraeli's Party (invited to Pot Luck) is unavoidably postponed.

The Real Bottle Conjuror.—One who can extract two pints from a quart bottle of wine.

THE BRITISH PINT;

Or. The Bottle that Requires Looking Into.

ABD-EL-KADER a Frenchman, 238
Agricultural Abstinence, 202
Agroultural Sweaters, 62
Alarming Inundation, 267
Amarum Aliquid, 224
American Digestion, 124
And now, a word about Nelson, 244
Another French Miracle, 128
"Another New Planet," 270
Apology, 175
Aquatic Intelligence, 257
Arch Amendment (An), 176
Archæological Association (The), 95
Archæologist's Progress (The), 111
As clear as the Nose on your Face, 44
As unlike as Chalk and Cheese, 157
Ass in a Leopard's Skin (An), 71
Association of Ideas, 20
Atrocious Attack on a Badger, 163
"August Infant" (The), 112
Auld Lang Syne, 112
Auri Sacra Fames, 207
Australia In-felix, 83
Austrian Heaven (An), 202
B—r—n Correspondence (The), 107
Babe at a Bull Fight (A), 52
Bad Look-Out for Butchers (A), 68
Ball at Mr. Disraeli's Foot (The), 143
Balloon News, 143
Balloon Showing its Airs (A), 34
Banquet of Civic Shades (A), 214
Bar and its Prospects (The), 210
Beauty of Contrast (The), 128
Bells upon my Mind, 265
Benjamin with Two Sides (A), 216
Betty's Betting Book, 107
Bill-Stickers Beware, 202
Bishop in a Gig (A), 216
"Blue Pig" to Mr. Punch (The), 205
Bold Empiric (A), 183
Bottle Trick (The), 187
Boulevard du Crime (The) 167
Bradshaw's Metaphysics, 151
British and Foreign Quacks, 154
CABMAN'S Gratitude (A), 264
Candidate's Catechism (The), 40
Cardinal's English, 103
Cases for Compensation, 239
Catnach in the Drawing-Room, 94
Chamberlain and the Clowns (The), 224
Chancery on the Go, 174
Charge, Landlords, Charge, 52
Charley 's my Darling, 145
Cheap as Scotch Dirt, 188
Chicory and Chicanery, 248
"Children Must be Paid for," 11
Children's Playful Rhymes, 142
Chinese Court Circular (The), 193
Cloak of Religion (The), 112
Cockersdale Chemistry, 188
Coldness of the Weather in Paris, 108
Comic Cahill (The), 246
Controversy for Christmas, 269
Corn Measure, 13
Country Going to the Dogs (The), 61
Countryman at Cambridge (A), 218
Court of In-justice (A), 148
Critical Moments, 224
Criticism with a Vengeance, 239
Cruel Case (A), 153
Crusade against England, 127
Crystal Palace of the People (The), 195
Curates in Old Clothes, 256
Curious Prophecy Fulfilled, 268
(DANCING) Master of France (The), 195
Dawn of Art in the City (The), 50
Defences of the City (The), 227
Deluge of Nonsense (A), 67
Demise of Doe and Roe (The), 49, 73
Derby and Dizzy at Astley's, 210
Derby Election Ditty, 68
Derby Lullaby (The), 40
Derby Prophecy (A), 127
Derby Voter's Soliloquy, 66
Deserted Farmer, 239
Devastation from the Clouds, 113
"Devouring Element" (The), 122
Dialogue in the Reporter's Gallery, 41
Different Vehicles of Government, 247
Diogenes Beresford, 227
Disagreeable Rattle (A), 128
Dismal Look-Out for Protection, 32
Disraeli's Right Hand, 203
Display of Scullardship (A), 21
Dispute with Britain (The), 102
Distressed Bailiff's Home (The), 75
Doing a Good for an Evil Turn, 240
Double Dealings, 64
Double-faced Ministry (The), 71
Doubtful Point (A), 51
Downing Street Deluge (The), 63
Dr. M'Hale in London, 163
Drink—then Criticise, 174
Dublin Review (The), 137
Duchess's Own Doctor (The), 131
Duel in Westminster Hall (A), 14
Duet for the Lawyer's Office, 45
Duke of York's Column (The), 117
Duke's Last Honours (The), 229
EARTHQUAKE Explained (The), 237
Echo answers "When!" 141
Economy in Royal Salutes, 96
Education Trade Report, 265
Election Anacreontic, 17
Elections more Free than Welcome, 36
Empire of Beadledom (The), 201, 207, 217, 245, 255, &c., &c.
Employment of Paupers at Elections, 29
End of Life (The), 96
End of the Whistonian Controversy, 188
"English Don't Know How to Amuse Themselves" (The), 82
Epitaph for a Stockbroker, 123
Epitaph on a Locomotive, 153
Eve of St. Guy (The), 187
Every Man His Own Brute, 8
Exchange. A Robbery, 263
Expensive Favours, 84
Extraordinary Circle (An), 22
Extraordinary Nocturnal Balloon Ascent, 126
Extremely Pretty, 40
FACTION in Shoe Lane, 245
Faded Prospects, 105
Fair Rosamond, 240
False Hebrew's False Jewels (The), 133
Family Anacreontics, 236
Fancy Dress Hunt (A), 234
Fare *versus* the Cabman (The), 22
Farmer and the Acrobats, 29
Farewell to Jullien (A), 260
Fat of the Land in Baker Street, 260
Father Thames' Epitaph, 128
Festivities at Osborne, 124
Fifty Thousand Cures, 116
Fire! Fire! 105
Fireworks for the French Nation, 104
Flunkeyism in France, 167
Fogie Family Papers (The), 136
Fool! Fool! Fool! 56
Forensic Fix (A), 93
Freaks of Father Thames (The), 238
French Jack Sheppard (The), 163
Fresh Symptoms of the New-mania, 193
Future Rulers of France (The), 193
GENTLEMEN'S Seats to be Let, 32
Genteel Breach of the Peace, 265
Gin Palace, 11
Ginger Beer from the Fountain, 78
Glass of Friendship with France (A), 253
Gold Fever (The), 95
Gold in England, 111
Gold Mine of Advertisements (A), 88
Golden Dreams, 7
Golden Rage (The), 31
Great Asylum Balloon Ascent, 151
Great Baby Case (The), 122
Great Balloon Case (A), 145
Great Mistake (A), 53
Great Parliamentary Feat, 208
Great Tom (Fools) of Lincoln (The), 246
Great Waiter Question (The), 82
Greek against Greek, 181
Grievances of the Church, 244
HAPPY Expression (A), 184
Hard Work at the Font, 266
Height of German Romance (The), 253
Here are Your Fine Old Prejudices, 218
Hero of the Hustings (The), 33
Heroes in Blue, 113
Hint Worth any Money (A), 227
Hints to Servants when the Family is Out of Town, 164
Hints to Young Yachtsmen, 45, 67, 91
Homage to Panizzi, 71
Homage to the Inflexible, 247
Hooded Snakes, 197
Horses and the Mal-de-Mer, 123
Housemaid's Jubilee (A), 191
How not to be Recognised by Your Creditors, 44
How to Bruise Your Oats, 148
How to Finish a Daughter, 161
How to Fix Tar, 56
How to Lie, 103
How to Make one Dizzy, 88
How we Buried Protection, 250
Human Kittens and Blind Puppies, 65
Human Orchestra (The), 159
Hustings and the House, 238
Hymen and Louis Napoleon, 141
Hymen *v.* Plutus, 213
Hymns for Children, 142
IN a state of Speechless Astonishment, 4
In Vino Veritas, 134
Income-Tax Elucidated (The), 266
Incorrigible River (The), 56
Insensibility to Famine, 44
Interpretations for the Million, 184
Ireland for the Irish, 152
Irish Craniology, 126
Irish Howl at a Hero's Wake (An), 147
Irish Revolution, 23
JENNER-OSITY in a Young Lady, 77
Jesuit's Bark, 124
John Bull's New Troubles, 227
Joke All Hot (A), 81
Jolly Barristers (The), 123
Just as we Expected, 198
Just the Term for it, 10
Justice to Lucas, 226
Justice to Shee, 209
KIND Word with Jonathan (A), 88
King Cholera to his Liege Friends in England, 138
Kitchen Capers, 92
LA SALETTE at Home, 201
Lament about Astley's (A), 172
Lament on the Deaths of John Doe and Richard Roe, 53
Lap of Luxury (The), 152
Large Returns and Small Profits, 34
Last glimpse of the Mons (The), 203
Last Kicks of Puffery (The), 88
Last Love of France (The), 154
Law Militant (The), 66
Lay of the Rabble (The), 65
Leading Men in the City (The), 182
Legal Lament (A), 209
Legal Season (The), 234
Letters from the Dead to the Living, 177, 223, 233, &c.
Letting the Cat Out, 183
Liberal "Rope of Sand" (The), 171
Lines Composed on the Bridge of the Serpentine, 152
Lines on Amalgamation, 101
Lines on the Demise of Doe, 176
Literary Flea Bite (A), 162
Long Pull and a Strong Pull (A), 52
Looking to the Main Chance, 74
Loomer! a Sybil!! and a Seer!!! 142
Lord Frankfort in Prison Gray, 259
MAGPIE of the Exchequer (The), 230
Maidstone, the "Unknown," 40
Maidstone *v.* Macaulay, 216
Maidstone's Flood (of Eloquence), 41
Man who ought not to Emigrate (The), 113
Manchester Crusade (The), 116
Marseilles Plot (The), 173
Master who knows his Workmen (A), 87
Matrimonial Biology, 43
Maxims for the Betting-Book, 143
Mayor's Daily Bread (A), 166
Meteorological Intelligence, 62
Ministerial After-White-Bait-Dinner Jokes, 23
Miss Violet and Her Offers, 2, 12, 24, 50, 55, 76, 98, &c.
Misusing the Queen's English, 174
Moighty Misthake (A), 155
Monody on Protection, 62
Monsieur Communiqué, 81
Mooreish Lullaby (A), 254
Moore's Utopia, 112
Moral Philosophy for the Boudoir, 127
Morals of the Diggings, 226
More Curiosities of Advertising Literature, 84
Mosses from an Old Cathedral, 64
Mr. G. F. Young's Wonderful Goose, 1
Mr. Punch's Yule Log, 268
Mrs. Gamp and the Government, 234
Mrs. Gamp called in, 259
Much of a Muchness, 87
Muddy Matinée (A), 3
Mudlark of Philanthropy, 66
My Heart's at Newmarket, 166
My Voice is for Peace, 175
Mysterious Disturbances in Downing Street, 145

NARROW Escape of Disraeli, 246
National Bethlehem (The), 225
National Characteristics, 147
Naval Courts-Partial, 166
Naval Nursery Rhymes, 131
Netherby Game License (The), 144
New American Ambassador (The), 125
New Chair for Oxford (A), 148
New Exhibition (A), 198
New Hand-Book for Italy, 19
New Lamp (The), 136
New Pattern for Manchester (A), 192
News from Verona, 121
No Love Lost, 3
No National Defences, 151
"No One Knows When He's Well Off," 101
Not the Slightest Doubt about it, 164
Nugget-Hunters at Home, 266
Nursery Rhymes for the Diggings, 13
ODE on the Irish Elections, 82
Ode to Father Cahill, 116
Ode to the Great Sea-Serpent, 229
Odious Epithets, 237
Old Bedlam Back Again, 176
Old Opera Story (The), 41
Oldest Established Prophet (The), 13
On a Vote, 3
One of our Wooden Walls, 85
One of the Martyrs of Science, 134
One of the Results of Ballooning, 134
One who is Deserving of a Monument, 83
Only a Fair Question, 112
Only Cure for Ireland (The), 111
Our Capers at the Cape, 125
"Our Critic" among the Pictures, 7, 17, 22, &c.
Our Dog Day Number, 51
Our Opera Box, 9
Our Stars and Garters, 264
Outfit for Ten Guineas (An), 184
Oxford Honours, D.C.L., 39
PALM TREES of Paris (The), 96
Parochial Parliaments, 270
Pancras Paupers and Politics, 30
Panic in the Dramatic Market, 236
Pantomime of Protection (The), 227
Parliamentary Races, 93
Passionist Youth's Complaint (The), 12
"Peace and Plenty"—of Noise, 235
Peace and War—Hot and Cold, 137
Pearls of the Prerogative Court, 118
Peel in the Market-Place, 76
Peep into the People's Palace (A), 83
Penal Empiricism, 31
People's Crystal Palace (The), 74
People's Sunday School (The), 10
"Person of his Rank (A)," 186
Philanthropy and Postage Stamps, 198
Placards for Plain Dealers, 33
Plaintive Song for a Sporting M. P., 191
Playful and True, 106
Pica for Herne Bay (A), 53
Pleasant Way Home (A), 88
Poetry of Finance (The), 207
Police Staff (The), 44
Policy of Peace Insurance, 152
Political Courtship, 20
Poor Living, 194
Popular Play-hours, 9
Precious Member for Meath (The), 81
President and the Press (The), 72
President's Progress (The), 162
Pretty Kettle of Fish (A), 88
Pretty Place at Tunbridge Wells (A), 254
Pretty Words from Pretty Lips, 219
Primrose Hill Gold and Silver Mining Company (The), 111
Printing Press in Chancery (The), 193
Pro-Popery Leader, 105
Professor Puffy, 255
Progressive Politics, 36
Provincial Fancy, 42
Punch on the Baby, 202
Punch on the Hair, 191
Punch on the Playhouse, 171
Punch Passes Sentence, 108
Punch's Police Court, 75
Punning in the Provinces, 173
Putting Moonshine into Your Pocket, 144
Pyramid of Bad Jokes (A), 227
QUART-BOTTLE Trick Made Easy (The), 233
Queen of the Gunpowder Plot (The), 97
Queen of the Sea (The) 85
Question to Mr. Smythe (A), 238
Questions for Candidates, 25
Quiddam Honorarium, 19
RABBLE Catechism for M.P.'s (A), 55
Rabble Catechism for the Rabble (A), 55
Railway Gilpin (The), 123
Railway Intelligence, 113
Railway Nursery Rhymer (The), 157
Railway of Life (The), 152
Railway "Points," 209
Rap or Two at Derby (A), 237
Rather Poetical, but Quite True, 256
Real Hastings Eloquence, 49
Recollections of the Latin Grammar, 13
Red Cap of Maintenance (The), 134
Reductio ad Absurdum (A), 61
Reflections of a Second Class, 132
Religion for the Higher Circles, 10
Religious Puffing, 78
Rendering up the Sword, 220
Retrospect of Parliament, 31
Reverend Comet (A), 26
Revolving Man (The), 42
Revolutionary Flowers, 198
Right in the Main, 33
Right to a T, 191
Row Opera (The), 121
Runaway Engines, 164
Rupert's Ride to the Country, 34
SABBATARIAN Tit for Tat, 13
Sabbatarians at Sion College, 195
Sated One (The), 270
Scene on the Austrian Frontier, 93
Sea-Side Airs, 121
Seasonable Invention, 2
Serious Christmas Pantomimes (The), 198
Sermon for Dogs (A), 46
Serpent for the Pope's Brass Band, 35
Seven Fools, 175
Sheep in Sunday Trains, 207
Shoeblack's Holiday (The), 103
Sibthorp Immutable, 219
Sighs of the Fat, 265
Sighs of a Fat Policeman (The), 204
Sir Fitzroy Weasel Kelly, 51
Sir (Hercules) Fitzroy Kelly, 168
Small-Pox and Free-Trade Sheep, 225
Smoked to Death, 102
Solly in our Alley, 125
Some Account of my Travels, 146
Some Really Odious Comparisons, 65
Song of the Night (A), 267
Sovereignty of the City, 236
Special Trains for a Pretty Sight, 35
Specimens of the Deluge, 92
Speculative Sympathy, 167
Spirit of the Till (The), 75
Squeak for the British Drama (A), 91
Standing on his Rights—and Lefts, 201
Stanzas to Pale Ale, 46
Star of the French Stage (The), 134
"Still he Goes Up, Up, Up," 11
Street Performers and Crushers, 9
Strike, but Hear, 94
Submarine Dialogue (A), 234
Susceptibilities of Foreigners (The) 226, 248
Sweet Little Creature (A), 264
Swords into Sickles, 134
TABLE-TALK for the Times, 92
Tale of a Horse (The), 152
Tale of a Tight Garter, 157
Tapping a Beer Barrel for the Truth, 13
Theatre Royal, Westminster, 219, 235, 243, 247, &c.
There's no such Word as Impossible, 223
Things that should Emigrate, 62
"Those Odious Epithets," 249
Thoughts about Money, 21
Tickled by a Straw, 235
Ticklish Point (A), 217
Tipping a Wink, 174
To Australia for a Shilling, 148
To Married Men, 134
Tol (derolderold) eration! 182
Tomb for Hood (A), 213
Travelling Notes, By a Scotchman who has Gone Back, 228, 248
Treated Worse than a Dog, 127
Trimming for the Tiara, 75
Trolling for Jack, 239
Truth in Fiction, 197
Tunes for Teetotallers, 83
Turn of a Hair (The), 166
Two Full Moons in a Month, 105
UNA Voce Poco Fa, 46
Uncle Bull's Cribbing, 135
Uncle Tom—Threepence a Head, 166
Unenlightened Clergyman (An), 181
Unmarketable Market (An), 142
Unreadable Books, 238
VANITY versus Emigration, 71
Vegetable Gas, 77
Very Solemn Question (A), 263
Vision of Convocation (A), 205
Vision of St. Patrick, his Purgatory (The), 198
Voice from Rimini (A), 14
Vote Market (The), 71
WAG of the Country Party (A), 61
Walking the Railways, 115
"Was that Thunder?" "No! it was only Jullien's Opera," 106
Watering-Place Yarn (A), 198
W. B. and Shrewsbury's Clock, 253
We beg to Second the Amendment, 141
We Don't Believe a Word of it, 65
We Forbid the Banns, 67
Weather Market (The), 133
Wedding Morning (A), 165
Wellington, 135
Whale with the Toothache (A), 183
What Constitutes an Earthquake? 218
What Divides the Sexes? A Razor, 155
What I saw at the Pawnbroker's, 93
What is an Engagement? 9
What the Celt Does, and What the Saxon Does, 194
What I saw at the Diggings, 25
What is "Gammon?" 14
When Wag Meets Wag, 14
Who Wants a Secret? 205
Who Wants Whiskers? 121
Who'd be a Sheriff? 14
Who's Your Friend? 223
Why Don't you Speak Out? 146
Wisdom of Wiseacres (The), 137
Wish Worthy of Alexander (A), 2
Word for Excursion Trains (A), 134
Worser than the Worsest (A), 237
Worth any Money, 161
YE FRIAR of Orders Blacke, 24
Ye Gentlemen of England, 254
ZOOLOGICAL Recreations, 85

00126527

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018